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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. II.

(NOVEMBER, 1893, TO APRIL, 1894, INCLUSIVE.)

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1894.

Announcement.

(From Vol. 1, No. 1.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable, our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Review* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest, and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore, intended to fill, in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great Reviews of these countries. Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion. While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada. In this endeavor, we are happy to announce, we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

A series of articles descriptive of various portions of the Dominion, and dealing with their scenery, industries and resources, will appear during the current year from the pens of travellers and well-known and graceful writers.

Social and scientific subjects of popular interest will be discussed in a popular vein from month to month by eminent specialists of our own and other countries.

Fiction, chiefly in the form of short stories touching Canadian life, will receive, with other contributions to light and wholesome entertainment, a considerable amount of attention. In short, the MAGAZINE will embrace a wide range of subjects, and appeal to a wide variety of individual tastes.

The staff of contributors includes many well-known Canadian and foreign writers, and is always ready to include, also, worthy aspirants to literary honors, whose names are yet unknown to the public In thus endeavoring to stimulate Canadian thought, and to aid in opening mines of literary worth that are yet undeveloped, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE trusts to have the sympathy and practical encouragement of patriotic Canadians.

To those who recognize how much Canada has hitherto been dependent for magazine literature on foreign countries, and how unfavorable such dependence is to the growth of healthy national sentiment in our homes, our appeal, we believe, will not be in vain And with the very large increase during the past decade in the number of graduates of our colleges and high schools, and the marked development in late years of a general taste for magazine literature, and the growing feeling of respect for ourselves as a nation, we think that our effort to permanently establish a magazine and national review, broadly Canadian in tone and feeling, will meet with a large and generous support in every part of the Dominion.

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THE NIAGARA RIVER, FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 1.

STATE EDUCATION AND "ISMS."

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

PROFESSOR BRYCE has done well in replying from his own point of view to the "readable and erudite article," as he styles it, of Mr. Ewart, entitled "'Isms' in the Schools," which appeared in the July number of this magazine. Seldom, in my opinion, has a more erroneous position been taken up on the subject of public education than that invented for himself by Mr. Ewart, and were it not that the question at issue is one which calls a great deal of passion into play, the common sense of the community might safely be left to do justice to that gentleman's paradoxes. As it is, it hardly seems to me superfluous, even after what Professor Bryce has written, to attempt a further brief exposure of the fallacies which Mr. Ewart has offered as his contribution to the Manitoba School Question.

The first part of the article is that which has won commendation for it as erudite, and consists of a passably long array of instances in which various authorities of more or less weight in the intellectual world had held and expressed erroneous views on a certain subject—to wit, toleration. After citing their several opinions, the writer asserts that Plato was wrong, that Pagan emperors and Christian ecclesiastics were wrong, that Hobbes and Locke and Warburton were wrong, that Rousseau and Blackstone and Burke were wrong, that Paley was wrong; and then, turning round on the reader, asks him whether, like a kind good man, he will not admit that *he* also may be wrong. It seems to me that most of us would have been prepared to make the admission without the pressure of such a preamble; nor do I see how the preamble facilitates the admission in any degree, unless the catalogue of errors is intended to suggest that nothing but error is possible for mankind; in which case the admission demanded should have been not that we *may* be wrong, but that we *must* be wrong. It would have been just as easy, we may assume, for Mr. Ewart to have given us a list of right opinions held by Plato, Hobbes and the rest, and then, following a parallel course, he might have looked pleadingly into our eyes and asked us to admit that perhaps we too may be in the right. Why, indeed, we should be asked to affiliate our opinions upon all the errors of the past ages rather than on the true conclusions arrived at is not very apparent. As the case stands, we admit frankly, fully, and beyond recall, that we may be in error—that we may be just as wrong in our day as Plato ever

was in his or Burke in his, but we go no further. If we are asked whether, because we admit our fallibility, we are going to shun the responsibility of putting any of our opinions into practice, we answer decidedly "No." Better some line of action than none; the business of the world must be carried on.

Mr. Ewart reminds us that opinions are often inherited. So they are, and an inherited opinion, let me add, is better than no opinion. There never was a time in the history of the world in which men carried about with them only such opinions as they had made for themselves by observation, experience and reasoning; and if the future is destined to bring such a condition of things it will probably be a very distant future indeed. But what are we going to do about it? The only thing we can do is to use all the means in our power to vanquish prejudice in ourselves and others, and to perfect both our own knowledge and the general intelligence of the community, and then go ahead with some definite line of action.

The conclusion which Mr. Ewart draws from his preamble is one for which few of his readers not previously acquainted with his views can have been prepared. It may be expressed thus: Seeing that Plato and Locke and Burke and Paley all fell into more or less serious error, and that, like those illustrious men, we are all liable to blunder, it would be advisable to dispense with any general and uniform system of education and let each local group throughout the country wield the taxing power conferred by the school law for any purpose that may seem good to a decisive majority of them. The only proviso he throws in is that children must not "be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate." *Hoc salvo* he would have "every issue you can think of" taught in the schools provided that "the parents of all the children should be willing to have them there." In stipulating thus for local unanimity he means, as he explains, "practical unanimity—not such as would make it necessary to include all mere eccentric or isolated opinion, of every ordinary or extraordinary sort."

Well, now let us get back to the fundamental theory of public school education. Imagine that in a given community there is no system of state education and that the disadvantages of such a condition of things are making themselves painfully felt. It is proposed to establish public schools and to support them by taxation. What all are agreed upon is that the children of the country should have better means of acquiring the elements of education as ordinarily understood. One would suppose, therefore, that there would be no difficulty in arranging a system of education to meet this special object; nor would there be if certain sections or elements of the population did not seek to take advantage of the new machinery for purposes entirely different from those primarily in view. But all at once come demands which virtually imply the capturing of the machinery of education for the advancement of various interests with which education in the general sense has nothing to do. All the "isms" clamor at once for recognition, and it becomes quite evident that education is going to be made a cloak under which a great many different secondary projects are going to seek sustentation and advancement. Upon reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, etc., as elements of education *all* are agreed; in regard to other matters there is no general agreement. Mr. Ewart's advice to the community under the circumstances is: "Well, start the taxing machinery anyway, and go and fight it out in your several localities. Choose your 'isms' by a majority vote, and let those who want education 'straight' and who cannot get it in the local schools, do the best they can. They may be very sensible peo-

ple in their way, more sensible, perhaps, than those who go in for the 'isms,' but if they are a minority they must suffer." That this is really Mr. Ewart's view there is no possibility of doubting. He speaks of "practical unanimity," but he must and does know perfectly well that if the legitimacy of "isms" as he understands the expression is once recognized no "practical unanimity" would be required for their introduction into a school. What power does he look to to check a school district which, dispensing with "practical unanimity," wants to introduce some fad into the school by a majority vote? If there is a power that should and could interfere in such a case might not that power equally pronounce a fad a fad, and forbid its introduction altogether?

But it is not for the fads or the "isms," as he himself calls them, that the writer in question is arguing. He has constructed an argument which requires him to champion the fads, but they are not his chief care. His chief care is the claim of an influential section of the community to use the public school system for the furtherance of the power and influence of their church. Plato was wrong and Hobbes was wrong and so were Blackstone and Burke, *ergo*, the Roman Catholics may possibly, or quite probably, be right in demanding that the taxing power should be given to them for a purpose altogether apart from education in the commonly understood sense of the word. It is hard to see why the argument should take this exact shape. Why might not Mr. Ewart's allocution, with its erudite preamble, have been addressed to the Roman Catholics, inviting them to recognize that, whereas the mighty dead had erred, *they* might be in error also? Alas, that would not have worked; for, while there is no difficulty in getting an admission of fallibility from *nous autres*, fallibility is precisely what the opposite side will not acknowledge. Supposing now that on that simple ground we were to withdraw our acknowledgment of fallibility, saying to those who demand the taxing power for ecclesiastical purposes: "You are infallible, you say, or infallibly directed, which comes to the same thing. Well, we are going to be infallible too, *pro hac vice*. We don't believe in our infallibility one bit, but we can't afford not to be infallible when you are." I fail to see wherein it would be in the least unjust or unreasonable if the opponents of the Catholic claims took up this position, but fortunately there is no need for them to do so. It is sufficient to take their stand on the broad ground that the power of the state should not be used to advance religious opinions peculiar to one section of the population.

We may be met here by the argument that the power claimed is a limited power, that taxes are only to be taken from those who are willing to pay them and have them applied in the specific manner proposed. To this the reply is, that though the scope of the power is limited, the power itsel is the power that belongs to the State as a whole, while the purpose to which it is to be applied is not one in which the State as a whole has any interest. Let us get back to the question. Is or is not ignorance in relation to the ordinary branches of secular knowledge an evil which the power of the State should be used to combat? Upon this point I am myself a bit of a heretic, not believing as devoutly in the need for State interference as is the almost universal fashion to-day. But that is neither here nor there: the verdict of the country on the point is a powerful and practically unanimous affirmative. Catholics as well as Protestants say "Yes, the power of the State is required for that purpose." The State may therefore be said to get a mandate to establish secular schools. Does the State get any similar mandate to teach

theology in the schools, or to place the schools in the hands of those who will teach theology? Most unquestionably it does not. It gets from a part of the community a demand to have their own theology taught in the schools; but the answer to that, and a sufficient answer as it seems to me, is that there is no *national demand* for the teaching of theology, nor is there any one theology that could be taught, and that, therefore, so far as the State schools are concerned, theology shall not be taught in them, nor any "ism" not approved by the people at large. How impossible it would be to obtain the passage of any general law specifically providing for the teaching of different kinds of theology in different sections of the country it is needless to point out; but if so, why should that be done *indirectly* which could not be done directly—which would not even be proposed or hinted at as a desirable policy? Surely the State has a right to say: "Teach all the theology you like, and all the 'isms' you have a fancy for, but do not ask that the schools which have been established for the great national purpose of teaching branches of knowledge which *all* agree are not only useful but necessary, shall be made subservient to the propagation of your peculiar ideas in these matters.

This seems to be the proper place to remark that Mr. Ewart's idea of handing over local minorities to local majorities without any check from the general law of the land would, if carried into effect, simply mean political disintegration and local tyranny of the most odious kind. A recent writer, Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, has treated this subject of local legislation very instructively. "If local authorities," he says, "are to be permitted to legislate independently, it is clear we are brought back to the original position of local anarchy."* Under such a condition of things the individual citizen, instead of enjoying the full measure of rights which his position as a free member of the whole community, whether province or nation, entitles him to, has these rights cut and trimmed according to the good pleasure of his neighbours. He wants his children taught to read, write and cipher; but his neighbors say that his children shall not be taught these things unless he is willing to have them indoctrinated at the same time in some "ism" or fad. Mr. Donisthorpe neatly exposes the fallacy of those who hold that local majorities ought to rule in matters of this kind. "The right of a majority in a locality," he observes, "is not based on the superior force of the majority in that locality, but on the superior force of the effective majority in the country of which it is a part, which force is *delegated* to the numerical majority or other portion of the inhabitants of the said district. . . . Thus the local majority has no more right to act on its own initiative than the local minority, or than the policeman who carries out the will of the State." Should the State think fit, he adds, to enact that the will of a majority in a given district shall *in all things* prevail, "the process, to whatever extent it is carried, is one of political disintegration." It is also a process fatal to any broad conception or full enjoyment of individual liberty. Imagine for one moment, if we can, a country given over to "isms" or fads, not held as matters of private speculation or individual practice, but enforced by multitudinous local laws! Mr. Ewart invokes a reign of "isms" in the name of liberty: he should have done it in the name of tyranny. Liberty consists in being as little governed as possible, and in having the largest possible scope left for private initiative; whereas the policy suggested implies an intolerable quantity of government to a mere pennyworth of individual freedom. Liberty consists not in the power to make

* "Individualism: A System of Politics." Page 25.

other persons do your will, but in being able to prevent other people imposing their will on you. When Mr. Ewart pleads, therefore, for power to local majorities to introduce any variations they like into public school education he is pleading for tyranny, not for liberty. The minorities in the case supposed are not seeking to impose their will on the majorities because *what the minorities want the majorities want also*, nor is the majority in the country at large agreed upon anything else than just what the local minorities are conceived as wanting—the simple elements of secular education. The local minorities, therefore, those who do not want the fads, stand—as Mr. Ewart places the case before us—for liberty, and the local majorities (supposing them to want the fads) for tyranny.

The public school system, we cannot too frequently remind ourselves, derives its authority from an assumed national admission that popular education should be the care of the State. It is possible that if the Government of Manitoba stands firm in not consenting to have theology mixed up with State education, a portion of the community may withdraw their assent from the proposition and say: "No; education, we now find, is not a matter with which the State should meddle, because it cannot be satisfactorily given under State auspices —at least, not to *our* satisfaction. We therefore no longer join in the demand for State education." What course should the State take in such a contingency? My own opinion, in which I know many who will nave followed me thus far with approval will not concur, is that in such a case those who withdrew their adhesion to the demand for State education, if at all a considerable body, should be allowed to count themselves out, and should be both exempted from taxation for school purposes and excluded from the benefits accruing therefrom. School laws are passed because the people demand them, and a legislature has no warrant for passing them apart from a popular demand. If, then, the demand ceases throughout a large section of the community, should schools, and taxation for schools, still be forced on that section? I cannot see that they should. At least, the only case in which they should, would, in my humble opinion, be when the resulting ignorance—if ignorance resulted in the section concerned—became a clear and specific source of danger to the rest of the community. It would not be right, however, to presume that ignorance would result, nor should any rash theorizing be indulged in as to the effects of an ignorance not yet a developed fact. I plead for liberty, not the liberty to seek out "isms" and get them imposed by rough-shod majorities upon prostrate minorities, for I am too much impressed by Mr. Ewart's preamble for that; but I plead for liberty in the sense of the lightest and simplest and least intrusive form of government consistent with social order, and the largest possible exemption for all of us from legalized fads and "isms" and theologies. We can make or choose all these things for ourselves, and enjoy them privately to the top of our bent; but why in the name of common sense and common justice should we seek to impose them by force upon others?

PLEBISCITE.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

In the August number of the Canadian Magazine, the Hon. Mr. Ross argues in favor of the plebiscite. He thinks such questions as "The Confederation of the Canadian Provinces," "The Abolition of Negro Slavery in the United States," and "The Settlement of Home Rule for Ireland," might have been advantageously submitted to popular vote, and that the results would have been more satisfactory than those now arrived at.

In his opinion, if Confederation had been referred to the people, "unity of feeling would have had an earlier and more vigorous growth." Few people, acquainted with Canadian history during the past quarter of a century, will agree with Mr. Ross in this view.

If the simple question of Union had been submitted to the people, they would probably have rejected it, not knowing the terms and conditions of the proposed Union; but if it had carried, the vote would have meant nothing. The details of the Confederation Act, like those of many other laws, are more important than the principle of Union. The draft agreement could not have been submitted and voted on intelligently as a whole. The mass of the voters would not have comprehended, and could not, by any practical educative method, be made to comprehend its numerous provisions. Those electors capable of intelligently considering and understanding the clauses, could not eliminate the objectionable parts, from the parts meeting their approval. Each elector would be obliged to vote for or against the measure as presented. It is therefore probable that if the question of Canadian Confederation, in any form, had been submitted to the popular vote, it would not have carried, and the Union of the provinces would have been indefinitely postponed or entirely defeated.

Again, if an amendment to the Federal Constitution, abolishing negro slavery, had been submitted to the people of the United States—the solid south and the northern democrats combined would most undoubtedly have defeated it. Any such proposition would have been completely snowed under; even the negroes themselves would have been influenced to vote against it. But any one acquainted with the political condition of the United States, at the commencement of the secession contest, knows that it was not possible to have any such question submitted. Had it not been for the war, the emancipation of the colored race would not have taken place in our century, and slavery would probably have continued to root itself more deeply in American soil.

Mr. Ross thinks the House of Commons could have said, "We will have a direct vote on the question of Home Rule," and had this course been adopted, "many a weary hour spent in acrimonious debate" could have been devoted to other business.

All that can be said against the application of the plebiscitary method to the settlement of Canadian Confederation, applies with greater force to the question of Home Rule for Ireland. The majority of the British people would most certainly have voted against the principle; and even the Irish electorate would not have voted in its favor, leaving it to the British Parliament to arrange and settle the details. How could so radical and intricate a constitutional measure, which occupied eighty six days of parliamentary time in the consideration of only a

few of its clauses, have been placed before the people in such a manner that its provisions would be understood by them, and so as to enable them to give an intelligent vote upon it? Even if it were possible to remove from the popular mind long-standing and deep-rooted prejudices, and to educate it to a reasonable comprehension of so great a constitutional change, how could voters have signified their approval of some of the clauses, and their disapproval of others? How could each individual make known what alterations, additions and amendments he desired? But assuming all these difficulties surmounted, and the popular views obtained, such views would be so numerous, so varied, and so antagonistic, that no useful legislation could be based upon them.

If it is said there are no party considerations to influence the voters, it is replied that there is no party antagonism to create discussion.

It is not objected to the plebiscite that it is un-British; the objection is that it is unparliamentary, and subversive of the parliamentary system. Popular legislation is not necessarily progressive legislation. It is quite likely to be the reverse.

Mr. Ross compares the plebiscitary method to a jury trial. "Instead of a jury of twelve, it is a jury of the nation," he says, but the cases are not parallel. The jury of twelve hear all the facts of the case; they hear all the evidence; they are instructed by the addresses of trained counsel. Finally, they hear the charge of an impartial and experienced judge. They then deliberate and decide. And who compose the jury? Not men taken at random from the mass—the interested, the prejudiced, the unfit are made to stand aside.

The plebiscite removes the responsibility from the representatives, but it does not make the individual electors responsible to any one. Parliament is responsible to the nation—but the masses—who are they responsible to? The plebiscite is not educative in the highest degree. In the nature of things, it cannot produce as much discussion or as valuable educational results as the debates by experienced statesmen in parliament.

Scarcity of argument will, perhaps, excuse the grave citation of the settlement of a site for a country schoolhouse and the adoption of a local improvement by popular vote, as reasons in favor of a resort to the plebiscite. In any view of the case, the resort to the plebiscite cannot elevate the standing of the government in the estimation of right-thinking people.

Our constitution makes no provision for legislation by popular vote. Whatever legislative powers we are clothed with, as a provincial corporation, are vested in the legislative assembly. Hence it comes to this,—either the legislature had power to pass a prohibitory liquor law, or it had not. If, under our constitution, it possesses such power, then the matter should have been dealt with by the government and legislature; and a resort to the plebiscite was not only unparliamentary, but unnecessary.

It was a timid shrinking from responsibility. It evinced an unworthy desire to escape from the possible consequences of legislating upon a question which might endanger the existence of the government.

If, on the other hand, the provincial legislature had no power to deal with the question, then it had no power to submit it to popular vote, and the electorate have no power to deal with it, when submitted to them by the provincial government. No legislation can be based upon the vote after it has been taken. In the nature of things, the Dominion Parliament cannot pay any heed to it. The taking of the vote will, therefore, in any view of the case, be worse than useless.

If the legislature possesses no constitutional power, it should not have meddled with the question at all. If, on the other hand, it possesses

powers to take a plebiscitary vote it possesses power to legislate upon it, and its failure to do so is a failure to perform the trusts and duties committed to it by the constitution and people of this province.

The plebiscite is not only unknown to the British constitution; it is subversive of parliamentary government. It is, however, a device resorted to for correcting the errors and overcoming the difficulties occasioned by written constitutions. Its consideration involves a consideration of the fundamental principles of existing modes of government. On the one hand we must inquire, What is parliamentary government? On the other, What is republican government? We must necessarily compare the two systems, as exemplified in their practical operations, and ascertain, as far as we can, which best serves the political purposes of a stable, yet progressive, civilized society.

In a short article, it is impossible to do more than outline the direction such inquiry should take, and the salient points of such comparison.

The terms "Referendum" and "Plebiscite" mean the adoption by the electorate of constitutional principles of government and legislation. The words, as well as the methods they represent, are unknown to the British constitution, and have not been in use in any of the British Colonies.

Referendum originated in Switzerland, and is confined to that country. *Plebiscitum* is of more ancient origin, having been applied during the Roman Commonwealth to laws passed by the *plebs*—the common people. Its derivative, "Plebiscite," has heretofore been only used in France. There is no essential distinction between these terms. They are practically synonymous. They mean the submission of a principle of government, a constitutional limitation, or a proposed law, to the electorate for sanction or ratification. The proposed law, principle, or limitation, may have originated in an existing legislative body, or the demand for its adoption may have come by petition from the people. The methods of submission in different countries vary. The result is the same. The approval or disapproval by the electorate of the proposed law, limitation, or principle is obtained.

There are broad and radical differences between parliamentary government, as it is carried on in England and the British Colonies, and republican government, as it exists in France, Switzerland, and the United States. Republican governments must have a foundation to build upon. A *constitution* of some kind must be established as a starting point. Such a constitution is usually prepared by representatives elected to a constituent assembly, and afterwards submitted to the people for ratification. The government derives its force and authority from the constitution. The legislative, judicial, and executive machinery works according to the rules and within the limits prescribed by it. Any amendment must be sanctioned by the electorate. A constitution is, therefore, a necessary part of the political organization of a republic. Mr. Justice Story says: "A constitution may be defined to be a fundamental law or basis of government." The American and English Encyclopedia of Law defines it: "An agreement of the people in their individual capacities, reduced to writing, establishing and fixing certain principles for the government of themselves."

As applied to the United States of America, constitution is defined: "The written instrument agreed upon by the people of the Union, or of any one of the States, as the absolute rule of action and decision for all departments and officers of the government, in respect of all points covered by it, which must control until it shall be changed by the authority which established it, and in opposition to which, any act or regulation of any such department or officer, or even of the people

themselves, will be altogether void."

It is clear, from the above definitions, that a constitution is something which is settled and fixed; defining, limiting and circumscribing every department and every power of the government. Legislation, as well as administration, is confined within certain limits. Congress can only make laws within the boundaries erected by the constitution. The executive can only administer on the lines marked out by the constitution. Such constitutions have no elasticity, they are inert and rigid—they are dead from their birth. It is manifest that none of these constitutional definitions can apply to or describe the parliamentary organization and government of Great Britain or of the British Colonies. Where the parliamentary system of government prevails, there never has been, and cannot be, a constitution in the above sense. It would not be in harmony with the nature of parliamentary institutions. A written constitution would be anomalous. Parliamentary government is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. In its modern development it is peculiarly British. The parliamentary government of England is unique. The three elements of which it is composed—King, Lords and Commons—combine both the legislative and executive functions of government. The parliament exercises both together.

The fusion of the legislative and executive powers in a parliamentary government is effected by means of a committee called the "Cabinet" or "Ministry." The cabinet is a committee of the legislative body, selected to be an executive body. A cabinet may be described as a board of control, chosen by the legislature from persons whom it knows and trusts—to rule the nation. The head of the cabinet —the Prime Minister—is an elective first magistrate, as truly as the President of a republic is an elective first magistrate.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, in his "English Constitution," compares the two systems, thus:—"Parliamentary government may be called *Cabinet Government*, and republican government, *Presidential Government*. The fusion and combination of the legislative and executive powers is the specific quality of cabinet government. The independence of the legislative and executive powers is the specific quality of presidential government. The powers of the cabinet, for the time being, are dictatorial and supreme. It makes the laws it wants, and it enforces the laws which it makes. Presidential government can only enforce laws enacted by another power. The persons who have to do the work are not the same as those who make the laws. The executive is crippled by not getting the laws it needs, and the legislature is spoiled by having to act without responsibility. Cabinet government educates the nation. Presidential government does not educate it, and may corrupt it. Under cabinet government, criticism of the administration is as much a part of the policy as the legislation itself. The great scene of debate,—the great engine of popular instruction and political controversy, is the legislature. The speeches in the legislature by eminent statesmen, on questions of legislation and administration, are the best means yet known for arousing, enlivening and teaching the people. The cabinet system insures such debates. It makes them a means by which statesmen advertise themselves for future, and confirm themselves in present governments. It brings forward men eager to speak, and gives them occasions to speak. Everything which is worth saying, everything which ought to be said, most certainly will be said. The nation is forced to hear two sides of those matters which most concern it. It takes an interest in the combat—it likes to hear and is eager to know. Human nature dislikes long arguments which come to nothing, heavy speech-

es not followed by a motion, abstract disquisitions which leave things where they were. But all men heed great results, and a change of government is a great result. Debates which have momentous consequences at the end of them, are sure to be listened to, and sure to sink deep into the national mind. Whether the government will go out or remain in, is determined by the debate and by the division in parliament, and public opinion has a great influence on that division. The nation feels that its judgment is important, and it strives to judge.

"Under a presidential government, a nation has, except at the electing moment, no influence. It has not the ballot boxes before it. The government has been elected for a definite period—the nation must wait till its instant of despotism again returns. It is not incited to form an opinion, like a nation under a cabinet government, nor is it instructed like such a nation. The debates may be eloquent, but there is nothing of catastrophe about them. You cannot turn out the government. The prize of power is not in the gift of the legislature, and no one cares for the legislature. The executive—the great centre of power and place, sticks there immovable. You cannot change it in any event. The same difficulty oppresses the press, which oppresses the legislature. It can do nothing—it cannot change the administration. The executive was elected for a certain number of years, and for such years it must last. At a political crisis, when the fate of an administration is unfixed—when it depends upon a few votes yet unsettled—upon wavering opinion—effective articles in great journals become of essential moment. A division of the legislative and executive in presidential governments, weakens both. The division enfeebles the whole aggregate force of government—the entire Imperial power. In a parliamentary government, a strong cabinet can obtain a concurrence of the legislature in all acts which facilitate its administration. It is, itself, in a sense the legislature. But the President may be hampered, and is likely to be hampered by the legislature. In the presidential system, the executive power has an antagonist in the legislative power. The legislative seeks to enforce its will, and the executive seeks to enforce its will."

The governing will of the nation is a double will, and the two are antagonistic.

Under the parliamentary system, the cabinet is elected by the legislature. The members of the legislature are mostly elected because they will vote for a particular ministry, rather than for purely legislative reasons. In a republic, the electoral college ballots for a President, and then dissolves. It is *functus officio.* In a parliamentary government, the legislature does not separate like the electoral college of a republic. After it has elected its Prime Minister, it watches, legislates, seats and unseats ministers from day to day. It is therefore a real electoral body. A good parliament is also a capital choosing body. Its majority represents the general average intelligence of the country. Such a body is the best selector of executives that can be imagined. It is full of political activity, it is close to political life. It feels the responsibility of affairs which are brought, as it were, to its threshold.

The supreme power resides in the people—not in the numerical majority, but in a chosen people—a picked and selected people. At a sudden emergency, this people can choose a Premier or a ruler, for the occasion, possessing the great qualities, the rapid energy, the eager nature, fit for such an emergency.

But under the Presidential government you can do nothing of the kind. At a quick crisis, the time when sovereign power is most needed, you have a President, elected for a fixed period, and a congress, elected for a fixed period—and immovable during that period.

These are arrangements for stated times. There is no elastic element, everything is rigid; come what may, you can quicken nothing, you can retard nothing. You have bespoken your government in advance, and whether it works well or ill, and whether it is what is wanted or not, you must keep it.

Parliament is a living, changing organism. It is the wisdom and force of the nation concentrated, and the representative or apex of that wisdom and force is the cabinet or ministry. It is supreme and omnipotent. It is the constitution — a living constitution. It is a law unto itself as well as the lawmaker and governor of the nation. It can change its own constitution. It has done it. King, Lords and Commons are none of them the same powers they were a century ago. If George III. returned to the throne, he would be as unfamiliar with the present parliamentary system, as the pioneer of a century ago, would be with Toronto to-day.

Sir Edward Coke said,—"The power and jurisdiction of the parliament is so transcendant and absolute that it cannot be confined either for causes or persons, within any bounds."

Mr. Broom says,—"Parliament can do anything that is not naturally impossible. It can change and create afresh, even the constitution of the kingdom and of parliaments themselves."

And the cabinet wields and directs all the powers of parliament. But I do not agree with many of Mr. Broom's laudations. The old theoretical classification of government into three kinds,— Monarchy, Oligarchy, and Democracy,— has no meaning in modern times. The British Constitution (so called) is not a combination of these three. The three kinds of government do not represent power, wisdom and virtue, and never did; neither do King, Lords and Commons. It is not the happy fusion of these three, or the supposed equilibrium produced by such fusion, that constitutes the glory and strength of our parliamentary system. All such statements are misleading. The centre of governmental power has shifted and changed from point to point, and from one class to another. It has not been "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent." The changes have been sudden and the intervals great.

The glory of the parliamentary system is,—that it does not possess, does not require, and cannot be limited by, a written constitution. A constitution is the iron shoe which produces the adult cripple. It is a straight jacket, restraining the motions of sane people.

Mr. Bryce, in his American Commonwealth, says, — "The difficulties and defects of legislating by a constitution are obvious enough. The people cannot be expected to distinguish carefully what is, and what is not proper for a fundamental instrument—there arises an inconvenient as well as an unscientific mixture and confusion of private law and administrative regulation, with the frame of government and the general doctrines of public law. The practice of placing in the constitution, directions to the legislature to legislate in a certain sense or for certain purposes,— embarrasses a legislature in its working, by raising at every turn, questions of its competence to legislate, and of the agreement between its acts and the directions contained in the constitution."

"When matters for ordinary statutes are put into a constitution the difficulty of correcting mistakes and supplying omissions is increased. *The process of amending a constitution, even in one particular, is slow,* and neither the legislature nor the people willingly resort to it. *Hence blunders remain and are tolerated which a country possessing a sovereign legislature would correct the next session.* In some states it requires a majority of all the qualified voters to

change or amend the constitution. It often happens that the requisite majority cannot be obtained, owing to the small number of those who vote. Even grave evils sometimes and in some States become practically irremovable, because the most of the people cannot be induced to care enough about the matter even to come to the polls. *The tendency is more and more to remove legislation from the legislatures and entrust it to the people.*"

Written constitutions are obstructive in their character. They are out of harmony with the every-day political wants of society, especially a growing, changing society. As soon as adopted, they begin to become a thing of the past. They begin to grow old from birth. A constitution can only be useful in the future to the extent to which its framers could foresee and provide for future wants and future exigencies.

There seems no valid reason why the electorate in republics could not elect and constitute a representative assembly, clothed with all the legislative and executive powers possessed by a parliament. There is no reason why this cannot be done. Then why have constitutions been framed? Why has the legislative been separated from the executive power? There are several causes. 1. Most of the people constituting republics are descendants of those who, at some period of their history, experienced the tyranny of absolute centralized power. They are jealous and suspicious of all governments, and their constitutions have been established as safeguards against the encroachments of absolutism. The underlying idea is that those placed in authority shall be limited and restrained. 2. The constitutions of the old Greek and Roman City Commonwealths have, to some extent, been taken as models. In these, the laws were adopted by the votes of the free citizens in their assemblies. Socrates says, "That is law which the people agree upon in their public assemblies and afterwards cause to be promulgated in a proper manner, ordaining what ought and what ought not to be done." 3. The nature of the mass of mankind has changed little from the rude times of our Teutonic and Celtic ancestors. In those barbarous tribal times the people elected rulers and adopted laws in their tumultuous assemblies.

The representative parliamentary system is the result of the scientific evolution of government. Plebiscitary legislation is a reversion to the simple methods—the ancestral type of bygone ages.

These reasons, and the cramping effects and necessarily defective nature of all written constitutions, have caused modern republics to resort to the referendum or plebiscite. Their short-sighted, defective constitutions require alterations and amendments—such alterations and amendments must be made by the people. The plebiscite or referendum in the United States differs from the Swiss form in the fact that it is resorted to not for the sake of confirming an act of the legislature but of deciding whether a particular principle of government or species of legislation shall be adopted, or a specific amendment or change made in the existing constitution. But the principle is the same. It is a transference of legislative authority from a representative body chosen and selected for the purpose of performing the work of government and legislation to the voters at the polls.

Mr. Bryce says, "As the republic went on working out in theory and practice these conceptions of popular sovereignty and of democracy, the faith of the average man grew stronger; his desire, not only to rule but to rule directly in his own proper person, more constant. Even in state affairs they made it an article of faith that no constitution could be enacted save by the direct vote of the citizens.

"Concurrently with the growth of

these tendencies there has been a decline in the quality of state legislatures and in the legislation which they turned out. The legislatures were regarded with less respect; they inspired less confidence. The people had the further excuse for superseding the legislature for fear it would neglect or spoil the work they desired to see done. *The state legislatures fell in with the tendency, and promoted their own supersession. They are extremely timid, easily swayed by any active section of opinion, and afraid to stir when placed between the opposite fires of* two such sections as, for instance, the prohibitionists and the liquor sellers. *They have begun to refer to the popular vote matters clearly within their own proper competence, such as the question of the liquor traffic, the creation of free schools*, etc. New York has referred the question of whether the products of prison labor shall be allowed to come in competition with the products of free labor."

The demerits of this plan of legislation are stated by Mr. Bryce as follows: "*It tends to lower the authority and sense of responsibility in the legislature.*

"*It refers matters needing much elucidation by debate* to the determination OF THOSE WHO CANNOT, ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR NUMBERS, MEET TOGETHER FOR DISCUSSION, AND MANY OF WHOM MAY HAVE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THE MATTER.

"These considerations will, to most Europeans, appear decisive against it. The proper course is to improve the legislatures. The less you trust them, the worse they will be. THEY MAY BE IGNORANT, YET THEY ARE NOT SO IGNORANT AS THE MASSES."

Thus, we see the plebiscite is yearly causing the state legislatures to sink more and more into insignificance. The people are losing all interest in them. The feeling of suspicion with which they were regarded is changing into one of contempt. Indifference and neglect are growing stronger every year. More and more the legislation is being done by direct popular vote. The people are interested only in the administration. The people and the executive are more and more engrossing the whole of the public attention. It is the condition of the Roman Commonwealth during the last century of its existence—minus the army. Anarchy and despotism—twin principles—always associated—are developing side by side; the outcome in this case will be the same as it has always been, and must necessarily be. An increase in the army will become necessary, and despotism will come out on top. The tyranny of the mob will be replaced by the milder tyranny of a single individual. The two institutions which are working towards such a result are the constitution and the plebiscite. The constitution made the plebiscite popular. The plebiscite has paralysed the legislatures, and is undermining every principle of responsible representative government. Individual independence and self-government have grown excessive. The idea of government responsibility is being blunted and destroyed.

Guizot says: "Civilization, in its most general idea, is an improved condition of man, resulting from the establishment of social order, in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of the primitive or barbarous life.

"AUTHORITY SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE MOST CAPABLE AND THE MOST WORTHY, AND SHOULD REMAIN THERE."

The political organization should be such as to allow of the transmission, from age to age, of the political and governmental experience already gained. Thus the common stock will grow, and be augmented at every epoch.

The great mass of the people have not the time, the means, nor the education to become accurately informed as to what kinds of legislation are most beneficial for, and most required by, the

nation at large. The majority of the electors are more or less influenced by selfish motives, local ideas, and narrow prejudices. Individually they are not, and cannot be, the best judges of national matters and requirements.

On the other hand, the men selected for members of parliament are usually above the average mass in intelligence, education, and political experience. In parliament they necessarily acquire broader and more comprehensive views on political questions. Coming together from different parts of a country, they lose their localism, and consider and discuss matters in a national spirit.

The people who vote on questions submitted to them under plebiscitary methods are not responsible to any one for their votes. Whether the vote is taken openly or by ballot, no one can question the right of each individual to vote as he likes.

On the other hand, the parliamentary body represents the nation; it is created for the special purpose of legislating and governing. It is responsible to the nation for the trust reposed in it. The mass of the people cannot express their views on the different parts and provisions of a measure. They may be in favor of some parts, and opposed to other parts, yet they cannot add to, alter, or amend; they can only vote for or against a bill as a whole.

Legislation may be classed as a science, to master which training is necessary. The same may be said of government. Under a representative system, the people know this; they select from their respective parties the most trained men available; authorizing them to legislate and govern on the broad principles of their enunciated policy. The representatives of the respective parties in parliament make the most strenuous efforts to obtain or maintain control. Every question brought forward is subjected to the most searching scrutiny—to the fiery ordeal of party debate. Defects which would not be discovered under ordinary circumstances, are brought to light. Parts are rejected or changed; amendments, additions, and modifications are adopted. The bill assumes a more definite and perfect form than when first introduced. It is the glory of the parliamentary system that it subjects all questions to such a test. Nothing of this kind can happen under the plebiscite. There is no party contest, no keen discussion, no criticism;—no clauses eliminated—nothing added.

It requires an architect to plan and oversee the construction of a building. It requires an engineer to design and superintend the construction of an engine. Skilled work can only be performed by trained workmen.

Proper legislation and efficient government are the most particular and difficult kinds of work;—requiring the most consummate skill, experience and training. How can such work be properly performed by the inexperienced, the untrained, the ignorant?

The adoption of the plebiscite is a step in the wrong direction. Our parliamentary system of government is the freest, the most progressive, and at the same time, the most stable of any existing. The plebiscitary system failed in ancient times, it failed in medieval times, and it will fail in modern times. It lacks the elements of stability and responsibility.

Under our parliamentary system, the most efficient men are employed to do the legislative work; and they are made responsible to the representatives of the people in parliament.

Erskine May says,—"The theory of ministerial responsibility was rapidly reduced to practice; the government was conducted throughout all its departments by ministers responsible to parliament for every act of their administration; without whose advice no act could be done; who could be dismissed for incompetency or failure, and impeached for political crimes; who resigned when their advice was disregarded by the crown, or their policy disapproved of by parliament. They are responsible in theory to the

crown, in reality to parliament. They must act upon principles, and propose measures, which they must justify to parliament. The crown must recognize their responsibility as the public servants of parliament."

Macaulay says, on the question of stability—"Let us contemplate Europe at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Every free constitution, save one, had gone down. That of England had weathered the danger, and was riding in full security. In Denmark and Sweden, the kings had availed themselves of the disputes which raged between the nobles and the commons, to unite all the powers of government in their own hands. In France, the constitution of the states was only mentioned by lawyers, as a part of the ancient theory of their government. "It slept a deep sleep; destined to be broken by a tremendous waking. No person remembered the sitting of the three orders, or expected ever to see them renewed. Louis XIV. had imposed on his parliament a patient silence of sixty years. His grandson extinguished the last feeble remains of liberty in the Peninsula. In England, on the other hand, the parliament was infinitely more powerful than it ever had been. Not only was its legislative authority fully established, but its right to interfere by advice, almost equivalent to command, in every department of the executive, was recognized. The appointment of ministers — the relations of foreign powers—the conduct of a war, or negotiations — depended less on the pleasure of the crown than on that of the two houses of parliament."

Gneist, Professor of Law in the Berlin University, says of our parliamentary constitution:

"While it may be inevitable that for their well-being, the life of nations, as of individuals, should undergo trials, the whole past history of England, contemplated as the creation of the moral and legal consciousness of the nation in its thousand years of development, justifies the confidence that she will weather the pending storms, discovering in her own past the materials for the reconstruction of her free political constitution."

MUSIC.

Oh take thy stringéd wonder tenderly,
Thy throbbing strings, thy magic bow that cries;
The hidden voice that in this hour lies
Untroubled to the restlessness in me;
And speak a tale from aught of passion free—
A tale of holy calm devoid of strife—
Drawn for the soul from those deep wells of life
Whose waters God doth fill eternally:
A tale of strength to suffer and be still,
With one strong purpose, though the world may change;
Patient to wait the varying time, until
The soul, grown great, shall break its narrow range,
And from the thing I am forever free,
I rise to all that I have longed to be.

—STUART LIVINGSTON.

PROBLEMS OF HOME-WINNING.

BY J. L. PAYNE.

A SHREWD and widely-known millionaire declared not long ago that any young man possessing health and intelligence might acquire riches. By many this was, no doubt, regarded as a wildly extravagant statement, and yet it rested upon a perfectly sound foundation. It would be irrelevant to discuss the reasons then given, or argue out that matter, just now. I merely wish to say that, in the same sense and subject to like conditions, every young married couple may win a home of their own. In making this assertion, it is assumed that I am addressing a constituency composed for the most part of young people belonging to what would conveniently be termed in the old country, "the great middle class," and I must, in supporting it, necessarily say a great many commonplace things in a very unpretentious way. My excuse is valid in that I shall discuss what concerns a very large and a constantly changing circle of readers, ambitious to make their way in the world, and entirely dependent upon what they can earn.

Words would be all but wasted in an effort to prove how desirable a thing it is for each family to have some spot they can call "home," and which they can also call their own. That point is generally conceded. The difficulty with the majority seems to be that the concession is wholly a mental operation, a mere abstract acknowledgment, and never takes definite shape. Lot-buying and house-building are talked over at the fireside on many a long evening, and happy heart-flutterings are indulged in as pictures of worldly advancement and comfort are painted; but further than this a great many never get. They either exaggerate the difficulties beyond all reason, or permit other ambitions to intervene and absorb energy and means. In most instances it is the array of obstacles, magnified by timidity, defective information, and mistaken notions of prudence, which does the mischief. I am surprised that the young wife should be a party to this abortive scheming, when I think of her vital interest in the matter, and realize how much she could do in stimulating positive action. It would, in fact, be hard to set bounds to a wife's influence in this matter, when once she had fully appreciated all that was involved in her husband also becoming her landlord. By a little of that marvellous diplomacy at the command of every sensible woman, she could clear the way for all those preparatory steps which form so important a part of the undertaking. I am bound, therefore, to address myself as much to young married women as to their husbands.

What are the prime essentials? First in importance must be the settled conviction that rent-paying, as it now obtains, is very often a wasteful drain; that, at least, it practically represents the paying of interest upon so much borrowed capital. I hold this to be necessary, for unless one is satisfied that in the long run it is better and cheaper to own a house than to rent it he cannot have a very strong incentive in making the start. Second, there must be a settled disposition on the part of both husband and wife to adopt such a scale of living as will leave a considerable margin between income and outgo. This relates to the means. Third, there must be enthusiasm and courage. Thus, having a clear reason for action, both real and sentimental, then the resolution to be frugal, and lastly, a joyous deter-

mination to go ahead and win, there are present all the conditions which make for a hopeful beginning. The rest is largely a matter of method; yet the method is of quite as much importance as are the conditions just indicated. To have the will, the means in sight, and the disposition to act, is not enough. There must be an intelligent plan of action. The new home must be begun long before a foot of earth has been purchased, or a stick of timber prepared, and this suggests the question of capital and a carefully arranged plan for using it.

Many a home has been lost by a feeble or defective understanding of how the cost was to be provided for. It is, therefore, considered a safe thing to aim at first possessing an eligible site, and the saving that is practised in doing this will be excellent discipline for the greater effort to follow. The location of the new home is important. It should be seen to that the neighborhood gives reasonable promise of growth, and the development of those conveniences which make for the comfort of domestic life—such as a good water supply, adequate drainage, pavements, schools within easy reach, and police and fire protection. Having all this in mind, it is taken for granted that in due time the site will be paid for. When this is done, the means are at hand for the borrowing of the necessary capital with which to erect and finish the house. But our young friends will do well if they wait until they have provided a margin of at least $150 or $200 beyond the cost of the lot, which they should hold as a reserve for contingent and unforseen expenses, extras arising out of altered plans, or the many incidentals which inevitably crop up. The usual rent must, for example, be paid while the new house is being built, and there will be expenditure for moving and getting the old belongings adapted to their new environments. I have passed through the ordeal, and can feelingly say that it very seriously mars the joy of home-building to be cramped for the want of this reserve fund. It would be all but impossible to estimate the exact cost of any such undertaking, the details of which are subject to alterations as the work progresses and plans assume fixed shape. Leaving that aside, however, it may be said that money for the building may be had from loan societies or private individuals at about six per cent. interest to the extent of twice the market value of the site. That is to say, if the lot be worth $1,000, money for the house may be borrowed to the extent of at least $2,000, for which a mortgage on the whole property is given as security.

A simple calculation reveals the exact extent of the obligation which our young friends now assume. They must provide for $120 per annum as interest on the $2,000 borrowed, and having taken upon themselves the responsibilities of freeholders, they must also pay municipal taxes on say $2,500 to the extent of about $45. To this must be added fire insuranee and special taxes, amounting to perhaps $15 a year; so that a total sum of $180 must be paid out to meet the annual burden arising out of a property costing $3,000. There must be laid aside $15 a month to cover this liability, and whatever more can be saved will be applicable to principal. On the basis of a $3,000 property, $2,000 of which stands as a debt, at six per cent., I have made a close calculation for the purposes of this article. Provided $30 a month were saved—which is not much more than many young families pay as rent—the debt would be wiped out in the following manner:

	Interest.	Principal.	Balance.
1st year....	$ 180 00	$ 180 00	$1820 00
2nd "	169 20	190 80	1629 20
3rd "	157 75	202 25	1426 95
4th "	145 61	214 39	1212 56
5th "	132 75	227 25	985 31
6th "	119 11	240 89	744 42
7th "	104 66	255 34	489 08
8th "	89 34	270 66	218 42
9th "	73 10	218 42	

If, however, only $25 a month could be directly applied to the enterprise, it would require twelve years for the discharge of the debt; or if $1,800 were borrowed on a property worth $2,500, calculations would show that $20 per month would complete the repayment in 15 years.

If the tables which I have prepared were extended, and made prominent in this connection, they would teach no lesson more plainly than the folly of paying high rents. It is one of the conspicuous weaknesses of modern social life that so large a proportion of the income of young married people is consumed in paying for the accommodations of fashionable flats, or alleged comforts in popular residential localities. Scores of my friends have confessed the extravagance of their methods in this regard, and deplored the other wastes which go linked with it; but they have, at the same time, called upon me to witness their utter inability to make a change. "Unless we take a cheaper house for a time," they say, "and cut off some of our social engagements, we cannot save what is necessary in making the start towards acquiring our own home. What would people think if we reduced our scale of living." Just so. What people may think and say robs them of the courage to be prudent. I shall not enlarge upon this matter just now, tempting as the opportunity may be. I wish merely to say, that unless the young women of this great country realize the alarming effects of this prevailing extravagance, and resolve to be content with a simpler and more prudent scale of living, they must continue to be the sufferers from a declining marriage rate. The two are directly related, since thousands of young men—who are themselves carried on this current of wastefulness—shrink from undertaking marital obligations on a moderate income. They feel compelled to go with and live like the crowd. The remedy must come from our young women, who control young men in this respect, and when a few in each community have had the good sense to start out in domestic life on a rational basis, I look for a better state of affairs to follow. And one of the first manifestations of this new and brighter era will be the general disposition among young married people to make the acquirement of a home a part of their settled plan at the outset. That is the best time to begin. It has often represented the basis of a fortune.

Not a word has thus far been said about the kind of house that may be built. The topic is inexhaustible. Only those who have passed through the experience of settling upon a suitable plan can understand the perplexity and worry, the ups and downs of expectation and disappointment, in this regard. No matter how it is looked at, however, all questions in the end turn upon considerations of taste and cost. A brown stone front, with plate glass windows and many architectural embellishments, cannot be had for $2,000. To save heartache and distress, therefore, it is well to disregard other people's houses, and think only about your own, and how much you have to build it with. All the pangs I have ever known or felt in house-building came from wanting an edifice like that of some friend of more means and greater needs—just as half of all the other sorrows I know anything about have come from trying to be or do like somebody else, in some way or another. Draw up such a plan as will give the accommodation needed, and if a margin can be provided for decorations, by all means have them.

It is a mistake to build a very plain house, unless you prefer it and are prepared to sacrifice it in the event of a sale. Let the design be tasty, not showy; then put the work of building in the hands of a conscientious contractor, and give yourself up to the indescribable joy of seeing the new home grow into form. It will compensate

for all the anxiety, and planning and sacrifice it has cost. Let the wife have her own way about some portion of the plan at least. She knows that it is better to cut a little off the parlor, than to have the kitchen and dining-room too small ; for while one is used very seldom, the other two are in constant use. More satisfaction is sure to come from conveniences in connection with the working part of the house, than from some wonderfully designed verandah. If possible, too, have that room in which you usually sit—call it sitting-room, living-room, library, or whatever you like—command a pleasant view both winter and summer, and do not err on the side of making your new home unnecessarily large. I have a score of friends, who have regretted building houses that were too large, and entailed unlooked-for cost in being kept up ; I can only recall two instances in which the dwellings were found to be too small.

The house, however, is not all. If land is not costly, no home should be without a plot of grass If possible, it should be large enough to be spoken of as "a lawn,"—a family play-ground at least—on which tennis, or some other health-giving exercise, may be indulged. Shrubs and flowering plants are comparatively inexpensive nowadays, and they should be generously used in giving beauty to the space at the front or side. There is something unselfish about a home with well trimmed grass, and flower beds and shrubs about it: it cheers those who pass by, as well as those who own it. More than that, it provides recreative work in the open air, and improves the sanitary conditions of the neighborhood. The sunshine has full play. By all means, therefore, have flowers, and neatly kept grass about your house. It will repay you all that it may cost in money and labor.

If space would permit, and there were good reasons for doing so, it would be instructive and inspiring to present some of the triumphs I have witnessed in the winning of homes. Some of my friends have indentified themselves with co-operative schemes, and have succeeded very well. All over the continent, there are thousands of attractive and cozy homes, which would never have been built, but for the aid and stimulation given by these co-operative building societies, the chief advantage of this plan lying in monthly payments, as against annual or long time payments in the case of ordinary loans. I have been a member of one of these societies for some years, and heartily approve of them, but for reasons which need not be given, I preferred to build and pay for my home by another plan. The plan, let me repeat, is of no more importance than the courage which sustains a young household in small sacrifices and systematic saving. Let any one look around, and see how many a thrifty young mechanic has provided a permanent home for his family out of a gross income of from $500 to $800 a year, and then estimate the easy possibilities upon an income of $1000 and upwards. It should always be remembered that a slight addition to the monthly rental, fortified by altogether improved though perhaps simpler methods of living, will provide any ordinary family with a home—the requirement of which ought to be a very strong incentive to effort. Making the start is the greatest difficulty that will arise in nine cases out of ten. And by the same process, riches in great or small volume are accumulated.

THE CANADIAN CLUB MOVEMENT.

BY W. SANFORD EVANS.

NOTHING merits more careful attention from thoughtful men and women than those stirrings of new life, those beginnings of new forces, or conversions of old energies, which are familiarly designated "the signs of the times." The incipiency of national and world-wide movements is marked by a strange unconsciousness. No one works deliberately for an end, no one tries to conform his thinking to that of his fellows, and yet it is soon evident that a change has taken place, and that new beliefs and new sentiments are almost universal. The public does not recognize this change in itself, perhaps, until there has been a spontaneous and simultaneous springing into existence of many movements with a common object, or until some great soul has voiced these universal feelings so truly or so grandly that it has roused the world into consciousness.

What we must regard as at least a partial illustration of these truths with regard to Canada is the fact that we are realizing, probably for the first time definitely, that there is among us a strong and constantly growing spirit of Canadianism. This spirit has doubtless always existed, but it has, for the most part, been fostered unconsciously. To-day we, as a people, are becoming self-conscious, in the highest sense of the word, and national spirit is becoming a power which must be taken into account in all Canadian questions. We are recognizing that the traditions of our past, and the conditions of climate and geographical position, are gradually differentiating us from every other people; that as the result of natural laws a Canadian is different and distinguishable from the men of every other nation; that Canada is becoming the home of a nation of Canadians. With these facts before us, and with the knowledge of the wonderful resources of our country, we would be unworthy of the races from which we spring, and the chances of greatness for Canada would be small indeed, if we did not feel stirring within us those generous and ennobling sentiments which are embraced under the name of patriotism.

To be effective, every belief must have some form of organization. Every spirit should have its body; incarnation is the law of earth. In the same way it is necessary that our national spirit and our belief in our country should be organized, if that spirit and that faith are to accomplish their noblest purposes. The form of organization in which we should find these embodied should ultimately be our system of government, and take shape in all our national institutions; but, in the meantime, some preparatory form of organization is required.

What those interested in it regard as the best practical form of organization for our national spirit, and what may be considered as one of the "the signs of the times" in Canada, is what I will call "The Canadian Club Movement."

In the month of December last, there were in process of organization in Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton, three clubs with slightly different names, but with almost identically the same objects. It was unknown to any one of these clubs that a similar organization was even contemplated by any one else. Each felt the necessity, or at least the desirability, of such a club, and it was with the greatest pleasure the discovery was made that others had independently felt the same

need, and were working towards the same end. Of these clubs, "The Canadian National League" of Montreal, and "The Canadian Club" of Hamilton, are firmly established, and have entered upon an energetic career. Of these two, "The Canadian Club" of Hamilton was the first to decide upon, and adopt, a constitution, and has at present the larger membership. Partly for these reasons, but principally because of my acquaintance with the work in Hamilton, I shall speak of the work from the stand-point of the Hamilton Club.

The objects of the club, as stated in the constitution, are "the encouragement of the study of the History, Literature, Art, Music, and Natural Resources, of Canada, the recognition of native worth and talent, and the fostering of a patriotic Canadian sentiment." "The membership shall be open to any man of eighteen years or over who is a Canadian by birth or adoption, and who is in sympathy with the objects of the club." The movement originated among the young men, and will probably appeal most strongly to them. The advantages of such an organization, and the good that could be accomplished by it will readily appear upon even the most casual consideration, but I may be pardoned for enlarging a little upon some of the general principles and general aspects of the work, as these are seen by those at present most interested in it.

In the first place, the movement cannot accomplish all the good possible to it until there is a similar club in every place of importance in Canada, and until all are in some way affiliated into one great Canadian brotherhood. The greatest liberty could be given to individual clubs with regard to form of organization, and perhaps, the only bond would be the right to send delegates to an annual meeting, although a somewhat closer union would be advisable. Such a union would make the organization a great power in Canada, and would give stability to each separate club.

Another thing that seems essential to the success of the club is that it should not only be a debating or mutual improvement society, but should also have social features. These social features need not necessarily consist in anything more than permanent club rooms, which would be made so attractive that the young men would gather there in leisure hours.

Social clubs have been found necessary to the existence of organizations whose bond is public spirit. It is not enough for men to meet occasionally to exchange views in the formal manner of a debate; it is not enough that men should be called upon to express their opinions on public questions only by the ballot; there should be the opportunity, not only of expressing opinion, but of *forming* opinion, and that in the only rational way—by meeting freely with earnest men of all shades of opinion, and discussing conversationally the concerns that affect all alike. This opportunity can be found only in a social club. Properly managed, the social club is a good thing in itself, and will always exist; and wherever it exists its influence will be felt, for a man's views are moulded by his club-life very much as they are by his home-life. A social club, formed upon the basis of unpartisan patriotic public spirit, would be a power for good, the effects of which could not easily be estimated.

As stated in the Constitution, one of the principle objects of the club is the "encouragement of the study of the History, Literature, Art, Music, and Natural Resources, of Canada." It was felt that Canadians as a whole are wofully and culpably ignorant of the actualities and possibilities of their country. Before we can act intelligently it is absolutely necessary that we know the resources of our country, and what Canadians have already done. From the very nature of the case it is difficult to form a just

estimate of ourselves as compared with our contemporaries; but in history we see ourselves in perspective, and, removed for a time from the prejudicing effect of personal participation, we can sit in judgment on ourselves; we can determine what are national weaknesses and trace them to their sources; we can draw inspiration from what are evidently elements of strength. A nation without self-knowledge is as little likely to reach its full development as an unreflecting individual; and self-knowledge cannot be attained without a knowledge of what has already been attempted and achieved. The desire for a competent knowledge of these things is growing among Canadians; and a union with the definite object of acquiring this knowledge can accomplish far more than desultory individual effort.

Another way in which this club may do good, is by the "recognition of native worth and talent." Considering the youth of this country, the number of its talented men and women, in proportion to its population, is really very great. This fact speaks well for Canada, but the unfortunate aspect of it is that most of these men and women are forced to look abroad for appreciation, and for the reward of their work. One cannot blame them for leaving Canada, because it is a duty they owe to their gifts to go where those gifts can be best developed; but Canada cannot afford to lose them. If there were some organization one of whose objects it was to show, even though in a simple way, the appreciation which young Canada feels for Canadian talent, it would cause these men and women to look for recognition at home as well as, or before they look, abroad; it would strengthen the tie that binds them to their country, and would tend to enlist their talents in this country's service: and, besides, such an organization would hasten the day when Canada will afford a sufficient market and a congenial home for genius.

While we cannot over-estimate the value of such a preparation as a thorough knowledge of what we have done, and of what we are doing, would give us, we must not forget that these things are but a preparation for duty. Emerson says somewhere: "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day." And Macaulay says: "No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations as to the future." It is a fine thing to write history, it is useful to study it, but it is incomparably nobler and grander to make it. In one sense we cannot help making history, but the history which is a record of indifference and not of conscious effort is unworthy of any people. The duty of Canadians is to make a history worthy of our ancestors, and of the resources which nature has lavished upon us. We are a young country; but the youngest country is in the one sense the fullest-grown, because it is free from the dwarfing effect of the deep-seated prejudices of caste and creed; it is really the oldest, because it has all the experience of the world to start with. The pages of the world's history are full of mistakes in government, and that system has yet to be tried under which all men can develop, as reason seems to demand that they should. If such a system is possible, there is no country in so good a position to adopt it as Canada. All the influences of heredity and environment are in our favor. What is necessary is that the people appreciate the work Canada may do for herself, and for the world, and that they rouse themselves to work with the definite purpose of making the foundations of our nation so broad and so strong that we can build up forever.

We must not leave these questions to the politicians. The general trend

of any party may be progress, and the party may be actuated by a sincere desire to serve their country's highest interests, but as long as parties exist in politics, there will be certain compromises and expedients necessary to obtain, or retain, party supremency, and these will retard, or divert, advancement. A nation to-day should be the voluntary union of men whose interests are alike, because they believe that such union is essential to the conservation and promotion of these interests and to individual development. The form of union that best serves these interests, is the best form of government.

These questions are of vital importance to every individual, and should be studied and discussed by the people, and not left to the exigencies of party strife. The politicians are said to represent the people, but it could more truthfully be said that the people represent the politicians. A policy is announced from headquarters, and we accept it, chiefly because our fathers accepted a policy from the same source. We inherit our party politics with our patronymics. Our schoolboys are ardent party politicians, although they can have no intelligent understanding of the grounds of party division. Are these things true? Are we, in this age of the division of labor, leaving to the politicians the keeping of the public intellect? Is it true that in Canada to-day, a man who considers himself a Canadian before he is a Conservative or a Liberal has no place where he can meet with others equally high-minded? Is it true that a man must profess himself a Grit or a Tory before he can belong to the only regular organizations where men meet to discuss the affairs of our country, and that in these places he meets only those who profess the same belief as himself? Is it true that our judgments are largely determined by enthusiasms or antipathies for party leaders or hereditary policy? Then we are neglecting our greatest means of education; we are neglecting that which will bring us into touch with all the world; we are neglecting greater opportunities than are to-day open to any other nation.

What is needed is that we realize fully the nature of national life, and the importance of that life to the development of every individual. We must realize that intense and intelligent national life is a necessary condition of greatness in a people. We should feel a more personal interest in all public questions, an interest deeper and higher than anything that can centre in party struggle; and this interest should lead us to demand some place where party distinctions are not recognized, but where all men, solely by virtue of their devotion to their country's welfare, could meet to learn from one another, to express honest opinions, and to discuss, not with recrimination, not with jealousies and suspicions, but with logic.

To expect the Canadian Club Movement to accomplish all that one conceives as highest in public life, is, probably, to expect more than is possible to any one practicable organization; but it is in the line of progress. Its rise has been marked by earnestness and healthy sentiment. There is no attempt, and no wish, to establish an independent party; men of all parties meet in perfect good fellowship, and separate to support whatever policy each one judges best. Its great work will be the training of individuals into fitness for the duties and privileges of their citizenship, and the forming of policies by the forming of public opinion. That no such thing exists in other countries is no argument against its practicability; many new things must be tried before the best is found. It is an evidence and an embodiment of a spirit that is rousing itself into activity, that sees great things in the future, and is eager for their accomplishment; and, as such, it is commended to all who call themselves Canadians.

THE BATTLE OF THE ECLIPSE.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

THE Zulu war had been determined on. The supposed menace to the peace of South Africa, which existed in the Zulu king and his people, was to be ended by the subjugation of the savage nation, and the deposition of their ruler. That king had always shown himself to be an ally of British power in South Africa, and it must now be said that the arm lifted to deal the blow that struck him from his throne was raised with hesitation and sorrow, as far as the Imperial will was concerned. But those responsible for the native policy of South Africa decided that the Zulu kingdom should have an end, and gathered troops to "roll back the tide of barbarism," as expressed in a phrase current at the time.

And so it was, that early in January, 1879, the roads leading over the undulations of sunny Natal towards the land of the Zulus resounded with the clatter of commissariat carts, and glistened with the bayonets of British troops. For the first time in my life I saw the quays of Table Bay and Simon's Bay dotted with red-coats loading their stores and munitions on the transport ships to ascend the coast on the dread mission of real war. Already the 24th had moved up to the front; and little did I ehink, as I witnessed the alacrity of these cheery fellows in their preparations for the field, that not a man of that detachment would ever return to this quiet garrison.

Cetywayo (pronounced Ketch-wy-o) saw that "evil was determined against him," and what could a savage ruler, with a love of independence, do but defend himself, as he did, after protesting his innocence of any conscious act of unfaithfulness to the British Government. The British army advanced in three divisions by the three roads leading from Natal (pronounced Na-tal') to Zululand, all three roads converging upon Ulundi, the capital. General Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford), who was the general commanding the invasion, was in person at the head of the upper division, which entered Zululand by way of Rorke's Drift, a ford over the Buffalo River, called after one Jim Rorke, whose old stone house was to be the scene of one of the bravest fights made in modern warfare against overwhelming odds. Cetywayo, when he heard of the approach of the upper column, addressed his army with Cæsar-like brevity, as follows: "I am sending you out against the whites, who have invaded Zululand, and driven away our cattle. You are to go against the column at Rorke's Drift, and drive it back into Natal, and if the state of the river will allow, follow it up through Natal, right up to the Drakensberg. You will attack by daylight, as there are enough of you to eat it up." The force sent out on this mission consisted of over 20,000, selected out of the 25,000 which made up the total effective strength of the Zulu army. They were told to advance by easy marches, and thus, taking a few days' provision, consisting of mealies (Indian corn), and a herd of cattle, which were driven with them, the army of naked warriors moved forward leisurely at the rate of nine or ten miles a day.

The common arm of the Zulu is an assegai, or spear, and a large shield made of native ox or buffalo hide, cut in an oval shape, three or four feet long, and so thick and tough when dried that a bullet will scarcely pierce it. The regiments of married men

were distinguished by white shields, and by heads that are shaved except a circle of short hair, in which is embedded a ring of gum, hardened, and black, and polished. Their only dress is a strip of the skin of some wild beast, such as the leopard, around the hips, or a strip of fur dangling, as an ornament, from the knees. While the assegai was the common weapon of the Zulu, a large proportion were armed with breech-loading and other rifles, bought, as the reward of labor, on the diamond fields of Griqualand West, or smuggled, through the Portuguese, at

LORD CHELMSFORD.

Delagoa Bay. On the night of the 21st January, the Zulu army had encamped in a valley, under the spurs of the Ngutu hills, about 14 miles from the boundary. About four miles beyond them, towards the borders, rose the weird head of Isandhlwana—a grim, bald crag of mysterious aspect, resembling from some points of view a crouching lion, and from others the sphinx-head, which, strange to say, was the emblem of the 24th regiment, the fated detachment of which encamped the next day under its lofty brow and around its bleak neck.

On the 22nd, the Zulu regiments moved forward to the dull rumble of their resounding shields; but it was not their intention to attack that day, for in their superstition, "the moon was wrong,"—just at the change. Cetywayo himself had remained at his chief kraal, and the army here was under four leaders, two of whom were sons of Sihayo, whose action in chasing a runaway wife into Natal had been the immediate cause of the war. It had been intended that one of these chiefs, Matyana, should be in supreme command in the attack, but he being a Natal Kafir, the others were jealous of the glory, and contrived a plan by which he was to go forward to the Upindo to reconnoitre, and they were to follow.

Instead of doing so, they took another road, and so, without designing it, either as to time or place, came upon the British at Isandhlwana. They intended resting a day in the valley where they were camped, the moon being unfavorable for a battle, but during the afternoon firing was heard over the hill, and drew one or two of the Zulu regiments to the top to see what was going on. At first it was said that Matyana's men were engaged, but on reaching the hill-tops they saw a body of British horse coming up the hill from the Isandhlwana side, endeavoring to cut off a herd of cattle which were being driven in by Zulu scouts for security. This led one of the regiments out to drive back the British skirmishers, and so other regiments were drawn in.

The Zulu style of attack is to throw out a horn on either side of the enemy, with the object of closing them in and cutting off their retreat; and in this form closed in the Zulu host upon the British force, which consisted of only about 700 men, 500 belonging to the 24th Regiment, and the balance made up of Natal native mounted infantry and a few of the Natal Carbineers, a colonial volunteer corps. This handful of men had been

ISANDHLWANA, FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE BATTLE.

left by the general to guard a valuable convoy of stores, arms, and ammunition. In South African war tactics, a camp is protected by a "laager," or fort, formed of the bullock wagons locked end to end into each other, and although there were over a hundred wagons available for such a laager, instructions had been given not to form one. Thus, on the exposed camp the Zulus swarmed, pouring over the "neck" of the hill and up the slopes with their booming war-shout, "Islulu," piling battalion on battalion, and reckless of the hundreds that were being cut down by the artillery or dropped by the sharp-shooting of the infantry.

The British had moved out of their cantonment at the opening of the contest, and they fought every inch of ground in the face of the overwhelming host, as they retired again to the camp to make their final stand. The mounted natives of Natal had left their horses in a donga (a natural ditch formed by the freshets of the rainy season), and fought on foot with the regulars. One party formed about the commissariat wagons and maintained their ground till their ammunition failed, and then they stood there to be stabbed one by one, by assegais hurled at close distance, but out of bayonet reach. A small remnant of this party reached the main body, which now formed in a solid square in the "neck." And here, with their backs to their comrades and faces to their foes, they fought out the hopeless fight. From every side pressed the dark mass of Zulus, in no regular formation, but with a perfect thicket of weapons, and with wild visages that had no feature of either mercy or fear. When again the thundering shout of "Islulu" (literally "the Heavens!") went up, the very heavens themselves that were addressed heard, but seemed to avoid the spectacle of carnage, for a veil of darkness overspread the face of the sun in the midst of a cloudless sky. It was a total eclipse, and the period of greatest obscuration corresponded with the most awful phases of the conflict!

The battle could have but one result. A band of soldiers, seeing that all hope was gone, essayed a retreat towards Rorke's Drift, but—bootless flight—they were overtaken and shot or assegaied by twos and threes, and bodies afterwards found two miles from the camp, showed the limit reached by the last fugitive. A half-dozen or so, had indeed, by some means reached the river, and among them Lieuts. Melville and Coghill, who met their fate in the river in their desperate attempt to save the colors of the regiment. When ammunition was gone, the soldiers took to their revolvers, and even when these could no longer be used, their ranks could not be broken. The heroic remnant were, for the most part, picked off one by one with assegai thrusts, till the little band were simply exterminated, for the Zulus take no prisoners, and neither give nor expect quarter in a fight.

All these details were unknown then, and for months afterwards; in fact, the fullest and most trustworthy accounts we have received—saving for the melancholy story told in the position of the bodies and the wreckage of this rueful field—have been from the lips of the Zulus themselves. Lord Chelmsford camped the very next night on the battle field, and men of the 24th slept among their dead comrades, yet he left next day without burying them. The Zulus had looted the stores, carrying off the arms and every trophy they fancied, and thousands of them then dispersed to their homes, for the double purpose of purifying themselves, according to their custom, after shedding blood, and of securing their plunder. Many of these warriors returned no more to the field. Some had got helplessly drunk on the liquor found in the commissariat wagons, and when the British came up next day, were first supposed to be dead, but when they began to stir were shot or bayoneted where they lay.

Archibald Forbes, visiting the battlefield some months after, gives a vivid picture of the scene "On the sky-line of the neck of high ground were visible the abandoned wagons of the destroyed column. The line of the retreat towards Fugitives' Drift, along which, through a gap in the Zulu environment, our unfortunate comrades, who thus far survived, tried to escape, lay athwart a rocky slope to our right front, and a precipitous ravine at its base. In this ravine dead men lay thick. All the way up the slope could be traced the fitful line of flight—single bodies and groups, where they seemed to have made a hopeless, gallant stand to die. On the edge of the gully, a gun-limber was jammed, the horses hanging there in their harness down the steep face of the ravine. A little further on was a broken ambulance wagon, with its train of mules dead in their harness, and around were the dead bodies of the poor fellows who had been dragged from their intercepted vehicle. On the crest the dead lay thick, many in

OHAM, CETYWAYO'S BROTHER.

the uniform of the Natal Mounted Police. On the slope beyond, the scene was sadder and more full of weird desolation than any I had yet gazed

upon. There was none of the horror of a recent battlefield ; nothing of all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly. A strange, dead calm reigned in this solitude ; grain had grown luxuriantly round the wagons, sprouting from the seed that dropped from the loads, falling on soil fertilized by the life-blood of gallant men. So long in most cases had grown the grass, that it mercifully shrouded the dead. * * * In a patch of long grass near the right flank of the camp lay Col. Durnford's body, a central figure of a knot of brave men who had fought it out around their chief to the bitter end. A stalwart Zulu, covered by his shield, lay at the Colonel's feet. Around him lay fourteen Natal Carbineers and their officer, Lieut. Scott, with a few mounted police. Clearly they had rallied around Col. Durnford in a last despairing attempt to cover the flank of the camp, when they might have essayed to fly for their horses, close by their side at the piquet line."

RORKE'S HOUSE.

At last, after four months, the 24th got permission to go up and bury their dead comrades, on which occasion a correspondent of the *Natal Witness* made these eloquent reflections :—

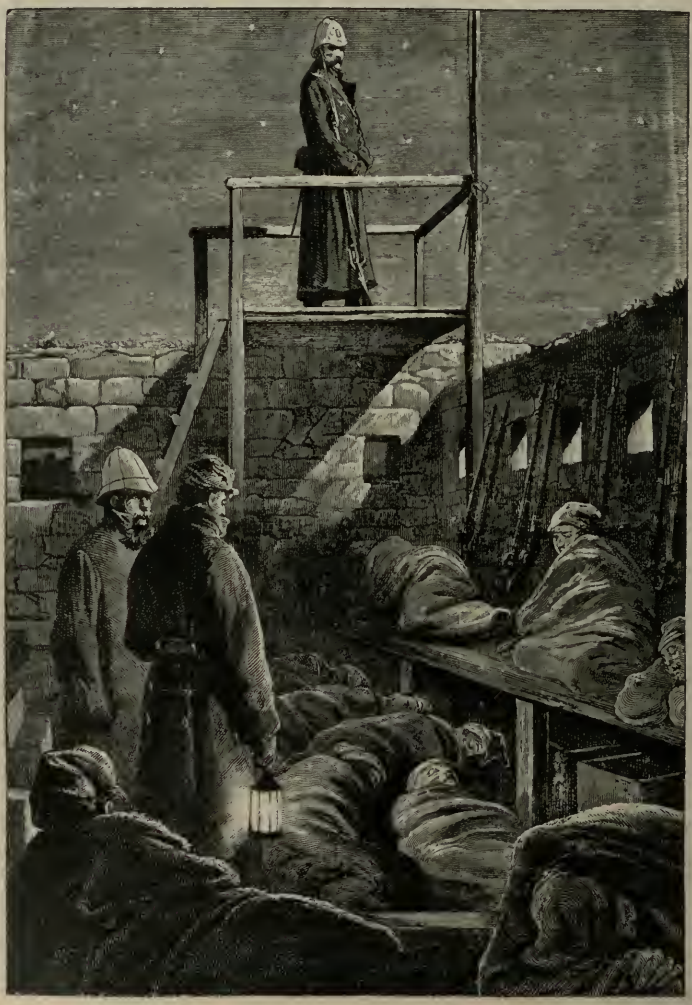
" Turn to the story of the field of Isandhlwana as now told in plain, though interrupted and awful characters, by the remains found resting near the neck. Could it have been guessed that while human recollection failed so utterly to convey to the world a history of the events of that too memorable day, Nature herself would have taken the matter in hand, and told us such a story as no one who hears will ever forget ? Four months, all but a day, had elapsed since the defenders of the field stood facing the Zulu myriads,—four months of rain and sun, of the hovering of slow-sailing birds of prey, and of predatory visits of unregarding enemies. Four months ! and during all that time, while the world was ringing from one end to the other with the news of a terrible disaster * * the dead slept quietly on, waiting, almost consciously one might think, for the revelation which was to establish their fame, and, where necessary, relieve their unjustly sullied reputation. * * A sleep unbroken by the noise of war that rolled to the south and north. The defeat of Indhlobane had been suffered ; the victory of Kambulu had been gained ; the defenders of Rorke's Drift had been rewarded with a nation's praise ; the imprisoned column had been relieved from Etshowe ; all the roads in Natal had rung to the

tread of men and the rolling of wagon wheels as the force which was to wipe out Isandhlwana moved up to the front. * * Only the grasses that waved around them whispered of the coming resurrection ; only the stars that looked down when the night winds had ceased, and the hills looked black and silent, bade them be patient and wait. * * At last the moment arrived when they were to be identified by their comrades. If the features of the dead were past identification, there was the letter from a sister, the ornament so well known to companions, the marks of rank or the insignia of office. * * A black cloud has by these revelations been lifted from the rocks of Isandhlwana and many we deemed dead are living again—living as examples, never to be forgotten, of the honor which tradition has so fondly attached to a British soldier's fame."

The traveller to the field of Isandhlwana will find even yet numbers of relics of this dreadful day, but the memories of the conflict are now softened by time. An English missionary station—the best and most fitting monument ever built on a battle-field —now stands on the site of the camp, and there, in a language unexcelled for melody, the voices of Zulu worshippers or of Zulu school children may now be heard, with the laughter of Zulu women and girls as they return from their cornfields, or bring home their calabashes of water.

When the Zulus had surrounded the British camp, a division broke off to pursue the fugitives towards the boundary river ford, which henceforth was to be known as Fugitives' Drift, while two regiments, the Undi and Udhloko, made their way more leisurely down to plunder the fort. Rorke's Drift was held on this day by a company of the 24th with some casuals, numbering in all 139. The fort was on the Natal side of the Buffalo River and in command of Lieuts. Chard and Bromhead. It consisted of two buildings, close together, one of which was used as a hospital, and the other as a commissariat store. On the afternoon of the 22nd, Lieut. Adendorff, of the Natal Native Contingent, and a carbineer, came galloping up to the river from Zululand, bringing tidings of Isandhlwana and of the advance of the Zulus towards Rorke's Drift. Chard at once gave orders to secure the stores and prepare for the defence of the fort, which he had been instructed to hold at all hazards. Working like beavers, the men secured everything outside, building a passage between the store building and the hospital with bags of mealies, and then commenced an inner defence which they built up of biscuit boxes. While these preparations were going on, an officer with 100 of Durnford's Horse came up and were asked to check the enemy at the drift, retiring when they advanced ; but these men, when their leader was lost, became dispirited and left the scene and retired to Helpmakaar, some miles away. A number of the native contingent also deserted, and the little garrison were left to themselves. The biscuit box defence had not yet been finished when, about half-past four, 600 Zulus appeared over the slope, and soon were dashing with impetuous speed against the south wall. They were met by a steady fire, but, in spite of their loss, came within 50 yards when they were checked by a cross fire from the front of the store-house. They then swung round to the hospital and made a rush at the mealie bags; but after a desperate fight they were driven back with heavy loss to seek the shelter of a bush near by. And now the hills were black with the main body of the Zulus, who, swarming up, lined the ledges of rock which overlooked the fort 400 yards away, and occupied the neighboring garden and bush in great numbers. From this bush they rushed out time after time in rapid and reckless assaults, each onset being met with a telling fire and repelled at

the point of the bayonet. The Zulu fire from the rocks took the garrison at a disadvantage, however, and it was so galling that towards sunset they were obliged to retire behind their biscuit boxes. Meantime the Zulus, repeatedly storming the hospital, man-



ON GUARD AT RORKE'S DRIFT.

aged to set the roof on fire. All the sick that could be brought out were rescued, and the defenders held the door with the bayonet when their ammunition gave out. The building was burnt, but its destruction had this compensation, that it shed a glare of light on the Zulus sufficient to enable the garrison to mark them out and see all their movements. While the house burned, another entrenchment had to be made, the workers exposed all the while to the assaults and fire of the enemy. The story of this night was a repetition of wild assaults, repelled with a determination that never flagged. Though the defenders were all forced into the inner defences, they still held on, and by daylight next morning the Zulu army had retired beaten. At seven o'clock they were

again seen swarming over the hills, but when they beheld a British column advancing from Helpmakaar they disappeared. Through all this heroic fight the garrison had only fifteen officers and men killed and twelve wounded; while the Zulus had 350 men killed, besides an unknown number of wounded. And thus were the Zulus first taught of what material British soldiers were made.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

(In the Woods and Fields.)

How sad, how still, seem these lone woods!
No stir is in the air:
Save for the rustling of the leaves,
There's silence everywhere.
The glory is departing fast
From grove and forest now,
But beauty lingers, loth to leave,
On every leafless bough.

The cattle, straggling slowly by,
A ghostly aspect wear.
Like spectres tall, the poplars rise:
The elms, all black and bare,
Stand grim, with giant arm outstretched,
Against the western sky:
That spirit world, eye ne'er hath seen,
In this weird light, seems nigh.

The wizard gloom of eventide,
Tinged by the sun's last ray,
Over the fading landscape casts
Its mantle dark and grey.
Down where the brown reeds fringe the stream,
Dim, dusky forms appear;
But, through the shades of gathering night,
The light of home shines clear.

Dunnville, Ont. —THOS. L. M. TIPTON.

MIRAGE IN WESTERN CANADA.

BY MRS. JOHN FLESHER.

A VAST expanse of prairie deserves the often repeated reproach of monotony and dreariness. Yet here, as elsewhere, is the law of compensation, for summer and winter the tricks of atmosphere are curious and wonderful; and here most frequently, out of "baseless fabric," mirage constructs some of her loveliest visions. Here, too, are the old trails, about perfect for riding or driving, so level, elastic and smooth.

As we drove along one of these on a clear afternoon in early summer, something on the north recalled to one of us a line of Jean Ingelow's about a "Fringe of Phantom Palms," but there was a purpose in avoiding calling any attention to it. However, the Eastern Relative caught the unspoken thought, and said:

"I have hoped to see a mirage, but so far there has been no exhibition. Excuse me, but didn't you say you had no trees in this neighborhood? There is a fine belt along there," pointing to the north.

"What would you take those trees to be?"

"Beech and maple—perhaps a few elms. What a protection they must be to the farms along there!"

"That is north, isn't it?"

The attention of the party was just then called to the square mound made by surveyors to mark the boundary of a section, and near it were many buffalo bones. We were still talking of them a mile or two farther, when on the north-east, a mile, or a mile and a half from us, appeared a village. There was one main street with two-story brick buildings on each side, and at one end of the village, an elevator.

The Eastern Relative asked what place it might be. None of us knew.

"Why," he said, "I should think you would know all the places within fifty miles of you."

"Yes," one said, "but that isn't a place; you've come to a mirage."

"That a mirage? Why, you can see the gates and fences at the back yards, and the blinds on the windows. Are you in earnest?"

We seemed to be looking down at this place from an elevation of thirty or forty feet; for we could see over the tops of the buildings on the side of the main street nearest to us, to the windows on the second story of the houses on the opposite side.

This place did not correspond with any other within fifty miles of us in any direction, there being no place within that distance with only one elevator.

This little hamlet possessed the quality which always accompanies these fugitive towns—that is, silence, and never is seen a man or horse or any movement whatever.

Our way turned southward, and it was nearly three hours before, returning, we came in sight again of the boundary with its pile of bones. West and north the view was unimpeded. Tiny houses here and there at great distances dotted the prairie, which stretched away to meet the sky.

The Eastern Relative had to be assured by the pile of bones that we were really returning by the same road, for were there not trees—quite a forest of them—on the north?

"You can say now that you have seen more than one mirage."

There was great rubbing of eyes, and one lady declared that it was "positively uncanny."

A very common deception is that of a lake which seems to be a mile or

two in front of the traveller; but whilst he is wondering how he may compass it, it never interferes with his comfortable progress in the direction in which he wishes to go.

About six miles from this place is a lake some sixteen miles long and six broad. It is very much below the level of our horizon, but some days, for hours together, the lake, with its islands covered with short scrub, the farther shore, and miles of prairie beyond, are plainly visible.

Sometimes, but not frequently, there appears a town or village on the sky, the place inverted, chimneys and roofs pointing down towards us. One was remarkable in being unlike anything in our country. The travelled member of the community said that it was like a Siberian place. One building seemed to be a church with the cupola or round tower familiar to us in pictures of Russian towns.

One evening several of us were surprised to see a new barn or stable close to the house of our nearest neighbor, sixty yards or so from us—for we had not heard any sounds of hammering or handling of lumber. We had no suspicion that it had not materialized until next morning, when we found there was no building there whatever, present or prospective.

It is generally accepted that for such phenomena the atmosphere must be bright and clear, but these qualities did not seem to be necessary on one very remarkable occasion.

Eastward were two houses, both about one hundred yards from us, and some sixty yards apart. They were two-storied buildings, finished and painted, but there had not yet been added any fences or outbuildings. Between them, away to the distant horizon, the view was unintercepted by any object. One evening about nine o'clock, after sunset, but while it was still light, a group of phantom buildings, but they did not appear at all phantom-like, appeared between and a little beyond these houses.

The nearest phantom structure was the gable end of a house painted slate-colored. A bay window was on the ground floor, and a small square one in the angle of the roof.

To the right of, and a little beyond this house was another phantom—a two story building of the dark grey color unpainted wood takes on with age. On the left of the slate-colored gable was still another—a house of fresh unpainted wood.

When evening closed in, these phantom buildings looked as substantial as those of our neighbors, and at midnight the black outlines were sharp and clear against the leaden sky.

MINNEDOSA, MANITOBA.

THE PRAIRIE WIND.

Sadly sighs the prairie breeze, as breaking
  Day drives darkness down the western skies,
As a heart with restless sorrow aching
  Sadly sighs.

Sighs it aye as slow and sultry-wise
  Sails the sun, its summer circle making:
Sighs it all the day, and never dies.

Still susurrous sobs it as, o'ertaking
  Light, the twilight on its swart wings hies:
All the night the wind weird, wailing, waking,
  Sadly sighs.

Calgary. —FRANCIS H. TURNOCK.

THE OLD BASTILLE OF PARIS.

BY H. S. HOWELL.

ABOUT a mile from the Hotel-de-Ville, near the Rue St. Antoine, in the city of Paris, is a large open place, or square, called the *Place de la Bastille.* Except that it is a spot from which many streets radiate, and that in the very centre there is a high monument, there is nothing particularly striking about the place; the houses are of modern style; there are no public buildings of any consequence, and the shaft itself is a plain-looking column, 154 feet in height, surmounted with a winged figure representing Liberty. And the artisan, passing along to and from his work, seldom, if ever, thinks of the grim battlements which once looked down in place of this gilded monument, erected to the memory of those who fell in the Revolution of July Yet here, between these quiet-looking houses, once stood that most notorious of all prisons—the Bastille! Nothing now remains of the huge building; the great towers and bastions have all disappeared, the "ashlar stones" being built into bridges, or broken up into paving stones. "Vanished is the Bastille," says Carlyle, in his *French Revolution,* "what we call vanished; the body or sandstones of it hanging in benign metamorphosis for centuries to come, over the Seine waters, as *Pont Louis Seize,* the soul of it living perhaps still longer in the memories of men." In the year 1369-'70 the Gate of St. Antoine was the *porte* in the city wall at the entrance to the street of the same name; it was a larger and more substantial gate-house than the others, and was often used as a guard-house as well. Charles V., deeming it advisable to enlarge these still more, sent for Hugues Aubriot, the Provost, and entrusted him with the care of seeing it done. In Millin's *Antiquités Nationales* we find that: "Hugues Aubriot, a native of Dijon, Intendant of Finance and Provost of Paris, under Charles V. (surnamed 'the Wise') showed the greatest zeal for the embellishment and security of the city. It was he who undertook the construction of the Bastille, and who laid the first stone. This ceremony took place on the 22nd of April, 1370: the works, although pushed on with great activity, were not terminated until 1382. Aubriot was the first victim shut in the Bastille. As he was prosecuted for being a Jew and a heretic, the consequence was that, in the first year of the reign of Charles VI., he was confined in the tower which he himself had constructed." Such was the way of expressing gratitude in those early days; for it is said that the Provost had so much love for his master that he even spent part of his own income in making the new towers suitable as a prison and as an ornament to the city of which he was the chief magistrate. And the manners and customs of "ye olden dayes" have not changed so very much in the present day; for there is a saying which tells us that we must *look for true gratitude only in children!* How often, with heartfelt sincerity, do we go out of our way to do some little act of kindness, only to find ourselves, like poor Hugues Aubriot, *most effectually* "SHUT UP!"

At first there were but two towers

by the gateway; and flanking walls were built on each side of these; but a few years later on two more towers were added, and finally, in the 17th century, there were eight strong towers, 70 feet high, connected with each other by walls 10 feet thick, which rose almost to the summit of the battlements; while the place was further protected by a deep moat with 25 feet of water, over which drawbridges were hung. Perhaps, to Englishmen, one of the most important events in the eventful history of the Bastille was the occupation of that fortress by the brave, yet modest, Henry V.,—one of the noblest characters in the history of our country! Not long after the glorious battle of Agincourt—on the 1st of December, 1418 — Henry entered Paris, amid great pomp and ceremony. "The people," says Martin, the historian, "were so demoralized through excess of misery, brought on by the continuous levies made by the two factions in France at that time, that they hailed a foreign king with cries of hope!" The officer who was placed in charge of the Bastille was none other than our famous Sir John Falstaff; and he seems to have been a very different man from the character described by Shakespeare. "This Falstaff," writes Balzac (instead of being the type of ridicule, whose name provokes laughter—the king of clowns, etc.), "was one of the most important personages of the century, a Knight of the Order of the Garter, entrusted with supreme command; the general who distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt and took the Duc d' Alençon prisoner, captured Montereau in 1420, and who (under Henry VI.) beat 10,000 Frenchmen with 1,500 soldiers worn out with fatigue and dying of hunger!" When Charles VII. retook Paris, the English and their allies shut themselves up in the Bastille; but they were forced to capitulate in 1436. When the Duc de Guise defeated the Parisians he found the parliament had retired to the Bastille, where, safe from harm, they could pass as many laws or by-laws as they pleased. This did not trouble the valiant Duke very much —as long as the "honorable members" were kept imprisoned within these towers; so he set himself to work to place a *cordon* of his followers round about, and to see that the bar of this extemporised House of Parliament was not "served with refreshments" to any extent whatsoever! How ridiculous it seems, to think that these dignified senators could do but little else than walk about on the leads, and peer over the parapet at the assembled "unemployed" down below; but, being entrusted with managing the affairs of State, they kept up the farce as long as possible. (Our present modern parliaments often do the same thing.) We can imagine the Minister of Finance (without any money in the treasury) asking the Minister of Agriculture (who was on the point of starvation) when the opportunity to smuggle another bag of corn over the walls would likely receive the attention of the House; and the Minister of the Interior (Several Interiors, for that matter!) would refer the honorable member for *Paté-de-Foie-Gras* to the Minister of War; and he would, as they still do in parliament,—refer the questioner to some one else, or give the subject a six month's hoist!

Those grey walls were the silent witnesses to many heart-rending scenes of anguish, of imprisonment, torture, and death; but never, from the day when the foundation stone was laid till the last day of their existence, did the Bastille towers look upon a scene so fraught with such diabolical cruelty as that which took place—or rather began to take place—on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, the festival of St. Bartholomew! Of all the atrocities perpetrated in the history of Christian Europe, this was the greatest! It is midnight; all Paris is (APPARENTLY) asleep; there is nothing unusual to be seen, to warn

the unfortunate victims of the dreadful fate in store for them; only a few had received the "white silk scarf;" but even *they* did not know the meaning of the decoration,—the "favor" which is to ensure their safety. One, two, three, four,——the strokes from the clock on the *Quai de l' Horloge* ring the hour of twelve. "Then," says the historian,* "as the harsh sound rang out through the air of that warm summer night, it was caught up and echoed from tower to tower, rousing all Paris from their slumbers. Immediately from every quarter of that ancient city up rose a tumult as of hell; the clanging bells, crashing doors, the musket-shots, the rush of armed men, the shrieks of their victims, and high over all, the yells of the mob, fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves, —made such an uproar, that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled, and the sanest appeared to have lost their reason. Women unsexed, men wanting everything but the strength of wild beasts, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets when the rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches. They smelt the odor of blood, and, thirsting to indulge their passions for once with impunity, committed horrors that have become the marvel of history." Some, we are told, fled to the royal palace expecting the king would receive them, and protect them. Charles IX. received them —with a musket in his cowardly hand, which he fired at the fleeing Huguenots. Many of the unfortunates sought shelter at the Bastille, only to be slaughtered beneath its walls.

Most horrible deeds of cruelty were done in the Bastille during the reign of Louis XI.: that monarch made continual use of these dungeons, and when the place was torn down his "oubliettes" (iron cages), and "monstrous stone blocks, with padlock chains" were unearthed, and skeletons found walled-up were brought to light. In one account of the Bastille, the author,* in speaking of it when the infamous L'Hermit was Governor, says.—"Human ingenuity, aided by fiends, never invented more terrible places for the torment of human beings * * * * He caused the victims sent to him by the king, to be placed on a trap-door, through which they fell, striking on wheels armed with sharp points and cutting edges; others he stifled by closing up all air to their dungeons, or tied stones about their necks and made them walk into a deep and filthy pool he had provided for the purpose. * * * * There were five ranks of chambers, only differing one from the others in its horrors. The most dreadful were those known as the 'iron cages,' six feet by eight, composed of strong wood, and lined with iron plates. These were invented by Louis XI., who had two built at Loches, in which Ludovico, Duke of Milan, was confined, and in which he ended his days. Louis XII., while Duke of Orleans, was also confined in these iron cages. The second rank of chambers, for cruelty, were at the top of the towers: in these rooms a man could not stand upright, and the windows admitting light and air were pierced through the ten feet walls, and were obstructed by several rows of grates. In many cases the outer window-grates were covered with cloth, and also darkened by window-shutters, fixed in a manner that all view was intercepted from the prisoner. These rooms in summer were insufferably hot, and in winter piercing cold. The dungeons under the towers were filled with mud, from which exhaled the most offensive odours, and which were over-run with toads, rats, newts, and spiders." We might imagine the luckless captive in these underground cells, thinking much in the same strain as Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon:*

* White.

* Bingham.

"With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends;
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are."

It was in these dark and loathsome places that the tyrant, Louis XI., imprisoned those whom he was desirous of destroying by protracted sufferings. Here, in dungeons, the bottoms of which were covered with sharp cones, that their feet might have no resting-place, nor their bodies any repose, were placed the Princes of Armagnac, who were taken out twice a week and scourged in the presence of the Governor of the Bastille. The eldest of the princes went mad under this treatment, and the younger was released by the death of Louis. "It was from the petition of the princes, published in 1483, that these dreadful truths were obtained, and could not have been believed or imagined with a less convincing proof." This same king had the Cardinal de la Ballue imprisoned in one of the iron cages for eleven years! The celebrated Cardinal Richelieu figures conspicuously in the history of the "Castle of St. Antoine;" and he was just such a man as would see that the grass did not grow about the place, nor that the warders idled the time away because of having nothing to do. During his long term of office, treason of one kind and another was continually cropping up; and, as Richelieu was always successful in nipping this sort of thing in the bud, the *Hotel-de-Bastille* had no lack of BOARDERS! There was one long succession of prisoners—commencing with Marie de Medicis, and ending with the Count Philip d'Aglie. That notable subject of controversy, and mystery of the Court of Paris, "the man in the iron mask," was incarcerated here after his imprisonment at the Ille St. Marguerite, in the Mediterranean. Many writers have endeavored to solve the problem of his identity. Some assert that he was the Duke of Monmouth, nephew of James II.; others maintain that he was Count Matthioly; but the majority are of the opinion that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., "born two hours after the royal infant (his brother) had received the homage and acclamations of the courtiers." An heir to the throne of France was hailed with the greatest joy. It had been predicted, by two astrologers, several months before, that France would be torn by dissensions and by civil war, caused by the rivalry of two claimants to the throne. When the birth of the second twin-brother was announced, the prediction seemed to be in a fair way for being fulfilled, as the law of France recognized the *last* born twin-child as the *heir*. Here was a nice state of affairs; one of the children had already been publicly proclaimed as the Dauphin; and soon after "Number Two" appears on the scene. Gloom and dismay seized upon the king's mind, but Richelieu was, as ever, equal to the occasion, and lost no time in "suppressing the increased majority." He had the last-born child sent away immediately, and he was brought up far from the precincts of the court. After he grew out of boyhood's years, he was placed in the hands of Captain St. Mars, who took him to the Fort of Pignerol; the "iron mask" was fastened on his face, and he was condemned to wear it day and night, waking or sleeping, *for upwards of forty years!* "It is affirmed that his likeness to his mother—Anne of Austria—was so manifest that he would at once have been recognized." While at the Isle of St. Marguerite, he contrived to scratch something on one of the silver dishes, on which his meals were served, and threw it out of the window into the sea. Not long afterwards, a fisherman dredged it up in his net, and, in the blissfulness of his ignorance, he took

it to the governor of the prison; and, when interrogated, he declared he could not read or write, and knew nothing of the meaning of thewords on the dish; nevertheless the plate disappeared—and so did the poor fisherman, for he was never allowed to leave the prison. The famous Madame de Staël occupied apartments in the Bastille once, and very much against her will, too; but she made the best of it, and passed the time away in reading "Cleopátre," and playing *baccarat* with her maid.

The details of Latude's escape from the Bastille in 1749 rival Monte Cristo's wonderful adventures at the Chateau D'If. He was confined in one of the upper cells, with a fellow-prisoner named Allégre; and the two of them planned to escape by way of the chimney and roof. They worked for nearly two years unravelling their shirts to get threads with which to construct a rope-ladder; the little rungs they made out of the firewood from their grate, and all had to be concealed in the daytime under a stone in the floor. In his "Memoirs" Latude says:—"When all the cords were ready we measured them; they measured 1,400 feet; afterwards we made 208 rungs for the wooden ladder, and the ladder of ropes; and to prevent the ladder of ropes from making a noise by swinging against the wall, we covered them with the linings of our dressing gowns, our coats, and our waistcoats. We worked night and day for over 18 months." On the night of the 26th of February, 1756, they made their escape. They had worked six months in lifting, or "unsealing," the iron bars from the top of the chimney; so, all being clear, they scaled up inside of it, and fastening their rope-ladder to the top by means of the irons they had taken from the grating, they let themselves down, and proceeded to drill a hole through the wall by the moat. This took them eight hours, they being many times disturbed at their work by the patrol with lighted torches, who passed by every hour. At such times they would slip into the water, and stay under as long as possible. After scraping away till nearly daybreak, they at last made an aperture sufficiently large to allow them to crawl through—and so they were free! We all know the saying about "whistling before you are out of the wood," being somewhat of a premature pleasure; and these two worthies began to tune up, as it were, by writing letters to their friends, before they had reached a place of safety; the consequence was, that one of these missives coming into the hands of the authorities, it was not very long before they were arrested and brought back to their old quarters. The officials, recognizing the truism that "two heads are better than one" (as far as the manufacture of rope-ladders, etc., is concerned), made them occupy separate rooms afterwards. Allégre went mad; but Latude was released in 1784; and he ended his days peacefully on a farm not far from Paris, at the age of eighty years.

The early customs of the Bastille continued down to its last days. Long after the necessity of cruelty and persecution had ceased (if it ever was necessary), they were in vogue, from force of habit, in this horrible state prison. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds" The occupation of the officials was mainly to interrogate and annoy the prisoners, to lay snares for them, and by the meanest artifices entrap them into confessions. They were continually insulted in the grossest manner, carressed and menaced; every infliction was put upon the poor, unfortunate creatures, until the once proud spirit became cowed and weak, and ready to snatch at any chance, to say or do that which might be the means of gaining its dear liberty. "This torment went on from day to day, frequently ending in insanity or death." How terrible must have been the feelings of the accused courtier—called,

perhaps, from some state banquet, or from the midst of his dear ones—"by the order of the King," on alighting from the carriage, or chair, to find himself before the awful portals of the dread Bastille! Oh, the unspeakable despair; the crushing knowledge of all hope bereft! When the place was destroyed, state secrets and correspondence were discovered in the archives, and given to the winds; and many a letter reached the outside world for the first time. Here is one, dated at the Bastille, October 7th, 1752:—"If, for my consolation, Monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God and the Most Blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife; were it only her name on a card, to show that she was alive, it were the greatest consolation I could receive, and I should forever bless the greatness of Monseigneur." Alas! poor writer, she has been dead this many a long year; and so wert thou—to all the world! How often has thy heart seemed to stand still at the sound of the gaoler's keys in the rusty lock? And the answer never came. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—it was all the same. The early morning light struck through the barred window, only to chill the heart; the setting sunlight told only of the coming night; a tiny strip of blue between the stones and ironwork; the shadow of a swallow's wing flitting along the casement;—no more! Yes, many times the grating of the cruel keys have been listened to with a shuddering sense of some strange, impending horror, by the victims of brutal tyranny, buried alive, far from the sight of day, the sounds of life, to perish by inches—or by the hand of the midnight executioner!

On the 14th of July, 1789, a Parisian mob, numbering about a hundred thousand, and aided by the soldiers of the guard, stormed the Bastille. An anonymous writer gives the following account of the tragic scene:—"Between 3 and 4 p.m. the sound of drums and the most terrible shouts were heard; then a flag was seen, escorted by an immense crowd of armed citizens. After some ineffectual attempts to negotiate, the mob once more attacked the second bridge, in spite of the cries of the troops, who called upon them not to advance any further, or else they would be fired upon. Seeing that they would listen to nothing, and that they were preparing to break down the second bridge, the Governor ordered his men to open fire. Several persons were killed, and the rest fled, and, as in the first case, kept up a fire on the sub-officers in the towers, from under shelter, pillaging the quarters. At 4.30 p.m., the people brought forward three carts laden with straw, which served to set fire to the guard house, the governor's house, kitchens, etc. The people then cried out: 'Let down the draw-bridge, and no evil shall befall you!' It was upon this promise that the governor gave the keys of the little draw-bridge, which he had in his pocket, to Corporal Gaillert, who opened the gate and let down the bridge. It is certain that if the garrison had been aware of the fate in store for them, they would not have surrendered. The gate was no sooner opened than the mob rushed in and fell upon the sub-officers, who had laid down their arms, with bayonet, sword, and stick. These gallant soldiers were despoiled and mutilated without being able to defend themselves. Then the mob acted with the utmost cruelty, dragging the prisoners through the streets to the Hotel-de-Ville, while the people shouted: 'Hang them!' 'Burn them!' 'Kill them!'" An Englishman, an eye-witness to the scene, relates: "We soon perceived an immense crowd proceeding toward the *Palais Royal*, and as it approached, we saw a flag carried aloft, some large keys, and two heads on spikes, from which blood was dripping down upon the hands and arms of those who carried them!"* Perhaps Carlyle's

* Bingham.

description of what took place when the Bastille fell is the most graphic:—"De Launey, discovered in a grey frock with poppy-colored riband, is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hotel-de-Ville, . . . through roarings and cursings, hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down—miserable De Launay. He shall never enter the Hotel-de-Ville; only his bloody 'hair-queue.' The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets, ghastly, aloft on a pike. Rigorous De Launay has died, crying out: 'O, friends, kill me fast!' Merciful De Losme must die. . . . One other officer is massacred; one other invalid is hanged on the lamp-iron. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his seat, 'to be judged at the Palais Royal;' alas, to be shot dead by an unknown hand, at the turning of the first street. . . . Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners borne shoulder high; seven heads on pikes; the keys of the Bastille, and much else. . . . O, evening sun of July; how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful, woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out on the silent main; on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar officers; and also on this roaring hell-porch of a Hotel-de-Ville!" That gallant regiment, the Swiss Guard, bore the brunt of the revolution and was finally completely annihilated in 1792. These noble soldiers defended the King and the royal family, in the Palace of the Tuilleries, against hordes of the maddened furies of Paris, "of the basest and most degrading wretches a great capital hides from the eyes of the better inhabitants, but nourishes in the darkness till some great convulsion exposes the hideous brood to the light of day." History records no more striking example of loyalty, valor, and self-sacrifice. In the town of Lucerne, in Switzerland, one of the most interesting attractions is the "LION MONUMENT," an immense sculpture, carved out of the solid rock, 28 feet long, and 18 feet high. It represents a dying lion, pierced by a spear-head, protecting the shield of the Bourbons, and commemorates the heroism of the illustrious Swiss Guard:

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame.

Of some of the scenes which were enacted in Paris soon after the fall of the Bastille, Dumas gives a sketch:—

"Every day twenty-two were regularly shot. By this time the fear of life rendered death sweet. Girls, men, children, prayed that they might be shot with their parents. Sometimes they permitted this, and little boys and girls were shot holding their fathers' hands. Women who were seen to shed tears at executions were shot. Mourning was prohibited under pain of death. One lad of fourteen says: 'Quick, quick! You have killed papa! I want to overtake him

"One De Rochefort was accompanied by a son to the butchering ground, whither he went with three relatives. The men fell—the boy, aged 15, remained standing. The executioner hesitated—the people murmured. 'God save the King!' cried De Rochefort. A moment—a report—he fell, shattered to death.

"A lovely girl, 14, is brought before the judge for refusing to wear the national cockade. 'Why do you refuse to wear it?' asks the judge. 'Because you *do*!' replied the child. Her beauty, rather than justice, pleading for her, a sign was made that a wreath should be put in her hair—the emblem of liberation. She cast it on the ground. She died!

"A man came to the Hall of Justice: 'You have killed my father, my brothers, my wife—kill me. My religion forbids me to destroy myself.

In mercy kill me!' In mercy—they killed him.

"A girl of 17, and much resembling Charlotte Corday, was accused of having served as an artillerist in the trenches of the forces opposed to the national forces. 'What is your name?' 'Mary — the name of the Mother of God, for whom I am about to die.' 'Your age?' 'Seventeen — the age of Charlotte Corday.' 'How! — at 17, fight against your country!' 'I fought to save it.' 'Citizeness, we, your judges, admire your courage. What would you do with your life, if we gave it you?' 'Use it to kill you?' She ascended the scaffold, alarmed at the crowd of people—fearless of death. She refused the executioner's help—cried twice: 'God save the King!'—and lay down to die."

A KEY OF THE BASTILLE, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. H. S. HOWELL.

It was on that beautiful spot, the *Place de la Concorde*, where upwards of 2,800 persons perished in the "reign of terror!" Here, in the days of Louis XIV. the "Father of New France"), the nobility and aristocracy would congregate, and sun themselves in the presence of the *Grande Monarch*; while stupid plebeians craned their necks to catch a glimpse of royalty. To-day it is one of the fashionable resorts of the Parisians; gay crowds assemble here to listen to bands of music, and watch the flashing equipages whirling by; decorated officials strut around, and little children play about the splashing waters. At night the scene is even more brilliant; thousands of colored lamps illuminate the place—along the pathways, and in among the trees; the gas-lights ascending the *Champs Elysees* as far as the Triumphal Arch, form, apparently, an interminal avenue. Two handsome fountains ornament the gardens; but Chateaubriand once remarked that "all the water in the world would not suffice to remove the blood-stains which sullied the place!"

It was fourteen years ago, (October, 1879,) when I noticed a paragraph in the Toronto *Mail*, stating that some of the keys of the old Bastille had been

traced to St. Louis, Mo.; they had been brought there by a descendant of one of those who took part in the storming of the Bastille, and had been retained in the family as a heirloom. I went to St. Louis in September, 1886, for the purpose of finding these relics, which I succeeded in doing after considerable trouble. They had changed hands once; and before I left the city they had been transferred to myself. They are five in number, the largest looking old enough to have been used by Hugues Aubriot himself; it is nearly twelve inches long and very heavy. The smallest is of fine workmanship; it is made of steel, and the socket is shaped like a *fleur-de-lis*. One of the keys has a heavy, bevelled head, and is six inches in length; the others are about ten inches long, and seem to have been at one time plated with brass. As the Bastille was an immense building, with innumerable cells, corridors and dungeons, there must have been a great number of keys in use; and very likely there are many in existence at the present time, though scattered and unknown. The authorities at Paris have already collected twenty-seven; they are deposited in the *Archives Nationales*. What strange traditions cluster round those old pieces of iron; and what weird thoughts are conjured up by the sight of them! They seem to speak to us; each telling the same sad story of the glories and the horrors of the past. Valuable as they are now as curiosities, they were priceless more than a hundred years ago; a king's ransom could not purchase them—for had they not the keeping of many a royal minister, whose knowledge of kingly doings was far too complete to be allowed to go unchecked? If certain inanimate objects could be endowed with the power of speech, what wondrous tales we should hear! And yet, if so, what could be found that could narrate a Life Story half so thrilling as the Keys of the old Bastille of Paris!

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

In the golden silence the crickets sing
  All day long in the sere, brown grass.
I love the clear, discordant ring
  Of the sable choristers, chanting mass
For dear, dead days the past months enfold,
And the heart of summer, growing cold.

The maples burn through the hill-top's mist;
  The sumac's fires are alight below.
In many a dry and tangled twist,
  Tall weeds in the marsh-lands, bending low
Send tremulous pictures across the pool,
As the air blows over, both warm and cool

Dear wraith of summer; as clearer yet
  Thy spirit-robes grow day by day,
I banish sadness and regret
  In the glorious beauty of thy decay;
And with rapturous thrill, strong sense have I
Of mine own immortality.

—L. O. S.

DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MACKENZIE.*

3200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

III.

OUR residence here in our winter camp lasted from the 14th of September to the 3rd of March—five and a half months. During this period, I was chiefly engaged in making astronomical and magnetic observations, and in plotting and tabulating my work to this point.

The days became shorter and shorter, until, on the the 7th of December, the sun appeared for the last time above the horizon, when I made the prediction that it would not again be seen until the 5th of January. For this appalling statement I was promptly arrested and court-martialled by the party, and, with mock solemnity, the sentence of capital punishment was pronounced upon me, conditionally on the prediction failing to be fulfilled. When at last the 5th of January arrived, we were all eagerly on the look-out for the appearance of the long-lost luminary. At a few minutes before 10 a.m., the hour announced for the panorama to commence, clouds spread over the horizon, and I began to despair of the programme being carried out; when suddenly a rift fortunately occurred in the proper quarter, and shortly afterwards a beam of golden sunshine shot over the hills, illuminating the surrounding gloomy woods and the camp. This was hailed with delight by the members of the party; my sentence was at once cancelled; and the glad event was celebrated with all the enthusiasm of which our limited circumstances would permit. Had our camp been situated on the summit of one of the surrounding mountains, instead of in the valley of the river, the sun would not have totally disappeared, being visible from there for at least a few minutes on even the shortest day.

The average daily duration of actual darkness during the absence of the sun, was twenty hours; the remaining four being twilight. This period of darkness and gloom appeared interminable, as day after day and week after week dragged its slow and monotonous length along, during which the members of the party, with the exception of myself and the cook, had no regular occupation. Even upon the miners, who are more or less accustomed to the region, this long, dreary night has a most depressing influence, and there is a strong tendency among them to become despondent and mopish.

Frequent exchanges of visits with these men, and an ample supply of reading matter, which we had brought with us, together with cards, draughts, and other home amusements, lent their assistance in whiling away the long, dreary hours. My men also constructed a toboggan slide down the side of one of the hills, which was a source of considerable amusement, and of much needed recreation to both body and mind. It was a great novelty to the miners, who thoroughly enjoyed the sport, and whose boyish shouts of laughter and glee "set the wild echoes flying" through the lonely silence, as a half dozen of them at a time went down the chute and out over the river at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.

In spite, however, of all efforts to

* Owing to the defective development of the negatives o views taken in the country described in the present instalment of Mr. Ogilvie's article, no illustrations can be given of the remarkable scenery along the route between the Yukon and Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie River.

appear cheerful and contented, a desire for communication with the outside world, and especially with home and those near and dear to us, repeatedly overcame us, and brought on frequent fits of dejection and despondency so severe that, on several occasions, I was driven almost to desperation, and seriously considered the terminating of the expedition here, and packing up and retracing our steps to the coast.

The lowest temperature recorded during the winter was 55°.1 F. below zero. On seven days over 50° below zero was recorded, and on twenty-six days over 40°. The average minimum temperature for November was,—5°.1; for December,—33°.6; for January, —25°.3, and for February,—16°.8 F.

About one hundred miners wintered in this vicinity. Their principal occupations and amusements were playing cards and telling lies. Poker is the chief game, and is always played for gold dust; the play is strictly honest and fair—woe to the player who should attempt any tricks or sharp play. As for the other part of their pastime, it is always in order for an aspirant for the proud position of being the greatest liar, to hold forth. Many of the stories possess originality and humor, but, as a rule, they are childish extravagances and impossibilities of the Baron Munchausen order. About forty miles up the river from my quarters, thirty miners were encamped on an island, which was called, from this circumstance, "Liars' Island," and the residents were known as the "Thirty Liars." There was good reason for these designations.

None of the miners belong to the desperado type—the career of such being invariably cut short among them, —and the customary features, such as the bowie-knife, revolver, and rifle, which, in the minds of the general public, are associated with mining life, are here largely conspicuous by their absence. Property and person among the miners are held sacred, and the neighboring Indians are not troublesome.

A generous spirit of communism prevails, and any one of their number, who, by accident or illness, is unable to provide for himself, is carefully looked after by his fellows. In all their dealings with each other, they are strictly honorable and true; but this appears to be the limit of their code of ethics.

The only traders in the district, Messrs. Harper & McQuestion, distribute the rations which they import to each miner alike, taking the chances of being paid in all cases in which the recipients have nothing to give in return at the time. Instances are very rare in which they fail to receive, sooner or later, from each miner the full amount of his account. One of the miners, named Missouri Frank, wanted more than his share of the butter which the firm had imported, and offered to pay in gold for the same. Although others were unable to pay for their shares, he was refused any further allowance, and that same night he stole what butter there was in the cellar. Upon the detection of the theft a few days afterwards, a meeting of the miners was called, and a committee of five appointed, who proceeded to Frank's cabin and demanded the stolen butter. The most frantic denials of the theft were useless; the butter was produced and placed on a sled, and Frank was compelled to draw it back to the post—a distance of eighteen miles. He was then ordered to immediately remove to a distance of not less than 150 miles, with which order he had the prudence to comply.

The gold-mining of the region is confined chiefly to the Stewart and Forty Mile Rivers, as on the Lewes and Pelly Rivers the necessary sluicing is impossible, except by pumping. The value of the metal found on these rivers up to 1887 may be estimated at $250,000, although it is impossible to obtain from the miners themselves

MAP
Showing the ROUTE followed by
Wm OGILVIE D.L.S.
YUKON EXPEDITION
1887-1888
Statute Miles
Alaska
Dominion
Yukon
Mackenzie
Peel
Porcupine
Stewart
Pelly
Lewes
Klondike
Indian
Forty Mile
Sixty Mile
Fort Reliance
Fort Selkirk
Fort Yukon
Fort Macpherson
Fort McPherson
Rampart House
Rampart Rapids
Ogilvie
Mt. Sumner
Mt. Wheeler
Mt. Hunker
Mt. Nansen
Mt. Cockscomb
Mt. Hayes
Mt. Brooks
Mt. Logan
Mt. St. Elias
Mt. Fairweather
Mt. Wrangell
Mt. Michelson
Mt. Mayo
Mt. Haldane
Mt. Selwyn
Mt. Richardson
Mt. Sifton
Mt. Cockburn
Mt. Hunter
Mt. Dickey
Mt. Russell
Mt. Kennedy
Mt. Vancouver
Mt. Natazhat
Mt. Kimball
Mt. Lucania
Mt. Walsh
Mt. Alverstone
Mt. Wood
Mt. Steele
Mt. Cook
Mt. Irving
Mt. Augusta
Mt. Queen
Mt. Queen Victoria
Mt. Queen Alexandra
Mt. Queen Mary
Mt. Queen Elizabeth
Mt. Queen Anne
Mt. Queen Charlotte
Mt. Queen Adelaide
Mt. Queen Caroline
Mt. Queen Amelia
Mt. Queen Sophia
Mt. Queen Augusta
Mt. Queen Matilda
Mt. Queen Victoria
Mt. Queen Alexandra
Mt. Queen Mary
Mt. Queen Elizabeth
Mt. Queen Anne
Mt. Queen Charlotte
Mt. Queen Adelaide
Mt. Queen Caroline
Mt. Queen Amelia
Mt. Queen Sophia
Mt. Queen Augusta
Mt. Queen Matilda
Pacific Ocean

any reliable information as to the amount they individually produce. They are, as a rule, inveterate jokers, and the higher the official or social position of the person with whom they are conversing, the greater the delight they take in hoaxing him. They do not even disclose to each other, much less to out-siders, the amount of their earnings. The highest amount reported as one man's earnings during the season was $6,000, and in several cases $100 a day was alleged to have been made. While, however, instances in which large amounts have been earned are comparatively few, nearly all the miners succeed in making what is called a "grub stake,"—that is, sufficient for the purchase of the necessaries of life for one year.

The mining on Stewart River was confined wholly to bars in the stream; the beach and bank bars were timbered, and at no great depth frozen, and to work them would necessitate a resort to hydraulic mining, for which there was no machinery in the district.

During the fall of 1886 several miners combined and secured the services of the engines of the supply steamer, "New Racket," with which to work pumps for sluicing. The boat was drawn up on a bar, her engines detached from the wheels, and made to drive a set of pumps manufactured on the ground, which supplied water for a set of sluicing boxes. In less than a month, the miners cleared $1,000 each, and paid an equal amount for the use of the engines. Many of the miners who had spent the season of 1886 on Stewart River, and 1887 on Forty Mile River, seemed to prefer the former, as, according to them, there were no such failures on it as on the latter, each man being able to secure at least a "grub stake."

Forty Mile River is the only stream on which, up to the spring of 1888, coarse gold, the great *desideratum* of the miners, was found. The largest nugget was worth $39. It was lost on the body of a miner who was drowned at the Cañon. This stream is termed a "bed-rock" stream—that is, one in the bed of which there is little or no drift or detrital matter, the bottom being rock. In many places this rock has been scraped with knives to obtain the small amount of detritus, and its accompanying gold. Platinum is generally found associated with the gold, particularly on this river.

I venture to assert that rich finds will yet be made in this region, of both coarse gold and auriferous quartz. It is not probable that such a vast extent of country should have all its fine gold deposited as sediment, brought from a distance in past ages of the world's development. If this theory is correct, the matrix, from which all the gold on these streams is derived, must still exist, in part at least, and will in all probability be discovered, thus enriching this otherwise gloomy and desolate region.

The process of mining in the district is as follows:— When a miner "strikes" a bar he "prospects" it by washing a few panfuls of the gravel or sand of which it is composed. According to the number of "colors" he finds to the pan, that is, the number of specks of gold he can detect, after all the dirt has been washed out, he judges of its richness.

"Placer" mining is carried on by clearing all the coarse gravel and stone off a patch of ground, and lifting some of the finer gravel or sand in a pan. The pan is then filled with water, and a few rapid shakes and whirls, bring the gold to the bottom, on account of its greater specific gravity. The gravel and sand on the top is then carefully washed from the pan bearing the gold, with a quantity of heavy black sand, which invariably accompanies it. This sand is pulverized magnetic iron ore. Should the gold be fine, the contents of the pan are thrown into a barrel of water containing a few pounds of mercury, with which the gold forms an amalgam. When sufficient amalgam has been produced, it is "roasted" or

"fired," and is then squeezed through a buck-skin bag. The mercury that comes through the bag is again placed in the barrel of water, while the gold is heated in order to vaporize as much as possible of the mercury still in combination with it. This is called the "pan" or "hand" method, and on account of its laboriousness, is never employed when it is possible to procure a "rocker," or to use sluices.

A rocker is simply a box about three feet long by two wide, made in two parts. The upper part is shallow, with a heavy sheet-iron bottom, punched full of quarter-inch holes. The lower part is fitted with an inclined shelf, about midway in its depth, covered by a heavy woollen blanket. The whole is then mounted on two rockers resembling those of a child's cradle. It must be located near a supply of water. The upper box is filled with the sand just mentioned, and with one hand the miner rocks and the other ladles in water. The pure matter, with the gold, falls through the holes upon the blanket, which checks its progress, and holds the particles of gold. Across the bottom of the box are fixed a number of thin slats, behind which a small quantity of mercury is placed to arrest any particles of gold which may escape the blanket. The blanket is, at intervals, taken out and rinsed into a barrel; if the gold is fine, mercury is placed in the barrel, as already mentioned.

Sluicing is always employed when possible. It requires a good supply of water, with sufficient head or fall. A long box is made of planks, with slats across the bottom, or shallow holes placed in such order that a particle could not run along the bottom without entering one of them. Several of such boxes are fitted into one another to form one continuous box, and the whole is then set up with considerable slope. Gravel is shovelled into the highest part, into which is also directed a stream of water. The gravel and sand is washed downward by the current, the gold being detained on the slats, or in the holes, by its weight. If the gold be fine, mercury is used as in the case of the rocker. By this method three times as much sand and gravel can be washed as by the rocker in the same time. In the end, the boxes are burned, and the ashes washed for the gold held in the wood.

The principal furs procured in the district are the silver-grey and black fox, which more than equal in value all the other skins. The red fox is also common, and a species called the blue is abundant near the coast. Marten, or sable, are numerous; also lynx, but otter are scarce, and beaver is almost unknown.

Game, too, is fast disappearing. The baneful effects of indiscriminate slaughter, by the Indians, of game and fur-bearing animals, are here, as elsewhere in this northern country, becoming sadly apparent. For the irresistible propensity on the part of the Indian to kill any animal he chances to see, there has, as yet, been discovered no remedy. Police surveillance, or any kindred preventive measure, throughout such a vast region is, of course, out of the question, and all attempts to persuade or influence them to observe discretion in the matter has proved unavailing. I have known them to break into a beaver house and kill all the inmates at a time of the year when the skins were worthless, and some of the young scarcely able to crawl about. On one occasion I was in company with an Indian when two cariboo passed us. Although we had plenty of fresh meat on hand, he insisted on having me shoot them, and was greatly displeased because I would neither do so, nor lend him my rifle for the purpose, indicating as best he could by signs and broken English that he wanted to kill every animal he saw.

Four species of bears are found in the district—the grizzly, brown, black, and a small kind, locally known as the "silver-tip," grey in color, with white

throat and beard, and said to be exceedingly fierce and aggressive. A few wolves and arctic rabbits were seen, and the surrounding mountains abound in goats and big-horn sheep.

Birds are scarce. A number of ravens were seen along the river, and four of them remained around the camp all the winter. They were unusually active and noisy in stormy weather, their hoarse croak having a weird and dismal sound amid the roar of the elements.

Fish are not found in large quantities in the district, with the exception of a small species locally known as the arctic trout, and called by Schwatka, the grayling. It differs, however, from the ordinary descriptions and drawings of the grayling. It seldom exceeds ten inches in length, has very large fins, which give it the appearance, when in motion, of having wings, and is of a brownish grey color on the back and sides.

No record of the appearance and brilliancy of the aurora was kept during the winter, with the exception of its appearance three times by daylight, when it was seen as a long, thin, streamer-like cloud, fluctuating in intensity, suddenly increasing and decreasing in extent, quick and shifting in its movements, and of about the brilliancy of pale aurora when seen at night. As to the aurora being audible, I may say that I frequently listened during an unusually brilliant display, and amid profound silence, but was never conscious of even the slightest sensation of sound. I have met individuals, however, who claim to hear a slight rustling when the aurora makes a sudden rush. A member of my exploring party, in 1882, in the Peace River district, was so confident of this that one night I took him beyond the reach of noise from the camp, blindfolded him, and then watched the play of the streamers. At each brilliant and sudden change of the aurora, he exclaimed, "Don't you hear it?"

The extraordinary spectacle of green clouds was witnessed on the 19th and on the 29th of February, just before sunrise. On both occasions the sky was covered with downy white clouds, while there was a slight fall of minute ice crystals, accompanied by an unusually high temperature. The color was a brilliant emerald green, fringed on the lower side with yellow, which, as the sun gradually rose, encroached on the green until the clouds were all yellow. This color changed to orange and red after the sun had risen above the horizon. On the first occasion, the green color was seen for about fifteen minutes; on the second for about five. It is probable that the form of the snow crystals in the air produced abnormal refraction which made the green rays of the spectrum conspicuous.

In this region there are occasional falls of remarkably large ærolites. During the winter of 1885, an unusually large ærolite fell with terrific force and noise, illuminating as brightly as mid-day the ill-lighted huts of the miners. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained from the fact that at places twenty-two miles apart, those who heard it had the same impression as to its direction and sound.

On the 17th of February, I was on the way from Forty-Mile River to my camp, accompanied by a miner who had witnessed the flash and heard the report of this ærolite. Nine miles above my destination we halted for dinner, and just as we were preparing to resume our journey, a tremendous explosion was heard, followed by a rending, crashing sound, as though the side had been torn out of a mountain, and had fallen from a great height. The ice on which I was standing appeared to shake, and had it not been for the snow, which was falling thickly at the time, I would have fancied that the catastrophe would be seen on the mountain side a mile or so distant. The miner, who was at the time arranging the harness on his dogs, exclaimed, "That's one of them things." The miners at Belle Isle, fifteen miles

from the spot where I was at the time, state that the sound and direction appeared to them as it did to me.

When the days became sufficiently long, I commenced preparations for my expedition towards the mouth of the Mackenzie River, a distance of over four hundred miles, by a route never before travelled by a white man. Two members of my party of six—Day and McNeill, on account of ill-health, did not attempt the journey, leaving Morison, Gladman, Parker and Sparks to accompany me. The outfit was hauled to Belle Isle, a distance of twenty-four miles; and on the 17th of March we bade good-bye to the miners, with regret, and yet with a thrill of satisfaction that we were now started homeward on our long journey. More than 2,500 miles were still lying between us and the nearest railway station, nearly all of which had to be got over by foot or paddle.

Our supplies and canoes were packed on toboggans, and with the assistance of nine Indian teams of four dogs each, we began our march over the snow to the mouth of the Tat-on-duc River.

Up the bed of this river, now covered with ice, we proceeded for eleven miles, where a stream of warm water enters it, which melts the ice on the surface for some distance. Just above this point the river enters a cañon. This is one of the grandest sights I have ever beheld. It is forty or fifty feet wide; and the walls rise perpendicularly, on one side to a height of 700 feet, and on the other of 500 feet; then sloping off to the sides of high mountains. It is half a mile long, and although there is a slight bend in the middle, it can be seen through from end to end.

The camp of the Indians accompanying me was situated about seven miles above this point, and as we arrived there on Saturday, they desired us to remain with them until Monday. We complied with their wishes, and on Sunday witnessed the religious services of these simple aborigines, which consisted of reading in their own language the service of the Episcopal Church, translated by Archdeacon Macdonald, a highly venerated missionary, and in singing a few hymns to old and simple tunes, in which, to their delight, we heartily joined.

The tents of these Indians are built differently from those of any other North American tribe which I have visited. Willows are fixed in the ground in an elliptical form, eighteen or twenty feet long, by ten or fourteen wide. They are bent into the proper curves and fastened together at the top. Over this framework are thrown deer skins, dressed with the hair on, the hair being inside. Although a large opening is left at the top for the smoke to escape, a small fire keeps the tent warm.

Their winter clothing is made of the same kind of skin, and is worn with the hair inside. The leggings and feet-covering are in one piece, and the coat is made after the manner of a shirt. In the case of young children, the ends of the sleeves are sewn up to prevent the hands from getting out.

Six miles above the camp, or twenty-five from the mouth of the river, there is a small cañon, the walls of which, though perpendicular, are not high. The water here is exceedingly rough, as is the case at nearly every point along the Tat-on-duc, which is really an unimportant mountain-stream sixty or seventy miles long, and falling about 2,800 feet in that distance.

Four miles further on, as we were passing a mountain, the Indians informed me that on the other side of it was a small lake, which never freezes, the water being constantly disturbed by a strong wind blowing into it. This wind, they said, was deadly, and any man or animal coming near the lake died on its banks, or was blown into the water and drowned, and for this reason they have a superstitious dread of approaching it. They also

stated that large numbers of sheep and goats are seen around it (accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that these are there undisturbed by hunters) and that many of their skeletons are strewn along the beach.

Upon asking the Indians to guide me to this wonderful lake they refused, saying that we would surely never return alive, nor could any offer induce them to either accompany me or direct me to it. They regarded me and my party as being in their special charge while in their territory, and dreaded the consequences should anything befall us. Such superstition on the part of the Indian is frequently a matter of serious annoyance to the explorer and the searcher after scientific information.

My curiosity, however, was not of long duration, as the key of the mystery was soon afterwards obtained. About seven miles further up there is, along the east bank, a low swamp, from which is emitted a strong odor of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This gas, the Indians said, is the same kind of *wind* as that blowing into the lake. According to this, the disturbance of the water is caused by an immense escape of the gas, which is strong enough to overpower any animal that may come within its reach. There was nothing in the appearance of the surrounding rocks to indicate that the lake was the crater of an extinct volcano, which would be a simple explanation of the phenomenon.

A short distance further on is a cañon, which the Indians described as being the largest and worst on the river, and which, they said, contains a high waterfall. I did not see it, as we turned into a creek to avoid it. We ascended this creek about four and a half miles, when we turned to the left, going up a narrow valley lying between two high, bald mountains, on the bare sides of which many wild sheep were seen feeding. There are places along this creek where the ice remains all summer. The water runs on top of the ice, continually adding to its thickness, until, in places, the valley has the appearance of a glacier. On the south side a curiously formed range skirts the edge of the valley for miles. It rises sharply from the bottom to upwards of two thousand feet to the west, ending in a table-land, which extends as far as the eye can reach. On the eastern edge of this table-land rises an immense wall, from seven hundred to one thousand feet high, and which appeared, from where I saw it, to be perpendicular on both sides,—its thickness about one-third of its height. It is weathered into peculiar shapes, resembling in places the ruins of ancient buildings. There are several holes in it, through one of which we could see the plateau beyond. In the bottom of the valley there are numerous mounds of gravel, indicating glacial action.

At the summit of the pass through the range separating this valley from that of the main river, the scenery is sublime. Here, on either side of the pass, are two lofty peaks, which I have named Mounts Deville and King. When I arrived in the latter part of the afternoon, the summits of these two mountains were enveloped in mist, while the background between them was a dense mass of clouds, of such fleecy whiteness, that it was impossible to distinguish the snow-covered horizon. This was in some respects the most memorable and inspiring scene I ever beheld. The fact that I was the first, and, in all probability would be for many years, the last, white man to visit this locality and witness this wondrous spectacle. made a peculiar and indescribable impression upon me. It seemed as though I was the first of mortals to whom it was permitted to gaze through the portals of time into eternity. Early next morning the clouds scattered, revealing a scene of transcendent splendour. In the fore-ground stood the colossal forms of Mounts Deville and King, in solemn and majestic loneliness, conveying to the mind an idea

of vastness such as I had never before conceived, while in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to brood the spirit of profound solitude, silence. and desolation.

Eight miles up from the point where we again entered the river, the stream turns sharply to the north, between two high mountains. As far as could be seen, the river, with its valley, was a field of ice of great thickness. In some places hillocks of ice were formed by the water bursting through and freezing as it overflowed. Much of this ice also remains through the summer.

Leaving the river, and ascending a mile up the valley of a small stream coming from the east, we reached the top of a low ridge which forms the watershed between the waters of the Tat-on-duc and those of a large river which the Indians assured me flowed into the Peel. I was much puzzled over this information, and it was only after they had repeatedly drawn in the snow, maps of the district, and after much argument and explanation by word and sign, that I gave credit to their statements. I then proposed to go down this river to the Peel and reach the Mackenzie by that route. At this the Indians were horrified, assuring me that there were most dangerous and impassible cañons on the river, and that we would certainly be lost if we attempted it, and they would be blamed for our disappearance. Their statements, coupled with the fact that the barometer stood at 26.65 inches,—showing an altitude of over three thousand feet, which would have to be descended before the Peel was reached, induced me not to try the route. Subsequent evidence which I procured corroborated the statements of the Indians concerning the direction and character of the stream. This river, which is not shown on any map of the district hitherto published, and which has never been referred to by any other explorer, has been named by Mr. J. Johnston, Geographer to the Department of the Interior of Canada, "Ogilvie River."

Here the Indians turned back. No offer could induce them to accompany me with their dog teams any further; so, after paying them off, we bade farewell to our simple and kind-hearted escort, not without emotion on their part, which was fully reciprocated by us. The reason of their refusal to accompany me further was that they have a great dread of a tribe which they call Nahone, and which they suppose exists somewhere in the vicinity of these mountains. They speak of this tribe in a low tone of voice, looking suspiciously and timidly around, as though fearful of being overheard. They believe them to be cannibals, eating their food raw, and living outside without any covering for their bodies—like wild animals. They also seem to ascribe to them supernatural powers, for when, as I was trying to induce them to continue the journey with me, I pointed to my rifle and said I would shoot any Nahone who should attempt to molest me, they gave their heads an incredulous shake, as if they could not believe it. It appears that at one time an unusually fierce and warlike tribe inhabited the region around the head waters of the Liard and Pelly Rivers. Rumors of their aggressiveness probably reached these peaceful people, which would give rise, in time, to their needless feelings of alarm and dread. They admitted that none of them had ever seen a Nahone, or had ever heard of any person having seen one; yet nothing, except perhaps extreme want, would induce even a strong force of them to remain in this locality.

From here to the Porcupine River is sixteen and a half miles, thirteen of which is drained by the Ogilvie River. The country is slightly undulating, and wooded with stunted scattering timber, the existence of which is a matter of surprise, considering that the latitude is 65° 25′ and the

altitude more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the open woods there is considerable fine short grass, and the willows along the numerous creeks in the neighborhood are as large as in southern countries.

Where the Porcupine is reached, it is a large creek, flowing northward from between two mountains. The valley can be seen for about six miles up, when it turns to the west, and disappears. About half a mile from here the stream enters a lake three miles long and upwards of one mile wide. At the lower end of the lake, which lies close to the foot of a lofty range of mountains, the stream turns from a northerly to a westerly direction, and, about a mile further on, enters another lake about as large as the first, from which it emerges double its former size. The valley is about a mile wide, well timbered in the bottom, and some of the trees are over a foot in diameter, clean trunked, and suitable for making lumber.

After parting from the Indians, the work of hauling our outfit over the snow and slush was exceedingly laborious, and we were fast becoming exhausted and unequal to the task. There was danger also of our provisions running short, if such severe labor were continued (three times the quantity being consumed under this labor than would suffice under ordinary circumstances). Hence I decided to halt until the ice broke up and we could use our canoes; and so we had a hut erected, consisting of canvas stretched over a wooden frame. Here we remained for six weeks—from the 10th of April to the 21st of May. Though this was a much-needed relief to our wearied bodies, we were greatly discouraged and disappointed by this long delay in our homeward journey. In our winter camp we frequently enjoyed the jovial society of the miners, and a visit to some of them could be made at any time we felt so inclined. We were always aware, too, that, as a last resort, we could discontinue the exploration work we had set out to accomplish, and return in the spring to civilization. But here in this camp we were absolute prisoners; our nearest neighbors, the Tat-on-duc Indians, were seventy miles away, and escape in any direction, however great the emergency, was, for the time being, impossible. Can it be wondered at that doubts were entertained by members of the party that we would ever reach our destination by this unknown route, and that fears were expressed that we would all perish and never be heard of again?

After a week's recuperation in camp, however, the men became reconciled to their lot, and gloomy forebodings gave way to hope. Cheerfulness, real or assumed, was regarded as a duty, and, from this time, merriment became the order of the day.

An unfailing source of amusement and interest to us during our imprisonment was the Canada Jay, or Whiskey Jack, as it is commonly called. This bird is about the size and shape of the ordinary blue jay, but grey in color. It is celebrated for its familiarity with animals and man, hence the name, "Moose Bird," by which it is sometimes called. They came around our camp door in large numbers, chattering in a most comical manner, and greedily devouring what crumbs and scraps we threw to them. Numbers of them were caught in snares, and little collars of colored material were placed around their necks, and, thus arrayed, they were given their freedom. Their antics, when removing these collars from each other, were extremely comical. Some of them were re-caught four or five times.

The cunning of these birds is remarkable. One of them was noticed to be particularly bold and cheeky, and all attempts to capture him were in vain. At length a bag was prepared, with a hoop in its mouth to hold it open, and some food was placed around the mouth and inside. The bird approached it cautiously, and, af-

ter a time, entered the trap. One of the men made a rush to close the mouth of the bag, and, in his haste, accidentally fell upon it. When it was opened, the jay was, to all appearances, dead and limp. An altercation arose between the man who fell on the bag and another who was particularly fond of the bird, during which the carcass was sadly tossed out of the camp. It had not reached the ground, however, when the bird flew rapidly to the branch of the nearest tree, and there commenced an unusually vigorous chattering and scolding, which, with the expression of bewildered astonishment on the countenances of the disputants, produced the most uproarious and long-continued laughter among the rest of us.

Owing to the isolation of this district, animal life was abundant. Otter and marten were numerous, and there were indications of beaver, also of the fox and lynx. Ptarmigan were plentiful, as well as the Canada jay just mentioned.

Vast numbers of moose and cariboo wander throughout the district, and as a consequence of being unmolested by hunters, were much less fearful of man than in other places. During the winter, the moose live on buds and young twigs of the willow, while the cariboo live chiefly on moss. This they find high up on the hill sides in winter, and lower down in summer. They stand facing upwards, and pull the snow down towards them, uncovering a patch which they crop; and they then proceed a step upwards, where they do likewise. We noticed hill sides on which the snow had been pawed over in this manner for more than a mile in length by a quarter of a mile in breadth, hardly a square yard being missed I had been told that at times the Indians pursue the moose on snow shoes, and run them down, and I decided to verify this by experiment. I started after one in deep, soft snow, but could not approach near enough to the animal to get a shot at it. At times I would gain upon it, but I fell frequently and thus lost my advantage. After pursuing the brute for over five miles, I gave up the contest, but not before he showed signs of distress: his tongue hung out, and he was so winded that he stopped whenever I did. I afterwards learned that the snow-shoes which the Indians use on these occasions are made specially for the purpose, and are as long as the height of the man who is to use them, and about fifteen inches wide. My shoes were of this width, but only two feet long, so that I sank almost to the knee at each step.

When the snow is not deep, and the animals are hard to approach, the Indians resort to the following stratagem:—A ravine filled with snow is selected, and around it, on the lower side, is built a brush fence, which is extended outwards and backwards on each side to the uplands, diverging until the ends are some miles apart. This fence consists merely of crotched sticks, driven into the snow at intervals of a few yards, with poles laid horizontally in the crotches, the chief object being to make the agency of man in its construction as conspicuous as possible. A party then scours the country around the mouth of the trap, gradually approaching it, and driving the animals in the vicinity between the arms, which they avoid as soon as they see, and rush on to the snow pit at the end, where they are easily dispatched by the Indians, who become almost frantic with excitement, and an uncontrollable desire to kill every animal within reach. On our journey between our winter quarter and La Pierre's House, we saw four of these traps.

In spite of such wholesale and promiscuous slaughter of these brutes, innumerable herds of them range over the whole of this northern country through which we passed.

Shortly after settling in our camp, a herd of cariboo was announced as approaching us. Four of us took our rifles, Gladman, an excellent shot, ac-

companying me, and Morrison and Sparks going in a different direction. The latter two came suddenly on the herd coming up a slight incline, and Sparks at once fired. Upon this the brutes made a stampede straight towards them, and while they were passing both men fired all the cartridges in their repeating rifles. Attracted by the noise of the shooting, Gladman and I ran to the scene, but not a cariboo, nor even a trace of blood on the ground remained as the result of the fusilade. This incident illustrates how men, exceptionally brave and cool-headed, become suddenly attacked with what is known as "buck-fever," on such an occasion as this. It is perhaps needless to add that this event was the subject of considerable badinage at the expense of Morrison and Sparks, especially as we were in need of fresh meat. A few days afterwards I secured a shot at a cariboo, but found the meat so infested with parasitic larvæ as to be unfit for food.

The lowest temperature recorded during April was 37° F below zero. This was on the 4th, and for the six following days the minimum temperature was lower than 30° below zero. The snow began to show signs of melting on the 29th April, and on the 30th the thermometer stood at 40° above zero. On this day also occurred the first appearance of insect life, a small fly coming out of the river in great numbers, flying about and crawling over the snow. On the 5th day of May the temperature was 2° below zero, and was the last time a minus reading was recorded. On the 6th, the water in the river began to rise. On the 8th a flock of wild geese were seen flying in a south-westerly direction, as though coming from the Mackenzie River. The common house fly made its appearance the same day. The first swans were seen on the 11th; cranes on the 15th; and mosquitoes on the 14th.

The ice in the vicinity of the camp being broken up, and my men impatient and anxious to make a start, our supplies and outfit were securely packed in the two canoes, and we left our spring quarters on the 21st May. We had only gone three miles, however, when we found it utterly impossible to make any further progress. The river was solidly blocked with ice for miles, and we were reluctantly compelled to re-construct our camp and remain until the ice began to move. On the 28th we again set out, and by paddling through the open spaces, and dragging the canoes across jams and floating fields of ice, we succeeded in getting ten miles down the stream. Here was an enormous jam of more than a mile in length, over which it was impossible to haul the canoes, and which had raised the water on both sides of the river so that we could neither pack past it, nor even find a camping place until we had gone back some distance. This caused a whole day's delay, after which the jam moved sufficiently far to allow us to reach dry land on the east side, to which point the canoes and equipages were brought, and from there packed to the foot of the jam. Just when we had finished packing, the jam burst and the river cleared, so that all our severe labor was unnecessary. About six miles below this, a large creek comes in from the west. At its mouth are many old racks for drying fish, erected by the Indians many years ago; from this circumstance I have called the stream the "Fishing Branch" of the Porcupine. The water of this stream is black and clear; while that of the main river is blue. About a mile beyond the entrance of the Fishing Branch, another jam caused a delay of a day, and after eight miles of most dangerous and difficult canoeing, another impassable jam was encountered. As this gave no signs of breaking up, we decided to get around it, which we did by wading, packing and canoeing through the surrounding woods. A little further on there is a

sharp turn in the river, and immediately below it a rapid which we entered before we had time to realize our danger. We fortunately got through, with no other mishap than one of the canoes filling with water and nearly sinking.

Twenty miles below the Fishing Branch, the river suddenly leaves the mountains, running under the base of the last peak, which is 2,500 feet high, and which I have named Mount Dewdney. As far as can be seen from this point, the mountains trend east and west, those on the east being lower, and gradually sloping off as if to another deep valley at no great distance.

From our camp to this point is about thirty-seven miles, in which there is a fall of four hundred feet. No sign of stratification was observed along the river, nor were there seen any traces of organic remains.

After leaving the mountains, the river winds through an undulating and wooded country. The banks are nowhere more than eighty to one hundred feet high, and generally consist of clay, with occasional exposures of a black shale, which decomposes into a rich black clay. The timber on the uplands, though thick, is not large enough for any other purpose than fuel. About thirteen miles below the mountains, a large rock exposure extends for half a mile on the east bank. It rises three or four hundred feet above the river, and is weathered into fantastic resemblances to old buildings, for which reason I have called it Cathedral Rock.

About forty miles below the mountains, a large tributary flows in from the south-west, and below this the current of the Porcupine becomes deeper and slower, and would be navigable for steamers of moderate draught.

A mile and a half below this, a stream one hundred yards wide flows in, and the width of the Porcupine averages one hundred and fifty yards.

From here down to the mouth of Bell River, the fall is not noticeable by barometer, and the current is very slow. The latter river comes in from the east. As far up as its junction with Eagle River, it is one hundred yards wide. Its low banks are thinly wooded. By mistake we went up Eagle River one day's journey—twenty-seven miles. As we were encamped on the bank, a party of Indians, who had been on a hunting expedition, came down the river in skin boats, loaded with furs. These boats are made by sewing together a number of deer or moose skins, raw, with the hair taken off. A keel is laid down, and willow ribs and framework of the required dimensions are attached to it, and over this the cover is stretched after being soaked in water. When dry, it is smeared with melted fat.

By signs, we beckoned the Indians to come ashore. As they were approaching, I noticed my double-barrelled shot-gun, which was loaded, lying on the ground, and, fearing an accident if they attempted to handle and examine it, I took it up and withdrew the cartridges. At this action they became alarmed and suspicious, and it was with difficulty that we assured them we intended no harm, and induced them to land. After they had partaken of our hospitality, and were presented with a pound or so of our tea, they became quite friendly and communicative. Having learned from them that we had come up the wrong river, we at once retraced our steps, reaching Bell River at one o'clock in the morning, at which hour the sun was well above the horizon. It astonished the Indians greatly to see how we managed our canoes in the ice. In order to prevent them being crushed, it was often necessary to hastily jump out upon a floating mass and haul the canoes out quickly until the danger was past, when we re-embarked in the same spot, or dragged it across to open water on the other side. Ice of this kind was encountered all the way to La Pierre's House, which we reached

at nine o'clock at night, or rather in the afternoon, of the 6th of June. A large number of natives were here when we arrived. Our canoes and outfit were a subject of great curiosity to them, and the accounts of one of the Indians who accompanied us for the previous two days as to how we worked through the ice caused them to regard the white man's canoe as being a creature of life and spirit.

The distance from here to Fort McPherson is eighty miles by trail, and the trip is usually made in three days. By the route, however, which it was necessary for us to take with our canoes, eleven days of infinite toil and difficulty were occupied between the two posts. We set out on the 8th, going up Bell River to a pass across the watershed between it and Trout River, by which we were to reach the Peel. Although the distance to the pass was only twenty-one miles, owing to ice jams and the sinuosities of the river, it took us three days to reach it. The current was not strong, but there were shoals where the ice, fully five feet thick, was grounded and piled up so as to dam the water back until sufficient force was accumulated to push it over or break it up. Leaving the river at the pass, we entered a creek, up which for the first few hundred yards we easily paddled. For the next mile and a half, however, the creek was a continuous rapid, and there not being sufficient water to carry us in our canoes, we had to drag them after us, wading through the water amid thickly falling snow. At the end of the rapid the ice was solid, and at least ten feet thick, which rendered necessary the packing of our outfit for about a mile, to where the stream was again open, where we re-embarked and paddled without difficulty for six miles, or three miles in a direct line. Here again we had to pack about four miles to a creek flowing into Trout River. This creek was so full of ice and snow that, although it was only three and a half miles to the river, a whole day was consumed in getting there.

The country around here is almost treeless, only a few stunted spruce being seen near the lakes.

Ten and a half miles from where we entered Trout River, it leaves the mountains, passing through a cañon, the walls of which are eighty feet high. The fall in this distance is three hundred and sixty feet, but, being uniform, the current, though swift and rough, is not dangerous for canoes. In the next fourteen miles the fall is seven hundred and thirty feet, or fifty-two to the mile. This is not uniform, being broken into several rapids, the running of which was, to say the least, exciting. In the very last yard of the last of these rapids, when but twenty miles of smooth water lay between us and Fort McPherson, my canoe, which had passed unharmed through the dangers and vicissitudes of over a thousand miles since we entered Alaska, had its side broken by an unseen stick. The fracture was speedily remedied and the journey continued to the Peel River, which was entered on the 19th.

This was the most northerly point reached by the expedition,—67° 45',—yet trees of considerable size are found along the banks of the river. The length of time that timber, when cut or hewn, will preserve a fresh appearance in this region is remarkable. Trees and logs cut in 1872 appeared as if only cut a few months ago. The same thing was noticed on the Upper Porcupine.

Early in the morning of the 20th of June we arrived at Fort McPherson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERMOPYLÆ.

(Inscribed to the Canadian National League.)

Methought I stood where time had rolled his gathering mists away,
Till the long story of the past in open vision lay ;
And, from Mount Royal's wooded crest,—an old grey cross beside,—
I heard a strangely mingled chant of grief, and joy, and pride !

"Now listen, gallant sons of France, beyond the wide, blue sea ;
Now listen to the glorious tale that rings from Ville-Marie ;—
Fair Ville-Marie—the sacred spot where, 'neath Mount Royal's crown,
Brave hearts, true knights keep watch and ward for France and her renown,
Against the craft, the stealthy shaft, the deadly ambuscade
Of the red panthers from the woods, in battle and in raid,
Eager for torture, blood and death—their fiendish hearts' delight—
More cruel than the wolf that steals upon the flock at night !

"Our hearts within us quailed with fear, for—so the rumour ran—
The dusky hordes were gathering round, to crush us to a man,
From east and west, from north and south, each silent, swift canoe
Came gliding on—the paddlers' eyes no ruth nor mercy knew ;—
'Death to the hated pale-face !'—the watchword of each band :
'Torture and massacre and burn, and drive him from the land !'

"Then spake aloud the young Daulac—the bravest of us all :—
'One hope remains for Ville-Marie– but some must fight and fall !
On the dark Ottawa's green shore, where white the rapids glance,
A score of faithful Frenchmen might die, and save New France.
I'll lead the forlorn hope myself—how can man better die
Than for his country and his home ?' and sixteen made reply—
Sixteen young men, our flower and pride,—revere them one and all :
'Where you lead we will follow, and fight until we fall !'
And though brave men,—Le Moyne himself—hard pleaded for delay,
Till fields were sown and more could go, they stoutly answered 'Nay :'
The need was sharp and urgent ; delay might wreck the whole ;
So eager for the deadly fray was each young patriot soul.

"Before God's holy altar, with prayer and chanted psalm,
As Christian knights they pledged their vows in our old Notre Dame,
That oft had echoed back our prayers in trials stern and sore,
But surely ne'er had witnessed a sight like *that* before :
And then, 'mid murmured blessings, they paddled from the beach :
They sang a psalm ; *we* bowed our heads, with hearts too full for speech.

"Soon came our Huron ally then, with forty following braves,
And swiftly flies each light canoe across the dancing waves :
For, when they heard that Daulac's band had gone to meet the foe,
Their Indian pulses fiercely stirred, and on they, too, would go,
Though our brave, prudent Maisonneuve, whose trust in them was small,
Scarcely rejoiced to see them go, and feared what might befall.

For weeks and weeks we heard no more, though day by day we prayed ;
As maidens pray for lovers, strong men sought heavenly aid

For those seventeen who faced such odds in stress so strange and sore;
While day by day the soft spring sun smiled down on stream and shore,
And decked the woods with snowy bloom that mocked our anxious glance,
As we thought of our young heroes, fighting, dying for New France!

"At last, when weary weeks had sped, and summer's burning glow
Yellowed the grain, and hope was dead, and fear was merged in woe,
Some straggling Hurons found their way to waiting Ville-Marie,
And told the tale that seemed defeat, and yet was victory!

"We seemed to see the Iroquois come leaping down the flood,
The musket flash, the sudden halt, the eager rush for blood,
The swift attack, the brave defence, the stern repulse and flight,
The weary days of waiting, *then* the last deadly fight.
We heard the fierce, exultant yells, while, faithful unto death,
Each brave young hero held his ground and fought with dying breath.
What though Daulac fell, over-borne, amid his dying band!
The precious blood that soaked the sod had saved the suffering land.
And not in vain our heroes died, for in their death they made
Against that savage torrent *an unseen barricade;*
For if seventeen could thus defy seven hundred in their lair,
What might a hundred Frenchmen here be roused to do and dare?

"So, with the solemn requiem blends the glad *Te Deum* sung;
New France is saved! and blessings fall from every grateful tongue;
And, while our hearts our heroes mourn, they throb with patriot pride!
New France must be the nobler *now* since *these* have lived and died!"

So, in a dream, I seem to hear these voices of the dead,
While a new Canada hath risen through toil of centuries fled.
Gone are the dusky savage hordes that threatened, then, its life,
Over the long, sharp contest of fratricidal strife;
And though St. George's cross waves now for that of Saint Denis,
And the green maple leaf is twined with the white *Fleur-de-lis*,
We are the heirs of the brave hearts that erst that standard bore,
And brought the light of faith and hope to a rude, savage shore.
Each noble memory is ours, to keep undimmed and bright;
Each gallant deed to emulate in a yet nobler fight!

A fairer Canada is ours than that young Daulac knew,
And wider realms are ours to hold than Champlain wandered through;
'Tis ours to wage a nobler war than that of fire and steel—
Subtler the foes that threaten *now* our country's peace and weal.
Not fierce, low passions, only, in hearts half savage still;
Not only ignorance and vice, with teeming brood of ill;
But "idols of the market-place," less hideous to behold;
The quenchless thirst for place and power, the sordid greed of gold;
The hydra of corruption, extending coil on coil
About our country's manhood, to strangle and despoil
The freedom won on many a field and sung to many a lyre,
That selfish men, for selfish ends, would trample in the mire;
The demon of dissension, of differing race and aims;
The shock of jarring interests, the clash of warring names;
The heartless, cold oppression that crushes down the weak;
The low, half-muttered discontent, that yet may loudly speak;
The luxury that saps high thought and all heroic life;
The bitter want that maddens men to internecine strife;

The hostile ranks of party that fatally divide
The ranks of our young manhood, whose place is side by side.
These be the powers of darkness we have to face and fight
In strength of knightly truth and faith—the armor of the light.
What though they swoop on wings of night to take the citadel!
True knights once more may turn the tide and check the hordes of hell,
With hearts on fire with patriot flame, encased in silver mail,
And pure as were the knights of old who sought the Holy Grail,
Bearing the cross of faith and love upon each loyal breast,—
Token of lower life resigned, of higher life possessed!

So, conquering and to conquer, may the League onward go,
Clad in immortal panoply, to fear no mortal foe.
What though the single warrior fail in sorrow and defeat!
Still goes the great cause grandly on to victory complete;
And they who nobly do their part, yet perish by the way,
Shall share the laurels, and divide the honors of the day.
So may the spirit of the brave seventeen of Ville-Marie
Inspire the new-born league to win a new Thermopylæ!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.
(Fidelis.)

BEOWULF, THE ENGLISH HOMER.

BY PROF. L. E. HORNING, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

THE literature of a nation being a reflex of its life, has, like that life, its periods of prosperity and of depression. These conditions have been compared to the movements of ocean waves: now we see the snowy crest, beautiful and many-colored, as it dances in the sun; now, we look into the trough, with its dark, forbidding abyss. In the productive period of a nation's literature, the life and tendencies of the times find rich expression, but in days of depression or calamity there is neither time nor inclination to work in the fields of thought and speculation.

It is when considering our inheritance that every English heart should beat with honest pride. In German, French, Italian, and other literatures, commonly considered as belonging to the "world-literature," we find but two, three, or perhaps at most, four of these periods of great fruitfulness. But the English-speaking student can, in tracing the stream of our literature back to its source, count the *Victorian* age, the *Romantic* age of Byron, Shelley and others, the *Augustan* age of Queen Anne, the *Elizabethan* age, the *age of Chaucer*, and the *Old English period*, represented by the works of Alfred, and by the Anglican poetry of the century or two previous; that is, in English literature there are at least *six*, or, if we divide, as we should, the Old English period, *seven* great periods of prosperity. But back of all these, there was, there must have been, a still more remote period of productiveness experienced by our ancestors, perhaps about the year 600 A.D. Shortly before that time, the great migrations of the different Germanic families, called by the German historians the "*Völkerwanderung*," must have ceased. These had begun about 375 A.D., produced in part by the invasions of the Huns. After this protracted time of trouble, there came a time of rest, and then it was that the bard found time to sing of the heroes of these movements, and of their famous deeds. Then probably began in simple lays, sung at the festive board, those legends which we have now in epic form in the Nibelungenlied, Gudrun, and other Germanic epics. This period, it seems to me, might well be called the *Homeric age* of English, perhaps more correctly Teutonic, literature.

It is our good fortune to possess in Beowulf, in poetic form, the best extant representative of these early lays. Some of the characters in the poem are historical, one, Higelac, being the Chochilaicus mentioned by Gregory of Tours. The expedition of this king is said to have come to a disastrous ending in the year 512 A.D. According to other investigators, the hero from whom the poem takes its name lived about 530-570 A.D. Allowing, then, fifty or a hundred years to elapse as the seed-time for these legends, it might not be amiss to set down some year about the middle of the seventh century as the time of the origin of our lays. As in the Homeric songs, these were handed down orally from bard to bard, losing perhaps a little, but doubtless gaining far more, in passing. A gifted bard, having sung of the contest of Beowulf and Grendel, was inspired to describe the revenge of Grendel's mother, the story of which was probably later than that of Grendel. The story of the dragon guarding a hidden hoard was among our forefathers a very common subject for song. Then these three lays, with the necessary

introductions, were put together by the English *Homer*. Who he may have been has been decided by none, though one author, Prof. Sarrazin, has advanced the theory that Cynewulf was the man. Such is in brief outline the theory of the growth of our poem, and no one will be surprised to learn that the author of this theory, Prof. Müllenhof, was the literary grandson, if the term may be employed, of the famous Prof. Wolf, who was the first to strongly emphasize the "*Lay-theory*" for the Iliad and Odyssey.

Our poem begins in true epic fashion:

"Listen! We have learned of the fame of Speardane princes in days of yore, how the noble born wrought deeds of might." (Beow. 1-3.)

Then follows a short account of mythical ancestors, Scyld, Scefing, and Beowulf, not the hero of the poem, and a description of the burial of Scyld, interesting, as giving an account of the early Teutonic burial customs:

"Then at the fate-appointed hour, Scyld, the warlike, left them, passed away to the care of the Lord. Then they bore him to the racing surf, his dear companions, as he himself bade them, when, friend of the Scyldings, he ruled them with words. (The loved land prince was long in possession.) There in the haven stood the ringèd prow, glistening with iron, and outward turned, a royal bark. There they laid the loved prince down; the spender of rings, in the lap of the ship, the famous man by the mast. Many a treasure from far away, many a carved piece was brought there. Never did I hear of a comelier keel made ready with weapons of battle and warlike weeds, with battlebills and byrnies. They laid in his lap treasures in number, to journey afar with him in the flood's possession. They decked him out with gifts, with presents from the people, not less than they did who sent him forth in his youthful days, alone o'er the waves, while yet a boy. High o'er his head, too, they set a golden standard, and let the holm have him, gave him to the (all-encompassing) sea. Sad were they in spirit, mournful in mood, no dweller in halls, no hero 'neath heaven can soothly say who found that freight." (Beow. 26-52.)

Note the striking simplicity and directness of this beautiful picture! The descriptive titles for king and ruler are familiar to every reader of Homer. The names for the sea—there are many more scattered through the poem—show that even then the Briton's home was on the sea; and throughout is breathed that spirit, made much more prominent as the poem proceeds, of devotion to the king, and of religious principle, that has ever been the characteristic of every true English heart.

We are now introduced into the poem proper by a genealogy of Hrothgar, King of the Danes, and are told of his wish to build a mighty meadhouse, where gifts were to be lavished and where joy was to run high. This banqueting hall, Heorot, grander than any ever heard of, was scarcely completed when the noise of the merriment raised the wrath of the fiend of hell. This horrible persecutor, of Cain's race, of Titanic strength, breaks in upon them as they sleep after feasting, carries off thirty heroes, and repeats his visits till "empty stood the best of houses; the time was long—twelve winters' tide. The friend of the Scyldings endured sorrow, every woe, and long-lasting care, till at last it was clearly known to the sons of men that Grendel was warring long 'gainst Hrothgar (Beow. 145-52)." Nor would he make peace.

But away in his home Higelac's thane, the doughty Jute, hears of Hrothgar's evil plight, and sets out, with fourteen chosen companions, to help his friend. In a day they cross the sea, are spoken by Hrothgar's coastguards, and, after the proper court ceremonials, are led into the presence of the gray-haired monarch. Beowulf tells his name, states his rank, and declares his purpose, viz.,

that of purifying Heorot. His appearance had excited great admiration, and what he says of himself shows that he has already performed mighty deeds. He continues:

"I have heard that the fearful wretch, so secure he feels, cares not for weapons. I then disdain—may Higelac, my loved liegelord, be merciful in mood—to bear my sword or broad shield of golden rim into the battle, but with hand grip alone will I grapple with the fiend, and fight for life—foe against foe. He whom death takes must entrust himself there to the law (judgment) of the Lord. I ween that he will, if he have the power to proceed, without fear, eat in the war-hall the Jutish warriors, as he often did the might of the Dane-men. Nor do you need to guard my head, but he shall have me ruddy with gore. If death takes me, he will bear away the bloody body, thinking to munch it; without pity the lonegoer will eat it as he marches o'er the moor bogs. Then you need no longer care for my body's comfort. But send to Higelac, if the battle snatches me off, this best of war-shrouds—my breast defender—the best of ringed protectors. 'Twas left me by Hrethel; 'tis the work of Wieland. *Fate pursueth ever its destined path.*" (Beow. 433-55.)

In no modern poet is it possible to find a better picture of the Englishman's *inborn contempt* of death. "The Revelry of the Dying" has the same weird fascination, and breathes the same spirit.

Hrothgar rejoices at the manly words of his brave friend, but warns him that the foe is crafty, and that his own vassals have been unable to accomplish anything in spite of their boastings. Then the reception feast is got ready; sounds of merriment are heard; the *scop* sings his heroic lays.

In true epic style, our hero is here given a chance to tell us of his past. The occasion is the taunt of Unferth, who is jealous of Beowulf. From Beowulf's reply we learn that in his youth he had been hard pressed in a contest with some sea-monsters, but that his mighty grasp, as strong as that of thirty men, saved him. This gives us confidence that, in the impending struggle with Grendel, he will be able to back his own boasting with mighty deeds. He makes some very sharp retorts to Unferth, to the latter's great discomfiture. The Queen of the Danes gives thanks to God during the banquet, that now the oppressed may hope for relief. At last the time for retiring comes. Hrothgar hands over the care of the hall to Beowulf, and he and his companions are left alone. Hrothgar's parting words were sad—sad were the spirits of the new guardians, for they did not expect to see home again. Beowulf speaks again before retiring to rest, in the same magnanimous strain as before. He will not take any advantage of the foe, but they'll fight it out *fair and square.*

The stealthy approach of the fiend is then minutely described, until all stands out before us—a very picture of horror. The door is forced, and, exulting over his prey, the demon seizes one of the heroes. Short work he makes of him, and then moves towards Beowulf. The leader wakes, and a fearful struggle begins. The fiend at once feels that he has met his match, and wishes to escape. But Beowulf has him by an arm, and backward and forward they roll in their terrible struggle, striking against benches and walls, so that the building would have been wrecked, had it not been iron-bound. The leader's comrades bestir themselves to help him, but their swords are of no avail against the enchanted scales of the demon. The Danes are wakened by the noise of the conflict, and all is suspense. But Beowulf stuck to his adversary so well that escape was only possible at the loss of the arm held in the hero's mighty grasp. Away to his den the demon flies, *singing his mournful song*, there to die from loss of blood. The trophy of victory, nailed up in

open sight, showed the Danes that their hall was purified. They look at all the traces of the conflict, they follow the bloody trail to the sea, and then their joy is voiced by games and a banquet, at which the minstrel sings of Sigemund and the Dragon, a favorite German myth, and of Beowulf's prowess—then prophesies his accession to Higelac's throne. The old King, Hrothgar, gives heartfelt thanks to the Ruler of all for the victory, and turning to Beowulf, says: " Forsooth! Any woman among the nations, who bore such a son, may well say, if she yet liveth, that the Eternal Giver was gracious to her at the birth of her bairn. Now I wish to love you, Beowulf, most valiant warrior, in spirit as a son: Keep henceforth suitably the new kinship," (Beow. 942-949), and prophesies great success for him. Beowulf's answer is modest in tone. Gladly, he says, would he have pinned the foe to the bed, and have killed him there, but the Creator willed it otherwise.

They next set to work to decorate their hall, and again there is a feast at which the thankful king presents the hero with a gold worked banner, a helmet, breast-plate, and a costly sword. Eight horses richly caparisoned are added to these "jewels" as the poet calls them. Truly a kingly reward, a full measure even according to the old Teutonic ideals. Each comrade of the hero received a treasure sword, and gold, and the Old English *wergeld* was given for the one whom Grendel had killed. The *scop* (minstrel) sings a very old lay, that of Finn (compare *The Fight at Finnsburh*). Then the queen comes in, and after words of thank-offering, asks with motherly solicitude that her sons be not dispossessed in favor of Beowulf—the king's devotion to the hero had awakened in her heart a suspicion that such might result. Turning then to their deliverer she, too, personally thanks him and wishes him well in noble words. The banquet over, all retire to rest and sleep.

That sleep was the last for Ashhere, the best friend and truest counsellor of King Hrothgar, for the enraged mother cruelly avenges the death of her son. But the heroic Danes are up and doing, and Grendel's mother seeks safety in flight. Beowulf is roused from his slumber, and before day-break hurries to the king. Asked if sleep had been sweet to him, the sorrowful old man replies : " Ask not after my health. Sorrow is renewed to the people of the Danes. Ashhere is dead, elder brother of Irmenlaf, my trusted counsellor and framer of wisdom, my battle companion as we in the conflict protected our heads when the infantry came together, and the warriors clashed arms. So should an earl be, time-tried and of royal blood —such *was* Ashhere." (Beow.1322-29).

Two strange beings, so the country people told, were often seen wandering alone in dens of wolves, on windy headlands, in horrible swamps and about fog-wreathed waterfalls. One, Grendel, is dead, and against the other help is hoped for from Beowulf alone. Beowulf answers the old king thus :

" Sorrow not, wise Prince : 'tis better for everyone to avenge his friend than to mourn much. Every one of us must await the end of this world's life. Therefore let him who can, gain his fame before his death. This is best in after times for the dead hero. Up, protector of the realm : let us hasten to look on the tracks of Grendel's companion. I promise you she'll escape neither on the waters nor in the folds of the earth, nor in the woody mountains, nor at the bottom of the sea. For this day only, as I hope for you, bear in patience each of your woes." (Beow. 1384-96).

This time Beowulf girds on his armor, and, plunging to the bottom of the sea, does battle for the oppressed. The battle lasted long, and our hero was harded pressed, but spying an old jewelled sword among the heap of treasures in the fiend's den, he hastily

snatches it and gives the fatal blow. 'Twas the Ruler of all, who showed him the blade and helped him to conquer. Down there he found the dead Grendel, too, and cutting off his head, he rises through the gory waters with his tokens of victory. The Danes had been waiting long, full of fear. No wonder that they are almost overcome with joy. Four men carry Grendel's head, and all march to Heorot. The hilt of the sword, the giant's workmanship, with which Beowulf had killed Grendel's mother was placed in Hrothgar's hand. As he looks upon it, reads the mystic writing upon it, recalls the past and thinks of his deliverance, feelings of heartfelt thankfulness well up in his bosom, and his praise of the hero is unstinted. But the wise old man remembers that another legendary prince had been blessed with great prosperity and success, and that instead of keeping humble he became haughty, and uplifted, and afterwards fell. He therefore admonishes the hero to be true and noble, humble in mind and to rule only for the good of his subjects.

The work of rescue completed, the thane of Higelac longs to return home and tells Hrothgar of his wish. In noble words he thanks the king for his hospitality and lavish gifts, and promises aid if ever he should be hard pressed by warlike neighbors. The old king is mightily moved by the young man's wise words, loads him with treasures, wishes him a quick, safe journey, and hopes to see him soon again. Then comes a beautiful scene. The hoary-headed monarch cannot restrain his feelings of thankfulness for the rescue of his subjects, and for the cleansing of his beloved hall, and his yearning love for the mighty youth, but clasping him to his heart he, "contrary to nature's ties," longs to call him "Son" —Yes, he is dearer to him than his own son.

Proud of his presents, Beowulf hurries away, finds his boat, puts horses and treasures on board, hoists the sail, and, wafted by favoring breezes, the foamy-necked float shoots forward, soon losing from view the friendly Danes, and rapidly approaching the well known cliffs. Long had the port-guard watched for him; joyous is the welcome. The returning hero is received by King Higelac and his queen Hygd (the thoughtful). He is questioned about their friends, and about his success. Beowulf gives full answer, and lays all the presents at the feet of his liege lord; in turn Higelac loads him with presents.

A few lines then tell us how Beowulf himself became king, and ruled well for fifty years, until a fire-spewing dragon began to trouble the land. This dragon was the guardian of a great hoard of treasures, (such as is constantly recurring in the popular epics of the early Germanic literatures,) but some one entered his cave and robbed him of a golden goblet. This roused his wrath, and he begins the work of destruction.

For the third time, Beowulf prepares to do battle for the people. He has an iron shield made, chooses twelve companions and sets out for the cave. Again the epic tells of his early triumphs, of his election as king, of his tact and delicacy. We get a history of his whole life, and of the family troubles of Higelac. Of his youthful contests, he says:

"In my youth I braved many a battle, now, tried warder of the people, I am willing to attempt the fight, to do famous deeds, if the manscather of the earth shall seek me out." (Beow. 2511-15).

His last salutation to his men was:

"No sword would I bear, no weapon 'gainst the worm, if I knew how else I might fight with the fell foe and work out my boasting as I once did 'gainst Grendel. But I expect hot battle fire, furious flame. Therefore I have with me target and byrnie. I'll not flee from the cave-guard one foot's length, but it shall befall us at the wall as fate, each man's Creator, decreeth. I am

determined in mind to refrain from boasting against the winged fighter. Wait ye on the barrow, protected by byrnies, heroes in armor, (to see) which of us shall be lucky in the battle to withstand the wound. It's not your attempt nor is it meet for vassal, but for me alone to measure might, to do kingly deeds. I by strength shall gain gold or battle, a dangerous life-evil, will take off your lord." (Beow. 2518-37).

Down to the battle he went, calling out defiantly into the dragon's lair, and soon the fearful struggle commences. Beowulf protects himself with his shield, but his sword fails him, and his extremity is great. His men are terrified, and cowardlike flee for their lives. *One only*, of Beowulf's kin, one who had seen war before, judging from his name, stays with his leader and appeals to the cowards to help their lord. He encourages his master; together they fight against the monster, and after a sharp struggle win. But the noble king himself has been touched by the dragon's fire; the wound swells and burns. Addressing the faithful Wiglaf, he says:

"Now would I give to my son my war-weeds, had there been granted me, along of my body, any guardian for my inheritance. I have ruled this people fifty years. There was not a folk-king among my neighbors who durst meet me with his war friends, or try to terrify me. I stayed in my home the appointed times, ruled my people fitly, sought out no wars in deceit, nor swore many oaths unrighteously. For all this I may joy, though sick with death-wounds, because the Ruler of men may not charge me with murder of kinsman when my spirit leaves my body. Hurry away, now, and get a good look at the hoard under the grey stones, dear Wiglaf, now that the serpent lies there, sleeping, sore wounded, and robbed of his treasure. But be in haste, that I may see the wealth, gold possessions,—may gaze to the full on the bright gems, so that then I can easier, after [looking on] the treasures, give up my life and the leadership which I have held so long." (Beow. 2729-51.)

The nephew does as requested, and brings back the hoard. The death-stricken hero then says:

"For these treasures, which I now look upon, I give thanks in words to the Lord of all, to the King of Worship, to the Eternal Leader, that I was able, before death's day, to gain such a hoard for my people. Now that I have given my allotted old age for a hoard of treasures, do you supply the need of the people. I cannot be here any longer. Bid them build for the war-famed a barrow, bright after the burning, at the edge of the surf. As a sign of remembrance to my people, it shall tower high on *Whalecape*, that the seafarers after this may call it 'Beowulf's mound,' they who shall drive their barks afar on the dark floods." (Beow. 2794-2808.)

Then, taking off his golden collar, his helmet, byrnie, and finger-ring, he gave them to his faithful follower, and bade him make good use of them. His last words were:

"Thou art the last of our race, of the Wagmundings. Fate has gathered all my kinsmen away to the Creator's glory, earls in their strength. I am to follow them." (Beow. 2813-16.)

Too late, the cowardly thanes repent of their weakness, and hasten back to where their leader lies dead. Wiglaf upbraids them with bitter words, and then sends messengers to tell the people of Beowulf's death. The people are in distress, for they fear that their old foes will make this the occasion of renewing hostilities. This gives an opportunity for reviewing the history of the wars between the Jutes and the Swedes. The people rush to the place to view the dead king, the dragon, and the hoard. Wiglaf tells them of the last moments and last requests of their loved chief. A funeral pyre is built, hung with helmets, with shields, and with byrnies. Beowulf's body is

laid in the centre, and the death-fire kindled.

"The woodsmoke arose, black o'er the flame, the roaring of the fire, mingled with weeping, till the wind-rushing ceased, till the bony frame had broken, hot in the centre. Heavy in spirit, with moody care, they remembered the death of their lord. The sorrowing widow sang songs of woe." (Beow. 3144-50.)

Then, in accordance with Beowulf's request, the mound is built, and rings and precious jewels placed therein. Round and round the mound the brave battle-thanes ride, mourning and lamenting, singing his praises, making mention of his worth and warlike deeds. 'Tis only right to love and praise a liege lord when he must away from the body.

"They said that he was most generous to his subjects, the gentlest of rulers, most thoughtful of his people, most zealous of honor, *an ideal king*." (Beow. 3181-83.)

And so say we all.

Having thus sketched somewhat fully the subject matter of the poem, it remains for me to justify the title, "The English Homer." There has been, up to our time, no inclination on the part of English historians of our literature to regard anything worthy of notice which preceded Chaucer. Stopford Brooke is a noted exception, and he owes his inspiration to German investigators. Even Chaucer and those preceding Shakespeare have had scant justice done them. The reason for this is plain, and, at the same time, of a humiliating nature. Pure *ignorance* is the cause. But now the day seems dawning when we may hope for a history of English literature, written from a *scientific* standpoint by a really *scientific* English scholar. 'Tis true that between our early English period before the Conquest and that of Chaucer, there is a very great gap, but some such gap is found in other literatures. Our origins, however, are Germanic, not classic, and our earliest literature is true to those origins, and is comparatively unaffected by outside influences. A couple of articles as long as this would be necessary to show how much information, relative to our early customs and laws, is to be found in the poem. Suffice it to say that in this respect it compares favorably with the Greek epic.

But, in another respect, it is Homeric also, viz.: *in form*. Matthew Arnold, in his lectures, "On Translating Homer," says that Homer is—

1. Rapid in movement.
2. Plain in his words and style.
3. Simple in his ideas.
4. Noble in his manner.

How does Beowulf stand the test? We are dealing with the production of a northern people, and the question of climate is not to be left unconsidered. The movement of the poem certainly corresponds as well with the national characteristics as does the movement of the Greek epic. This point was not dealt with by Arnold, but seems to be well worthy of consideration. We believe, then, that our epic stands this test well.

Plain in words and style our poem certainly is, and that is clearly shown by contrasting it with Milton's great poem. Compare the brief, straightforward opening of Beowulf with the invocation in Paradise Lost, teeming with theology and geography. Milton's contemporaries would not have been satisfied with anything else. So Dante's *Divine Comedy* is a product of his times, Goethe's *Faust* of his. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* belong, as does Beowulf, to a period of national development, in which there are no conceits of learning, and none of the present-day problems of social life. Therefore, in both the Greek and the Teutonic epic we find a simple narrative in harmony with simple people.

That the ideas in Beowulf are simple will be disputed by no one who has read the extracts translated above.

Lastly, no one can fail to see that the deeds of a Beowulf in behalf of

the oppressed are as noble a subject for poetic treatment as is the wrath of an Achilles or the endurance of a wily Ulysses. No one can read the poem through without having every emotion nobly stirred. And through it all the religious sense is fine and keen, and devotion to duty is a feature strongly emphasized.

A word as to length. Objection might be raised that there is no *epic proportion*, by which is understood that the poem is not long enough. It is composed of 3,183 lines in all, and makes a little more than *one-fifth* of the Iliad, and 150 lines more than *one-fourth* of the Odyssey. The treatment is very summary at times, so that there is a feeling on the part of the reader that some parts have not been developed. This might be used to strengthen the *lay theory* referred to in the introduction. This latter constitutes a third point of comparison between the Teutonic and Greek epics.

Very instructive is the similarity in the use of language, though this is found more or less in the poetical attempts of all early literatures. The likeness is, however, very much stronger in Beowulf, because it reaches farther back towards a period when Teuton and Greek had much the same political systems. Both were also acquainted with the sea. To dwell upon particulars:—

In Homer there are the following well-known names for spear—ἔγχος, αἰχμή (point), δόρυ (the wooden handle), χαλκος (brass). These are qualified by such words as ὀξύ (sharp), μειλινον (ash), φαεινόν (shining), μακρον (long), δολιχόσκιον (long shadow throwing), ἄλκιμον (stout), and many others. In Beowulf we find *æsc* (ash), *gār* (shaft), *daroth* (dart), *ord* (the point), *mægenwudu* (might wood), *græg æscholt* (grey ashwood), *wælsceaft* (death shaft), and numerous others.

The ship in Homer, θοη (quick), ποντοπόρος (sea-going), ωκεῖα (swift), μιλτοπαρηος (vermilion-cheeked), κορωνις (crooked beaked), μέλας (black), and many more epithets are found. In Beowulf we have many more names for this loved vessel. It is a *bāt* (boat), *scip* (ship), *naca* (rowboat), *flota* (float), and is *sægēap* (wide for the sea), *hringnaca* (ringed boat), *fāmigheals* (foamy-necked), *fugle gelīcost* (very like to a bird), *gōd ythlida* (capital wave traveller), *wynsum wudu* (delightsome wood); and these illustrations might be increased.

The king in Homer is ἄναξ (a leader), but this is strengthened by the addition of some qualifying word or phrase, such as ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν (leader of the people), ποιμήν λαῶν (shepherd of the people), and many other terms might be given.

In Beowulf we find in all some ninety terms applied to the hero. For instance, he is *Higelac's thane, Eogtheow's offspring* Higelac's *bēodgenēat* (table companion), *freeborn*, the *leader*, the *defence* or *protector of his people*. These epithets smack a good deal more of Homer than do those of *Chanson de Roland* or of the *Niebelungenlied*.

In phraseology there is a striking similarity as well. Homer's heroes "open their mouths, speak with clear voices, utter winged words and say—" perhaps all at once to express our matter of fact "he said," "he answered." So in Beowulf the hero "unlocked his word-hoard," "uttered wise words," and "answered." The impression made upon one at the first reading of the poem is so vivid that many times one is forced to call out, "Isn't that Homeric! That's Homer in English dress!" and it seems to us that any one acquainted with the two must say the same.

But once more. The description of the burial of Beowulf and of the construction of the funeral pyre shows that our forefathers had the same customs as the early Greeks. Now, philology tells us that the Germans are related to the Greeks and Romans, and

also to the Sanscrit peoples. This is not the only instance in our poem of customs corresponding; and these are to be expected, since both are epics dating from an early period in the development of the two peoples.

The metre of Beowulf is not the least interesting point of contact. There is no doubt that *alliteration* was, the earliest form of poetry among the Greeks and Romans. It is found in Sanscrit poetry. It is brought to perfection among the Teutonic peoples, especially among the English. Who knows whether we would not find it had been practised extensively by the Southern peoples had we but more plentiful remains of their earliest and less artistic attempts in the field of versification.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Fair Athens drew her misty veil;
He was alone, though round him rose,
In gorgeous gold and marble pale,
Her palaces and porticoes.

He knew her past on sea and shore,
Her poets all, yet moved unawed;
A mighty wave his soul upbore,
A closer consciousness of God.

His earnest mind dwelt not upon
The southward sea of Salamis,
Nor, fronting him, the Parthenon
Which crowned the old Acropolis.

He saw a world that dreamed and drifted,
While o'er it long-gone glory gleamed;
Another veil for him had lifted,
And life a holy vision seemed.

In midst of Mars at last he stands;
His valiant, sounding voice allures
Forth from the temples built with hands,
The Stoics and the Epicures.

And by the drifting years discrowned
The Thundering God of other times
In Phidias' statue silent frowned,
Where Sparta's columned temple climbs.

Blind Homer's hero—fighting Jove!
Not now, as erst in lusty youth,
With Saturn or the Seagod strove,—
He grappled with a truer truth.

New York. —HOWARD HALL.

BANANA CULTIVATION IN JAMAICA.

BY ALLAN ERIC,

Member of the Institute of Jamaica.

To those who are acquainted with the soft, succulent banana, only as eaters of the fruit, the statement that there were imported into the United States from all sources last year the enormous number of 13,000,000 bunches in round numbers, or, to be exact, 12,734,481 bunches, may sound incredible, and my readers will be interested in learning something about the growth, the gathering and transportation of this popular fruit, so that it may be sold, not only in the cities, but in the remotest districts, at cheap rates.

That thousands of dealers and peddlers are engaged in the distribution of bananas is well-known; but that extensive plantations must be cultivated, big steamers chartered and owned, millions of dollars invested, and thousands of men employed, before this simple fruit reaches the consumer, reads like a romance.

It is of the banana industry of Jamaica that I shall speak particularly, for the reason that I have spent some time on that island, and am more familiar with operations as carried on on the vast plantations there, though I shall refer to banana cultivation in Cuba and other localities. But, be it understood, whether it is in Jamaica, Cuba, Domingo, or Honduras, the mode of cultivation, and the process employed in its growth and shipment, are essentially the same.

Not so very many years ago, the banana was a costly luxury, even in the large cities, and a veritable curiosity in remote districts. About the only ones that found their way to our markets were a few bunches which some skipper, calling at some West India or Central American port, took aboard his vessel, as a present to his friends at home. But it was some time before it was realized that the delicious, nutritious fruit was destined to become one of the most profitable products, and perhaps the most popular and most widely-consumed fruit grown on the face of the earth. But during the last twenty years, the industry has grown to enormous proportions, until, during the year 1892, 13,000,000 bunches were consumed in the United States alone. In the business of importing bananas, New Orleans leads with a total of 4,483,351 bunches; New York follows with 3,715,625 bunches; Philadelphia had 1,818,328; Boston, 1,719,921; Baltimore, 625,077; Savannah, 190,000; Mobile, 150,000; Galveston, 3,000; and some thousands went to Tampa. The leading points of export in the tropics are, in Central America:—Bluefields, Belize, Greytown, Livingston, Puerto Cortez, Truxillo and Bocas del Toro; in Cuba:—Baracoa, Banes and Sama; in Jamaica:—Port Antonio, which is the chief point of shipment on the island, and Kingston, Port Morant, Port Maria, St. Ann's Bay, Orracabessa and Annatto Bay.

While by far the largest proportion of bananas brought to this country are systematically cultivated on the plantations, very many are raised by the natives on their little "provision grounds," scattered along the coast, and are brought, a few bunches at a time, in hampers, on the backs of the little burros, or on the heads of the native women, to the stations of the great fruit companies on the coast, who purchase them for so much a bunch, according to the size.

In Jamaica, only one variety of the

banana is grown, and that is the yellow. The red bananas come almost wholly from Cuba, principally from Baracoa and Central America, but they are not prolific, and therefore not profitable to raise.

Bananas, like any other fruit, are greatly improved in quality and flavor by cultivation. For example, the finest bananas that come to this country, and those that bring the best prices, are from the Golden Vale plantation near Port Antonio, Jamaica. I have quiring about eleven months for the tree to get its growth and the fruit to mature. It is very prolific—that is, the yellow variety—forty plants can be grown in a thousand square feet, which will bear 5,000 pounds of fruit annually, and it is possible to grow as much as 175,000 pounds of bananas annually on a single acre of ground!

The banana plant has a soft stalk, is from ten to eighteen feet in height, spreading out at the top in a cluster of broad leaves, which are from fifteen to

VIEW OF PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.

no hesitation in saying that Jamaica bananas are superior in quality to all others. They have a finer flavor, and a connoisseur in this fruit would be able to tell in a moment whether it grew in Jamaica or Cuba.

The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed, tropical lily, from which, after ages of development and growth, the seeds have been eliminated, and the fruit greatly expanded. The banana plant, being seedless, is propagated by suckers, re- twenty inches wide, and eight or ten feet long, and of a bright green color. The older leaves, on account of their being constantly swayed by the trade winds and the more violent winds of the tropics, usually split at intervals of two or three inches from their edges to the mid-rib, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. Each plant bears only one bunch of fruit, which hangs with the "hands" curving upward, and from the end of the bunch, from a short, green stem hangs the blossom —

a great, heart-shaped, marrow-colored plummet, about the size of an ox's heart, and much the same shape.

I will begin with the starting of a new plantation. The dense tropical growths of brush, trees and creepers are first cut down, and when these have sufficiently dried, fire is set in several places on the windward side. A few hours of crackling flame, and the field is covered with a pall of gray ashes, and with black tree trunks from which leaf and branch have been burned. A few of the larger branches remaining unconsumed are chopped and piled on the trunks for a later burning. The ground is then plowed as well as can be done until after the roots have rotted in the ground. American plows are used; indeed, all the agricultural implements that I saw in use on the plantations in Jamaica were of American manufacture. The banana sprouts, or suckers, are then set in the rich black soil, and rich alluvial intervale lands are usually chosen for banana fields. The suckers are dug either from cultivated plantations, or from where they have been growing wild: they look like clumsy clubs from one foot to four feet long, and from two to five inches in diameter, and from the small end of each of these clubs peeps a little bit of green. In eight or nine months after the planting, the plants will have their plumes, eighteen feet high, sheltering bunches of full fruit, which is ready to cut in two or three months thereafter.

OVERSEER'S HOUSE ON A BANANA PLANTATION.

Soon after the first suckers are set, their spreading roots send up a number of new shoots, all of which would bear fruit if allowed to grow, but it is deemed best to keep back the new sprouts until the first stalks have been growing three or four months, and then let new ones start. Each three or four months thereafter, a new set is allowed to come on to take the place of the older ones as they mature their fruit and are cut down. By this plan, three or four crops, of 190 to 225 bunches each, or 570 to 900 bunches per acre per annum can be obtained; and, by planting fields on succeeding months, the fruit is ready for export the year around. As the price to the planter, for good to choice fruit, seldom sinks below 37½ cents per bunch, and ranges from that to $1.00 per bunch, it is obvious that the business is a profitable one. It costs about £2, or $10 per acre to clear new land, and about as much more to prepare it for the banana plants. Native labor is very cheap, as day wages are reckoned in the United States, but it is expensive enough in Jamaica, as any one knows who has had experience with the indolent blacks and coolies when they work by the day—and who require constant watching in order to

get a return even for the small wages paid.

On the plantations, bananas are planted about fifteen feet apart each way, the rows crossing each other at right angles. Thus, when the plants are fully grown their leaves just about meet, excluding nearly every ray of the bright tropical sun from the ground beneath; this arrests evaporation and keeps the soil at just about the right degree of moisture. The soil requires but very little artificial fertilizing, but on the more highly cultivated plantations more or less fertilizer is used, and hundreds of tons are imported from the United States for this purpose. After the shoots are planted, they require but very little attention until the fruit is ready for cutting, but the first few months a cultivator is run between the rows to keep down the weeds, which grow very rapidly in the rich, hot soil.

Some of the finest plantatious are beautifully laid out. At the Golden Vale plantation near Port Antonio I saw one banana field of twelve hundred acres, and the rows of plants are as straight as a line could be drawn across the field in either direction. From the Golden Vale plantation comes the largest and finest flavored fruit brought into the United States. In order to give some idea of the vast extent of the banana-growing industry —the plantations of one fruit company alone, in Jamaica, which I traversed, that of the Boston Fruit Company, on the east end of the island, extend along one hundred miles or more of coast line, from Annatto Bay on the north, to Port Morant on the south.

A plantation requires to be re-planted with new shoots about once in every five years, in order to maintain the highest quality of the fruit, as successive reproduction from the original plant deteriorates the quality of the fruit, and decreases the size of the bunchss,

BANANA STEAMER AT KINGSTON.

The fruit is cut when it is fully grown but still perfectly green. When the cutting begins, an expert goes over the field every other day, and he is responsible for collecting the fruit in good condition and size. Whenever he sees a tree whose fruit is well grown and ready for the market, with a swift cut with the machéte, a sharp knife about two feet long, he severs the bunch from the pulpy tree. He has to be very expert at this, and cut only half way through, so that the

bunch drops over slowly ; and, as it bends down he catches it by the stem, gives another swift cut, and the bunch is borne to the ground without damage to the fruit. The fruit, being perfectly green, is taken from the field to a storage place located near by, and thence carried carefully in mule carts to the wharf, where the steamer is waiting to receive its cargo. The arrivals and departures of the steamers are timed exactly, and collections are made at all the smaller places along the coast, so as to cause as little delay as possible in the loading of the fruit.

I will describe the scene of loading a banana steamer, which I have often witnessed. The steamers usually sail about one o'clock in the morning, completing the loading of their cargoes in the evening. All the afternoon the native plantation hands, with mules and carts, are bringing the bananas in from the plantations, and on the arrival of each cart at the wharf, the bananas are unloaded, and sorted according to the size of the bunches ; "five hands," "seven hands," "eight hands," etc., denoting the number of rows of bananas on each bunch. As soon as it is dark, the loading of the last of the bananas into the steamer is begun. The great steamer looms up by the side of the wharf, the latter being covered with blacks, both men and women. The interior of the banana sheds on the wharf is lighted by lanterns hung about, while the wharf is illuminated by the flaring lights of gasoline burners. The evening is cool, and the soft tropical sky above blazes with myriads of stars, that shine nowhere else as they do in the tropics. Standing about are several superintendents of the loading of the steamer. The natives go to the bin designated by the superintendent, and each picks up a bunch of bananas, the men placing the bunches upon their shoulders, and the women placing them upon their heads. They then walk across the wharf to the steamer, where the bunches are passed to other natives, who stow them away between decks. As the dusky file passes in the bunches it continues around, returning to the wharf for more, thus forming two continuously moving lines of blacks, going in opposite directions, one with bananas, going to the ship, and the other returning to the sheds. All the time the natives keep up a monotonous singing, their song being peculiar to themselves, and probably of their own composition. But the song is not without melody, and the effect, coupled with the strange and weird surroundings, is rather fascinating than otherwise. The air is adapted to the words, which are entirely without rhyme, though not without some meaning. Here is a sample of one of these native songs:

NATIVE LABORER'S HUT.

"Good-bye, banana,
Good-bye banana ;
Oh, de banana am fur de buckra man,
Fur de buckra man him lub banana ;
De pig him eat de banana too,
Just lak de buckra man.

Oh, good-bye, banana,
Oh, good-bye, banana."

The word "buckra," noted in the above song, is the African word meaning white man. They will keep their sonorous sing-song up for hours, or until the cargo is loaded, drawling out the words in a most curious and striking manner. Another feature worthy of notice is the "scoring" or counting of the bunches as they pass into the steamer. This is done by two natives. One stands by the port of the steamer and counts each bunch as it goes in, the other scoring upon a book at each ten bunches. The man at the steamer's port counts in a curious, sing-song manner, something like this :—"Wan, (one), an' two, an' tree, an' fo', an' five, an' six, an' seven, an' eight, an' nine, an' ten, an' tally-e-e-e," at which the other man sets down ten bunches, the first, however, continuing without stopping, like this: "an' levun, an' twelve, —— an' fo'teen, an' fifteen," etc., "an' twenty-wan, an' twenty-two, an' twenty-fo', an' twenty-five," etc., to tally-e-e-e."

LOADING BANANAS AT PORT ANTONIO.

PECULIARITIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF WIT.

BY T. V. HUTCHINSON, M.D.

If it be true that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," it is equally true that the round and top of human happiness is not attained by the remembrance of sorrowful days. Sorrow and tragedy we have always with us, but mirth and happiness depend in great measure upon ourselves, and in the creation of these two, wit and humor play no insignificant parts. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor of the human race, so also is the man or woman gifted with a fine wit, who creates mirth and laughter where before was only melancholy asceticism.

Of the countless millions of living things upon the earth, man is the only animal who laughs. There appears to be a wide-spread belief that the equine race is also endowed with this pleasing faculty, for we frequently hear it said, that a certain joke or witticism was sufficiently humorous to make a horse laugh. But, although this assertion is frequently made by persons of unimpeachable veracity, the researches of scientific men, who have made careful study of the habits and pastimes of the horse, show that, so far as their investigations have extended, the statement is not corroborated by facts. Man is also, except upon special or extraordinary occasions, which can be readily explained, the only animal who walks erect.

Wit is defined as a happy combination of objects not generally connected, such as putting ideas together with quickness and variety, in order to make up pleasant or felicitous pictures in the fancy. Humor, on the other hand, produces the same effect by presenting ideas in wild, fantastic, or exaggerated manner, in order to excite mirth and laughter by ludicrous representations or images.

The "bull," supposed to be indigenous to the Emerald Isle, is another variety of humor. It asserts a self-evident contradiction, blunder, or incongruity of ideas, and is sometimes intensely humorous or grotesque. A fair example of the "bull" was recently given in the British House of Commons, when an Irish member of Parliament vigorously protested against "the hon. gentleman trying to thrust this bill down our throats behind our backs." Another member declared "that, on account of British misrule, the only people now living in Ireland were absentees." Sir Roche Boyle, while inveighing against a bill before Parliament, designed especially to benefit future generations, "Why," he asked, "should we pass this bill for the benefit of posterity? What has posterity ever done for us? The Government takes a tenth of our incomes now; aye, that they do, and they'd take a twentieth if they dared."

A young lady visiting a cemetery, not a thousand miles from London, the less (accompanied by a gentleman not hailing from France), where a number of bodies had been exhumed, preparatory to removal to a new cemetery, expressed her surprise that the cemetery could contain such a large number of bodies. "You may well say that, Miss A.," replied her companion; "the place is just alive with corpses."

During the trial of one of those assault and battery cases, of such rare occurrence in the land of "divilthry and disthress," the prisoner was, in legal phraseology, charged with striking the complainant with *malice a prepense*, etc. "Your Honor," inter-

rupted the man, "he may have had something of the kind consailed about his person, but it wus a brick he sthruck me wid." In another case, counsel, in addressing the Court, stated that the prisoner had been brought there on a *capias*. This apparent breach of the truth aroused the indignation of the man who had conveyed the prisoner to court. "'Tis a lie, your Honor; I brought him here in a hackney coach."

A young lady from the country, in search of a coach, gently approached the presiding Jehu on the box, with the question, "Pray, sir, are you engaged?" "Bless your purty soul, mem, I've been married these seven years, and have six children."

As an instance of the difficulty of gleaning information in Ireland, a gentleman travelling there states that, "wishing to learn something about the people to whom I was going, I asked the driver if he knew the Rev. Mr. Dudgeon. 'Troth, I do, sor, well.' 'He's a good kind of a man, I'm told,' said I. 'He is, indeed, sor; no bether.' 'Kind to the poor, and charitable, I suppose?' 'Thrue for you.' 'And his family is well liked down here?' 'I'll be bound they are; there's few loike thim to the fore.' Seeing no prospect of obtaining an independent opinion from my companion, I determined to try another line. Lighting a cigar, and giving another to my friend, who seemed to relish it amazingly, I said, incidentally, that, where I got the cigar, the people are better off than here. 'And where is that, sor?' 'In America.' 'That's as thrue as the Bible, sor. 'Tis elegant toimes they have there.' 'One reason,' I said, 'is that there every man can do as he likes,—here you have little freedom.' 'Slavery, divil a bit less,' with a cut of his whip that made the horse jump into the air. 'Do you know the secret of it?' I said. 'Sorra a bit of me.' 'I'll tell you, then: it's to keep up the police and constabulary to protect the landlords. Now, what does the Rev. Mr. Dudgeon do, only squeeze the rent out of you?' 'He's a hard man; he's taking the herrin's out of the nets this year for rint.' 'And do they bear that?' I asked. 'Well, they do,' said he mournfully; 'they have no spirit down here; but over at Mullingar they put slugs into one.' 'One what?' 'A parson, your honor; and it done him a dale of good. He's as wake as a child now about his rint, and there's no trouble wid him in loife.' 'They'll do that with the Rev. Mr. Dudgeon yet, maybe?' I asked. 'Wid the Lord's blessing, sor,' said he, piously."

Although the Scotch may not possess that easy flow of wit and humor, so characteristic of the irrepressible sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, there generally runs through Scotch wit a vein of hard common sense, and dry sarcasm. The canny Scot has never forgiven Sydney Smith for saying, "It would take a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head."

Dean Ramsey, of Edinburgh, in one of his admirable books, tells a story of an Englishman, who was once grumbling against the land o' cakes and brown heather. "No man," he said, "would ever think of remaining any length of time in such a country as Scotland." "Tastes differ," replied the Scotchman. "I'll tak ye to a place ca'd Bannockburn, no' far frae Stirling, where thretty thousand o' your countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, and they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet." Dr. Daniel Clark, of Toronto, "a bairn frae dear auld Scotia's wild glens and heather braes," a terse and graceful writer, tells a story not at all complimentary to his countrymen, but which will apply to others, of two Scotchmen availing themselves of the annual excursion, or bathing-train to the seaside. During the process of disrobing, Sandy remarked, "Yer nae verra clean the year, Jamie." "I ken it, Sandy," replied the other, "I was na here last year."

The proper attitude in prayer seems yet to be a debatable question in some of the Churches in the south of Scotland. Jeems Robson being asked by a lady to conform to the minister's admonition, that all should kneel, replied emphatically "Deil a bit will I kneel. The Bible says 'Watch and pray,' an' hoo can a body watch on their knees wi' their e'en steekit? Na, na, I'll just stand an' glower aboot me as I hae aye dune." It is to be feared Jeems Robson had muckle need o' the minister's admonition.

Probably in no country in the world is wit and humor so universal as in this Canada of ours. It is congenital with the Canadian. Like Hamlet's grave-digger, custom hath made it in him a property of easiness. The very carters meeting on the road must indulge in joke and repartee before discussing the duty on binder twine, or D'Alton McCarthy's heroic defence of the people and public schools of Manitoba. Take, for instance, our own lamented Sir John A. Macdonald, whose post-prandial speeches were wont to set the table in a roar, and whose ready flow of wit, humor and brilliant repartee, has added many *bon mots* to the long catalogue of forensic wit. Many of his speeches on the floor of the House have never been excelled by any British statesman. Canada still mourns her Mighty Chief, and long will it be ere his memory fades away.

Upon one occasion the Hon. Edward Blake while criticising the Finance Minister's budget speech, attacked the fiscal policy of the Government, which he declared was driving the country to bankruptcy and ruin. Sir John on rising to reply, said: "The blue ruin speeches of the honorable gentleman and his party—who are only happy when they are miserable, and, like the Hibernian, only at peace when at war—reminded him of the English sea-captain, who during the exigencies of the Napoleonic wars, was kept for six years cruising in the West Indies. Being then ordered home with his ship, and getting into the chops of the English channel, with its chilly rains and fogs, he appeared on deck buttoning up his thick pea-jacket, and congratulating himself that "this is something like weather. None of your blue skies and sunny days for me."

The members of the legal profession enjoy a reputation for dialectic ability, and are not only witty themselves but the cause of wit in others. An old English book gives some rare examples of Bench and Bar wit and humor, for which the Judges of Great Britain, Canada and the United States have long been noted. Justice Denman's phrase, "A mockery, a delusion, and a snare" has passed into a proverb.

Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument. His colleague standing behind him was an exceedingly tall, slender man, who had originally intended taking orders. The Judge remarked that the case involved a question of Ecclesiastical Law. "Then," replied Curran, "I can refer your Lordship to a very high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he was better fitted for the steeple." Stupid or unwilling witnesses are often the cause of much amusement in court. In a case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn were engaged as barristers, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned. "Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman. The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. It was evident he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated it, using the words, "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" The witness only stared the harder. "I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with clear English enunciation, "Do you consider the man perfectly rational?" The witness only stared vacantly at the figure before him, exclaiming "Eh!"

"Let me take him," said Cockburn. Then assuming the broadest Scotch, and turning to the obtuse witness, "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" "Ow, ay," said the man holding out his snuff-box. "Noo, hoo lang hae' ye kent Jam Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch. "Ever since he was a baby." "An' ye think noo atween you an' me that there's anything intil the cratur." "I would na' lippen (trust) him wi' a bull calf," was the prompt reply.

Chief Justice Story was once at a public dinner in Boston, at which Edward Everett was present. Desiring to pay the latter a delicate compliment, the learned Judge proposed as a toast, "Fame follows merit where Everett goes." Everett, not at all disconcerted, rose and tossing up his wine glass responded, "To whatever heights judicial learning in this country may aspire, it will never rise above one Story."

A recent decision of a Chicago Judge would seem to be based upon a precedent furnished by the judgment of Solomon in the matter of the infant claimed by the two mothers. The Judge had sentenced a man to imprisonment for the term of ten years. Counsel for the defendant protested that this was in reality a life sentence, as the prisoner, being in delicate health, would die long before the expiration of his sentence; whereupon the Judge, taking a merciful view of the case, promptly changed the sentence to one for life. It is hardly necessary to say that the counsel for the defendant accepted the ten years.

The incongruity of some of the verdicts rendered by juries and coroners' juries are sometimes unintentionally humorous in the extreme, and need no Nestor to declare them laughable. A Georgia jury not long ago brought in the following verdict, "We, the undersigned, bein' a koroner's jury to sit on the ded body of the nigger, Zach Williams, now done, ded and gone afore us, have been sittin' on the said nigger aforesaid, and find that the same did on the night of the 14th of November come to death by fallin' from the bridge over the river and brakin' his neck, when we find he was subsequently washed to the river side, whar we suppose he was froze to death."

Probably the most remarkable and the most humorous judicial document ever filed in a court of law, is that by a Judge of the Superior Court of Skagit County in Washington Territory, "in the matter of application for letters of administration *re* the estate of John T. Wilbur, deceased." The Judge, in his findings of facts, states that, "having been engaged for, lo, these many days in the pleasing task of instructing juries as to the proper measure of damages in horse trades, and listening to the plaintive appeals of those who rashly enter into contracts at a time when the ownership of a town lot in the impenetrable forest brought to its happy possessor visions of untold wealth, it is a relief to the court to turn aside from the contemplation of these engrossing subjects and dwell upon the tale of innocence and love unfolded by the evidence in this case.

"It appears that away back in 1867, when many of the towns now ambitious of county seat honors, were as yet unknown to fame, and the swelling bosom of the Skagit was still unvexed by the floating leviathan of commerce, the deceased, John T. Wilbur, hailing from the effete east, first made his appearance upon the scene.

"One day in the early summer of the year aforesaid, the same Wilbur, while presumably in search of clams —although the evidence is strangely silent upon that point—espied sporting upon a sand spit near Utsalady, a dusky maiden of the forest, whose supple limbs had been warmed by the heat of seventeen summers, and whose cheeks were uncaressed by aught save gentle zephyrs. Deeply impressed by her visible charms of person, and being of a bold and venturesome spirit, he

then and there resolved to claim her for his own. He made a liberal offer, but she, modest maiden, not considering it good form to yield too readily, rejected with seeming disdain his amorous invitation. He returned to his lonely ranch on the Skagit, there to devise stratagems anew to encompass his end. He heard her sweetly guttural accents in the sighing of the wind, and in the floating mist he ever beheld her voluptuous form. Later on, with a retinue consisting of two noble red men from Snehosh—ah! the music of these Indian names!—he set out to visit his sable enchantress at her home upon the fir-clad hillside of the Swinomish reservation, near the banks of the murmuring slough of the same name. Arriving there without incident worthy of relating, he raised his former offer, now tendering her parents the princely sum of $50. But they looked coldly upon his suit, and the dutiful Kitty would not surrender herself to his ardent embrace unaccompanied by the paternal blessing. The date cannot be determined from the evidence, but Kitty, who ought to know, said it was when the salmon were beginning to run. Desiring to be exact in all things, it occurred to the court that it might be well to continue the hearing of this case for a few years while studying the habits of the salmon, but the litigants, anxious for the spoils, objected. An attorney, when a fee is in sight, seems to care but little for scientific observation.

"Once again he returned to his lonely ranch. There, in the solitude of his cabin, with no one to spread his blankets, no one to weave his mats, he brooded over his state of single unblessedness, until, he, at length, determined to make one last despairing effort. This time he would go in state. So he consulted 'Chip' Brown, who had taken unto himself a wife, a swarthy child of the forest and the stream, and it was all arranged.

"One day, as Kitty lay upon the bank, viewing her own charms, as reflected in the waters of the Swinomish, she was startled by the approach of a canoe, containing our amorous swain, 'Chip' Brown, Mrs. Brown, and a large number of Indians from a neighboring tribe, hired for the occasion. The line of battle was drawn. On one side were ranged Kitty, her father, mother, relatives, and friends, and Spotted Tail, their tribal chief; on the other, Wilbur, 'Chip' Brown, Mrs. 'Chip,' and his mercenary train. And the prize contended for was none other than Kitty herself. Mrs. 'Chip,' being detailed to act as interpreter, advanced to the centre, and the battle of words, which was to decide the fate of the dusky maiden, began. The interpreter, the court is grieved to say—peace be to her ashes—abused her position of trust to descant upon the charms and graces of Wilbur, and, inasmuch as she herself had tasted the delights of wedded life with a pale face, her words had great weight. 'Twas long doubtful to which side victory would incline, but, at an opportune moment, Wilbur himself, advancing with $60 in his outstretched palm, the battle was won. Chief Spotted Tail thought the sale a good one; her father was satisfied with the price, so the money was divided between her male relatives, and Kitty, according to the laws of her tribe, was a wife.

"Counsel insist that the evidence is insufficient to warrant the conclusion that the marriage was according to the customs then in vogue upon the Swinomish reservation, contending that Indian testimony is unreliable. In their zeal, they seem to forget that the testimony of the Indians is corroborated by that of one of our most esteemed citizens—one who has served the people in various capacities of trust. He came here in 1868, and his detailed statement while on the witness stand ought to convince the most skeptical that, in early days, he made a careful study of Indian customs relative to marriage and divorce.

Whether his investigations were carried on for the purpose of satisfying the promptings of a natural curiosity, or took an experimental turn, the court is not advised.

"Immediately after the division of the spoils came the wedding feast, the memory of which is cherished as one of the most glorious events in the annals of the tribe. What a feast that must have been, for Little Bear, now 36 years of age, but then only ten, still retains a vivid recollection of it, and says, with evident pride, that, upon that ever memorable occasion, they had 'bread and tea and sugar.'

"To prevent others from becoming discouraged, it might be well to add that Wilbur ran up the price, and $60 is the highest sum on record paid for a wife. Besides, Kitty belonged to a family of distinction. Neither should anyone desirous of imitating Wilbur's example, hesitate over long, because his dusky enslaver said "No,' twice, The court recalls some fairer daughters of Eve, who said 'No,' more than twice, and, what is worse, stuck to it.

"According to the customs of this tribe, good taste required three proposals. The first time the sighing swain, if an Indian, offers a pair of blankets or a canoe; if a white man, cash. The second time he must raise the ant— I mean he must increase the offer; and the third time he must fling in some additional inducement in the shape of worldly goods. The third offer is the crucial test. If rejected then, he knows it will be useless to apply again. It will be observed that the untutored denizen of the forest has an advantage over his pale-faced brother in this—he understands when the word 'no' is to be taken in its literal significance.

"If the bargain turns out to be a bad one, a husband can return his wife, and receive back his canoe, or blankets, or whatever the purchase price consisted of. This should be called to the attention of our own law-makers.

"The fruit of this marriage was three children—one girl and two boys. The girl is dead, but the boys are still alive, and join Kitty in the petition to have Bingham appointed administrator of the deceased, who departed this life —*requiescat in pace*—some ten years ago.

"In 1874, Wilbur entered into correspondence with one Sarah J. Wilcox, then in the wilds of central New York. Many a loving missive passed between them, until finally, in 1876, she came out here and married Wilbur, and Kitty, turned adrift, found solace in the arms of another.

"The bone of contention between Mrs. Wilbur No. 1, and Mrs. Wilbur No. 2, and their respective counsel, is the ranch, now worth $10,000, where Wilbur and 'Chip' Brown first devised the scheme that resulted in the translation of Kitty from the haunts of her childhood to the abode of the pale face. There is much in this case worthy of comment, did not the stiff formulas of law and cast iron rules forbid an excursion into the realms of fancy or philosophy.

"In conclusion, the court finds that Kitty is still alive and well, although somewhat tanned by exposure to the elements, and that all the parties to this action want the ranch. These findings are necessarily brief, but, such as they are, it is to be hoped that, if this case goes up, they may serve as a guidance to the Supreme Court in determining the intricate questions involved."

"LA MESSE DE L'AURORE."*

BY BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.

THE little hamlet of St. Yves, near the mica quarries had grown up very slowly. It had never grown very big. It had vainly expected and tried to grow; it had planned a school, and in its most sanguine moments—a church! but there was no gainsaying the fact that it was stunted—except to itself. Even among themselves the dwellers of lonely St. Yves never insinuated that they had grown much, any more than they doubted that they were growing.

Though the myths of the school and church were sixty years old, they were still topics of unfailing interest, and the cause of many a falling out of faithful friends, who could not agree to differ in their educational and architectural views; but the pioneers of St. Yves dropped off, one by one, quite easily, without learning to read, and the others still stayed at home on Sunday, or went to pray at the old, weather-beaten calvary by the wayside.

Nothing new ever put in an appearance at St. Yves. Nothing ever seemed to leave it but the mica. The hamlet was situated in a deep, rocky valley. No matter in what direction one looked, there was nothing to be seen but the sky overhead, and on every side the great frowning walls of rock, with narrow winding paths leading to the pine-crowned summit.

But if St. Yves had nothing else, it had "La Fine," and I am quite sure that the young quarrymen would not have exchanged her for Laval University. Josephine Crépeau (yclept "La Fine"† for love and euphony), was the belle of the quarries. She was very short, very plump, dark and dimpled. The contour of her face was a perfect circle. She had small, twinkling black eyes, cheeks as red as *La Fameuse* apples, a very small mouth,—and a nose—well, she had a nose—in embryo; also, a weak, childish voice, unbounded vanity, and *an accordion.*

Oh, that accordion! the delight of the belle and the dread of everybody else. She was forever singing in her shrill treble to its groaning accompaniment. Her *repertoire* consisted of "O Canada!" and "La Jardinière du Roi,"‡ and the wail of her agonized minstrelsy greeted the ears of any one passing the house. Poor old Mère Crépeau could have told how the housework got done every day, but her grand-daughter knew nothing about it. She never seemed to have anything to do; she was always *en grande toilette*, as the other girls remarked enviously; that is, she wore her shoes and stockings all week (even in summer), and her bright pink blouse and the brown petticoat embroidered with yellow stars. Her hair was frizzed and oiled every day, and she made a boast that her complexion was fresher than that of her would-be rivals, though—she declared on her honor—she only washed once a week.

She had been engaged for a year to Phydime Duclos, a stalwart, handsome fellow, as different from "La Fine" as we are from our baboon ancestors. And the old folks pitied him heartily, for the hamlet beauty was not a favorite with them, and Phydime was so kind-hearted, so good a son, so good a neighbor, and even if "La Fine" had no other drawbacks, she had the accordion, which was enough

*The Mass of the Dawn. †Sharp, cunning. ‡The Gardener of the King.

to make her name a terror; but there were only too many besides that. They said she was idle, vain and selfish; she was seldom seen at the calvary, even on fine days, and—and—she *would* sing.

Phydime was twenty-three, three years older than his *fiançée*, and so he felt that he must make allowances for her; besides, he often felt dissatisfied with St. Yves himself. He longed for a different life, a wider sphere, other aims—something, anything but the present state of affairs; he did not know exactly for what he wished, but he knew that he was not satisfied, so why should he complain when "La Fine" fretted and fumed about the monotony of life among the quarries?

Phydime had been sent away to school at Quebec when he was ten years old; he had always been dreaming of angels when he was little, and as this is an infallible sign that a child is destined for the priesthood, his parents had given him every advantage they could afford. So Phydime was very different from the other young men at St. Yves, and "La Fine" soon learned to love him—or his prestige; but nobody ever understood why he had desired her to do so.

The time had come for him to decide upon his vocation, and his poor old father and mother were wofully disappointed in their ninth son. Phydime dreamed no longer of angels. In spite of the gossips and the accordion, Phydime had never wavered in his allegiance since the night he met "La Fine" at Bonhomme Dorval's New Year's feast, to which the neighbors had been bidden to make "*la tire.*"

"La Fine" was in her element when Phydime came in: she was presiding over the pan of boiling molasses on the big box stove, the centre of an admiring group of young quarrymen, who were contending for the honor of holding the dish of chopped nuts, of which she scattered a few now and then in the seething molasses.

There were several girls setting out plates on the long red table, in readiness for the dainty. They were all talking at once at the top of their voices, and seemed to be deciding who could say the most and mean the least in a given time. One of them came over to Phydime, and reaching a cedar branch down from the wall, brushed therewith the snow from his blanket-coat, and took charge of his red sash and fur cap, remarking that it was very cold—wolves' weather, in fact,—that the devil was dancing on the roof to cool himself, as all the nails were flying out of it. Phydime assented absently, with his eyes on the shining black head bent over the pan.

Victorine Lebeau was not surprised at that, for "La Fine" was the acknowledged belle. Phydime sat down to divest himself of the red over-all stockings that reached to his hips, and Victorine meanwhile entertained him with a graphic account of the death of her grandfather's mare, that had expired with scarcely a moment's notice, in her thirty-first year. This had been the event of the season, and Victorine was at great pains to omit no detail of the harrowing parting scene. Her discourse was fast reaching a climax; she indulged in snorts and gasps—after the fashion of dying mares, I presume,—and she even attempted to give him an idea of the last good-bye, by wildly rolling her eyes, raising her hands to each side of her face and flapping them feebly, just as the gentle mare had flapped her ears before she breathed her last.

At this juncture Phydime looked up. "How beautiful!" he said slowly.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur Phydime,—and she could kill a fly, M'sieur Phydime,—on her nose, M'sieur Phydime,—without moving her body—"

"Why, how on earth—" he interrupted.

"With her *tail*, M'sieur Phydime!"

"But—but—" stammered Phydime, with a sheepish look in "La Fine's" direction—who was testing the tem-

perature of the molasses by dropping a spoonful into a glass of water; "I —what is her name?"

"Angelique," answered Victorine, promptly, "and, oh! her voice was so very human; we often mistook it for the voice of our defunct grandmother —when she coughed, M'sieur Phydime. She was too great to live!"

"I meant the name of the demoiselle by the stove," said Phydime, apologetically. "You know I have been away many years. I do not remember having seen her before."

"Oh!" said Victorine, coldly, "*that* is 'La Fine' Crépeau—Mère Crépeau's *girl;* Angelique was our MARE!" and she excused herself without further ceremony, remarking to her companions shortly afterwards that Phydime Duclos was so stupid that, had she to spend an evening in his company, she would certainly weep like *La Madeleine*, and then go mad!

Phydime managed to get an introduction to "La Fine," and she showed no disposition to weep, although he kept his place near her the whole evening, watching her admiringly as she pulled "*la tire*" out as long as she could reach, twisted it together, and pulled again, till it changed from a deep brown hue to white, and was chopped into bull's-eyes and set in the snow till it became quite crisp. Then they sat around the stove in a half circle, each couple with a plate between them, and told stories, or sang songs, in turn. When a vocalist concluded his or her ditty, he or she, as the case might be, placed a hand firmly on each knee, rising slightly, with the usual modest request: "Excuse it, the company!" and relapsed into a sitting posture and silence, to crunch "*la tire*" contentedly.

"La Fine" produced the accordion, and sang "O, Canada!" in tones almost as piercing as those of the wind that shrieked among the pines and through the quarries; and the heads of the nails in the kitchen walls were white with frost, and the snow had drifted against the side of the house to the height of the window.

Phydime Duclos was often seen with "La Fine" after that night, and things went on until one day he asked good old Mère Crépeau a question, whereat she beamed and then blessed him, and then asked "La Fine" another question, whereat she bridled and blushed; and they all drove off to old Quebec, far away across the snow-fields, to buy the engagement ring.

"La Fine" looked more like a thriving peony than ever, with her bland round face a crimson glow from the frosty air. Somehow, it all seemed most unreal to Phydime, as he looked down at her, chatting away at his side on the front seat, with the yellow buffalo robe tucked closely about her plump form. He was not listening to her just then. He was watching her frozen breath flying past him on the wind, as she chattered and laughed and coquetted; he was listening to the jingle of the sleigh-bells, till, at last, they sounded far off and indistinct; he was thinking that they would never, never be married; and he did not know why he thought it, —nor did the thought give him pain.

"La Fine" looked suddenly up at him, nestling close against his shoulder from the blast, and their breath mingled in a white cloud that seemed to burn his neck. Phydime sighed, but "La Fine" screamed with laughter, and began to sing, "O, Canada!" and he looked away across the snow-fields, feeling sore at heart and disappointed; while the voice of old Mère Crépeau bewailing to his mother the turkeys' uncertain tenure of life, and the roving disposition of pigs, irritated him to childish anger, and he fumed silently till "La Fine" had tired herself out, when, feeling ashamed of himself, he apologized for the silence that she had not even noticed.

About a year after this auspicious date, the hamlet was thrown into a fever of excitement by the arrival of

Polycame Plamondon, a new overseer of the quarries—a short, stout, dark man, with a smirk and a waddle. He wore a collar even on week days, and a gigantic watch-chain. He had been in the "Upper Countries,"* where it appeared he had seen and done the greatest wonders. It was solemnly whispered that his cigars cost five cents each! and the youngsters believed the Queen had come from the "Lower Countries"† to see him do battle with an unicorn, that used to watch around corners in the wilds of New York to horn the good habitants‡ who passed that way.

He had been left for dead on a battle-field in Lowell, Mass., and nursed back to life by a beautiful native princess. He was a wonderful hero indeed; no wonder he always wore a smile, they said. He smiled when some one asked if England was a bigger place than St. Yves—and if it had a church. He smiled at the clocks with their wooden works, and told of the ones he had seen, that played tunes and danced jigs; and he boasted that under his supervision things would go very differently from of yore at St. Yves. This brought the educational and architectural antagonists to the fore, and the school and church war waged more fiercely than ever.

Polycame Plamondon had taken up his abode with old Mère Crépeau, and at last in the long winter evenings the accordion was silent, while "La Fine" lent a charmed ear to "Mr., the Boarder's" eloquence. He had not known her long before he admitted that she greatly resembled the princess who had saved his life on the battle-field. And he had not known her much longer before he told her that the princess, even when exerting her utmost powers to captivate him, could not dance a jig as well as "La Fine;" and then he spoke of Her Majesty's surroundings, and looked around the little bare room, and at "La Fine," and sighed. And she stared at the red-stained table, and its primitive benches made of cedar boles, with unlopped branches, supported on trestles,—and sighed too. She had once been very proud of that room, with its bright blue walls and white ceiling, of the chromos, the accordion, and of her red merino Sunday dress. But she had heard of glass palaces, and princesses, and marvels called pianos, and she wanted to be a princess too, and to go and see the world through gold-rimmed eye-glasses, in an old-gold satin *travelling dress!!*

When she was not listening to Polycame Plamondon's wonderful tales, she was dreaming of them, and poor Phydime saw that a great change had come over his *fiancée*. Her eyes always seemed now to look through and beyond him when he spoke to her; she would not sing "O, Canada!" any more; when she did take up the accordion, it was to accompany Polycame Plamondon's songs—and she did so deprecatingly, and with profuse apologies to "Mr., the Boarder," that it was not the piano that she was "pulling in and out"!

"Mr., the Boarder," was suavely condescending to all, and particularly so to Phydime, who could not bear him, and made no attempt to disguise his feelings.

One night, about three months after the arrival of "Mr., the Boarder," "La Fine" was holding an informal "at home" in the kitchen. It was her fête* day, and all her friends had assembled there in honor of the occasion. Each had contributed his or her share to the evening's enjoyment, but when "La Fine" was asked to sing, she shook her head sadly.

"I have not the heart to sing," she said.

Phydime looked at her reproachfully, and taking up the accordion began to sing softly, "O, Canada!" Gradually his voice rose till its sonor-

* United States. † Great Britain.
‡ French-Canadian peasants.

* Day of one's patron saint.

ous swell filled the room; and "La Fine," watching his fine face aglow with patriotic fire, as he sang the stirring hymn, thought that Phydime should never sing anything but such grave, grand airs,—he was so good—so good—and—she *loved* him,—and her eyes filled slowly with tears. She arose, and opening the stove door, began to poke viciously at the burning logs, bending her head to conceal the tears that would not be driven back.

Just then the door opened and Polycame Plamondon came unsteadily into their midst. He had been on a holiday in Quebec, he said, and nobody would have doubted it.

"La Fine" was still kneeling by the stove, with the hooked poker in her hand, staring in round-eyed amaze. He espied her immediately, and made his way towards her with bell-like grace of motion.

Seeing her look of alarm, Phydime Duclos sprang forward, seizing him by the shoulder. Quick as thought, the other turned, grasped the cauldron cover, and brought it down with a crash on the head of Phydime, who staggered and would have fallen but for the timely assistance of his friends, who led him away to get the deep gash on his forehead attended to.

Polycame Plamondon slept heavily with his head on the old red table; but "La Fine" lay awake all night, thinking and thinking; she knew that this night must decide all, and she felt very wicked, very unhappy—poor foolish Fine! And yet she felt very undecided. She hesitated; she argued with, and tormented herself.

"It's all no use!" she cried, at last, impatiently. "I could never be contented here now—I *must* go, and it is nearly time!"

The first light of the dawn was stealing into the little room, and inch by inch on the opposite wall the blank face of the highly colored chromo of Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré came into view.

"Yes, I must go," she said with a big, half-regretful sigh—"poor, poor Phydime; how well he sang 'O Canada'—Oh! how wicked I have been. I *will* stay—I *will* be good."

Just then she caught sight of the blank face of the saint, staring stupidly at her. She sat up suddenly and shook her fist aggressively at it, with her ugliest grimace, and then threw herself back and pulled the bed-clothes up over her ear.

She waited, and waited, but sleep would not come to her. With something like a little growl, "La Fine" got up, and began to dress. Then she looked around the little room she had decided not to leave, and a bright smile chased the cross-lines from her forehead. At that moment she caught a glimpse of something shining under the table, and crawled under to inspect. It was a small bottle of scent that Polycame Plamondon had brought her, and it was the scent he always used. As she withdrew the stopper and inhaled it, the whole atmosphere seemed changed—like a flash she again beheld the pictures Plamondon had painted on her imagination; the old desires and unrest overwhelmed her, and she crouched on the floor, staring tearfully at the bottle.

There was a cautious tread on the stairway, and Plamondon's voice, in a hoarse whisper, asked was she ready.

She put the bottle on the floor, stood up and reached for her little rusty black hat, and then, with a choking sob, she turned to go. At the door she hesitated, rushed back, and standing on tip-toe bestowed a damp kiss on Ste. Anne's eye and nose. Then she passed into the pure air of the Canadian spring morning, which has all the freshness of rain-soaked lilac, and all the freshness was lost to "La Fine," and the belle of the quarries was lost to St. Yves.

* * * * * * *

It was Christmas morn, many years after. Down came the snow in great,

soft, feathery flakes into the deep quarries, through the darkness before daybreak. On the pine-crowned height above the rocky valley, stood a women looking down towards where the little hamlet lay—a woman whose face spoke of lost happiness, lost health, lost youth, and lost illusions. Her story was written on her face—a story very near its end. She could not see for the darkness that lay over the valley, and for her tears.

I could not tell you of what she was thinking—she thought of so many, many things; but this is what she said:—"If only Phydime were there still;—if he would forgive me;—all the past would be as an evil dream. I would accept any punishment then. I only wish for rest—rest. Oh! he loved me truly—and—that was the greatest misery of all—to know too late, that *I* loved *him*. Oh, let me have his forgiveness, his blessing, and be my expiation what it may!" and she began to descend the narrow rocky path. The deep tones of an organ floated upwards through the darkness of the valley—St. Yves had its church at last, and thither "La Fine" bent her steps.

It was the Mass of the Dawn. Nobody noticed "La Fine" as she knelt near the door, praying, as she had *thought*. At the High Altar the priest was celebrating the mystery of the Mass, his robes glittering with precious stones, through the clouds of incense that rose from the swaying censer. The solemn silence was broken at intervals by the slow, sad tones of the priest's voice, the shrill responses of the altar boy, and the muffled sound of the gong, when the people bowed low.

At the left side of the High Altar was a snowy hill of mica, at its base the stable of Bethlehem, above which shone brightly a single star. The stable was open, and on the straw was lying a waxen image of the Christ-child, while at his side knelt St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary.

Suddenly the whole church was illumed with a blaze of roseate light, in the midst of which appeared an angel, who passed down the aisles, announcing in song the birth of the Messiah. An answering chorus was heard afar, and, slowly in the distance, down the hillside, one by one, came the lonely shepherds of the plains. They followed the floating star; their voices swelled the hymn of triumph that the angel led, and were echoed by the choir of white-robed, star-crowned child-angels singing among the clouds above the hill.

"La Fine" still prayed, as she had *thought*, and the tears were flowing fast as she raised her head in agonized supplication. "Oh, he loved me!—his forgiveness—his blessing—and then, my punishment!"

The slow, sad voice of the priest chanted the words:—"Ite Missa est!" he raised his hand and made the sign of the cross above the people, and through the eastern window the light of the dawn fell on his bowed head—on the long scar on his forehead—lighting up the eyes that dreamed only of angels now.

There were coughs and sighs, there was a shoving back of benches, and a long, loud echo; somebody dropped a rosary; somebody tittered; a sinner had repented; a prayer had been answered—the Mass of the Dawn was over.

"DICKY."

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

It was a cold night in March. A bitter east wind had been blowing all day. Even the richly clad were chilled—to the many poor who were compelled to face its biting blasts it brought absolute suffering. A grey and sombre sky overhung the murky London streets, and not a star was to be seen. It was about eight o'clock: I was hurrying down the High-street, Kensington, when I was stopped by a tiny, elfish creature, who thrust some dying primroses into my hand, and urged me in a clear, but somewhat trembling voice, to buy them. Generally I had small patience with these juvenile vendors of flowers and matches, who always beset me when I had least time to spare; but this boy's voice was unlike the whine of his professional brethren, and he pleaded no tale of domestic misfortune, but said, rather imperiously, "I wish you would buy some. They will all be dead to-morrow."

We were very near a street lamp (electric lights were to gladden the future, gentle reader), and I inspected by its rays the small merchant who would fain have entered into business relations with me.

He was very small. His age might be, perhaps, six or seven. His head looked too large for the frail body, but that might be because his shock of nondescript-colored hair wanted cutting very badly. His eyes, however, were remarkable enough to atone for other deficiencies. They were large, and of very light grey—and they shone with an almost preternatural lustre. A sharp pain thrilled me from head to foot as he lifted them to my face. Once before, in the spring-time of my youth, such eyes as his had looked into mine. For a moment the sombre sky and the whistling wind vanished, and I stood again beneath the swaying branches of the linden trees. A flood of summer moonlight streamed around us. I say us, for a woman stood beside me—a woman with dark hair and large, light eyes. Again I heard a sweet, imperious voice, saying, "No, I will give no explanation. If you cannot trust me, leave me." How came this little London beggar with the voice and eyes of my proud Welsh sweetheart?

"Where do you live?" I enquired, ignoring the mercantile interests of the hour.

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in a gesture that gave me a radius of about a quarter of London to choose from. "There," he said, explicitly, "will you buy some? They will be dead to-morrow."

"I will buy them all, if you come with me into this shop to have some coffee," I replied.

The sudden darkening that I had expected—that I had seen so often in her's—came into the child's eyes. A smile parted his lips and dimpled his left cheek. I took him into a confectioner's near by, and soon we were *vis-a-vis* over steaming coffee and white rolls. I believe that usually when a middle-aged gentleman is attracted by a waif or stray, and takes him to an hotel or restaurant to cement the new-born friendship, the waif or stray behaves in a manner that indicates his noble birth. I regret to say that my waif did nothing of the sort. He gobbled his rolls, and nearly choked himself with his coffee. But he had nearly as much excuse for these breaches of etiquette as poor Otway. The child was almost famished. Long before his hunger was

appeased, all doubt was at an end forever in my mind. In spite of dirt, in spite of rags, in spite of the language and manners of the London street-Arab—this boy was Gwynneth's child.

The primrose merchant had arranged his flowers upon the table. "There are seven bunches," he remarked, "but you have treated me—and you can have the lot for sixpence." I was not base enough to profit by this handsome offer.

"No, I will pay the sevenpence," I replied, handing him that sum from the change the waiter brought me. "I am going to walk home with you," I said, rising, and taking his hand. The contrast between the cheery warmth of the shop and the bitter cold of the March night was very great. My little companion shivered. It was too late to buy him an overcoat, but I hailed a cab.

"Now, where do you live?" I asked, as I wrapped my overcoat round him. He named a street unknown to me; the cabman, however, proved to be my superior in the matter of topographical knowledge, and we drove away.

In a few minutes I was on comparatively intimate terms with my guest.

"What is your name?" was my first enquiry.

"Dicky," he responded. "What's yours?"

"Mark Ford," I answered, almost involuntarily.

"Mark—that's easy," said Dicky, musingly.

"Who takes care of you?" was the next step in my catechising. Dicky looked puzzled. "Nobody," he said.

"Well, who lives with you? You don't live alone," I persisted.

"Oh, mother and I live alone—in that house," replied Dicky. "Tell him to tell his horse to stop."

I obeyed, and followed Dicky up the stairs of a London lodging-house of the very poorest kind. At last we reached the topmost landing. My guide turned to me and said, gravely but politely, "You can go home now.'

"But I want to see your mother, Dicky," I remonstrated. I could not let this child go—and, if, indeed, my haughty Gwynneth had sunk to this, I must see her before I slept. Could it be that I was to meet her here,—in this sordid, poverty-stricken place?—Gwynneth, whose bright beauty I had last seen set off by rustling silks and glittering jewels. I waited with a beating heart while Dicky went in.

"Mother, a man wants to see you—his name is Mark—he gave me some coffee and a bun—he's bought my flowers—he says you've got to go out and see him." (I had said nothing of the sort.) I heard some words in a low tone. Then Dicky reappeared.

"You come in," he said, with careless authority. "She ain't coming out." I walked in. I saw a woman past the prime of life—haggard and wasted, but not—not Gwynneth. I do not know whether I felt relieved or disappointed. I was conscious of one definite purpose—to take my flower vendor back with me.

"Thank you kindly, sir, for buying Dicky's flowers, and bringing him home." She held the seven-pence in her hand, and looked towards the door. "I want to ask you a few questions about him," I said, decidedly. "He is not your child; whose is he? and how did you come by him?"

She turned fiercely upon me, and began a string of asseverations, which I soon checked. A barrister hears too many lies not to recognize them.

"That will do," I said sternly. "I knew his mother. Tell me truly how you came to have him, and I will make it worth your while. Don't waste my time with lies." She was silent for a few moments. The subject of our conversation lifted his small, surprised face to mine, and said re-assuringly:

"She ain't telling no lies; she's my mother."

"I knew your mother, Dicky," I said, and then the woman spoke.

"Yes, he's Miss Gwynneth's child,

but she could not keep him; she was glad to let me have him."

"She trusted you with him, and you let him be out on a night like this, to sell flowers," I exclaimed, furiously. "I shall take him away at once."

"What will Miss Gwynneth say?" asked the woman, sullenly. "She may come back for him any day."

"Where is she? Come, you had better speak," I said. "I will give you five pounds to make up for the loss of this child's earnings, and twenty more, if you find his mother for me."

I took out my purse. Her eyes gleamed, and she stretched her hands towards it; then suddenly she sank down on the narrow, wretched bed, trembling so violently that I saw it was no time to press her for information. I gave her half-a-crown. "Get food with that," I said, "and I will wait till you can tell me."

She walked unsteadily to the door, and called to a neighbor. After the exchange of a few words she came back.

I had tried, meanwhile, to talk to Dicky, but he regarded me distrustfully.

"You ain't agoing to take me away," he said, with calm determination in his voice. "I'm going to stay along with her." "Do you like to stay with her, Dicky" I said, studying eagerly the lines of the delicate features, and wasted limbs. "Is she kind to you?" Dicky nodded.

"She never hits me," he replied, briefly: and then the woman returned. In a few minutes a girl entered with some coals in a bag, a small bundle of wood, a loaf of bread, and some tea and sugar, in a basket. I was anxious to get away, and to have Dicky to myself; so I built up a fire in the rusty grate, in a very brief space of time. I was glad to find that she wanted tea and not gin. When she had taken some food, Dicky, to my astonishment, came with no small appetite to this second banquet. I drew from her her story. Briefly, it ran thus:—

She had once been Gwynneth's nurse, in Wales. Her marriage with a dissipated scoundrel left her a widow, at about the same time that Gwynneth's ill-starred union ended in her desertion by the roué for whom she had jilted me. They met, by one of those strange chances, which daily prove the truth of the old adage about truth and fiction, and for a time lived together, till both sank into poverty. Then, when Dicky was about four, and this partnership had existed for a little more than two years, Gwynneth had left him in Mrs. May's charge, while she went into the country to ask aid of a distant cousin. Her quondam nurse averred that she had never returned from this pilgrimage. My own opinion, however, which subsequent events proved to be correct, was that Mrs. May had left their lodgings during Gwynneth's absence, and taken good care to leave behind her no clue, which should guide the unhappy mother to her whereabouts. She loved the child, and wished to keep him. But, falling in the social scale from the rank of seamstress to that of charwoman, she had, during the last few months, grown too weak to work at all. Hence, Dicky's career as a flower merchant.

When I was convinced that she had told me all she could, I gave her ten pounds, and the name of a charitable institution in London. Then I addressed myself to the difficult task of overcoming Dicky's reluctance to leave her. He parted from her with tears furrowing little channels down his begrimed cheeks—but he left her—and in a few minutes we had found another cab.

I am more fortunate in my domestic arrangements than many bachelors. My housekeeper is a woman who has the rare good sense to understand that I pay her for services, and not for advice. She put Dicky, at my request, into a hot bath (I heard him objecting furiously to the process), and then brought him to my room, where her

assistant, a good-tempered country girl, had made up a bed on the couch. I hardly knew him, rosy and white from his tub, his hair close to his head, his wonderful eyes flashing light. He sat by the fire and warmed his toes, and in a little while became more friendly. Then, exhausted by excitement and his bath, he fell asleep. I sat watching him for a long time; and when I, too, sought my couch, it was to dream that Gwynneth and I—estranged no longer, parted no more—walked hand in hand beside a summer sea.

CHAPTER II.

Some three years went by. Dicky, dearer, surely, than many sons to many fathers, still lived with me. No one knew more than that I had adopted him—he himself knew that for his mother's sake I had taken him from his life in the London streets. He never forgot that life; nor did I desire particularly that he should. When we met any pallid, sad-eyed child, vending little wares in the street, it was as a man and a brother that Dicky hailed him. His pockets were usually heavy with pennies hoarded on the behalf of those whose life he had once shared, and whose hardships still inspired his sympathy. (I have known him, however, to be less strictly impartial than I could have wished: he kept the bright coins always for two especial favorites.)

It must not be imagined that I had let these years pass without making strenuous efforts to find Gwynneth; but she had gone "below the surface," as Mr. Baring-Gould would say. I kept her memory as green as I could in Dicky's heart. In his little room was a picture of his young mother as I had known her. It was copied from a miniature in my possession. His father's whereabouts I knew, unfortunately, only too well. He kept one of the most disreputable public houses in London. I feared so much a chance meeting with him that I often thought seriously of leaving London. The tiny imp who had thrust his fading flowers into my hand on that stormy March night had grown up into a princely and beautiful child, but like—so like—to Gwynneth. Those large, light, haunting eyes alone would have betrayed his parentage to any one who had known her.

It was a soft April evening—even in London, spring sights, spring sounds, spring scents met us. My day's work was over. Dicky and I were sitting at a first floor window that overlooked Kensington Gardens. His bed-time was drawing very near, but, his nurse having gone for a walk with a "cousin in the army," Dicky took advantage of her absence to postpone the dreaded hour. He had just thrown a penny down to a little dark-eyed, elfin-looking match-seller, with whom he was on more intimate terms than with any of the others, and had been thinking silently, his chin upon his hand, his face upturned to the evening sky.

"Will some one take them *all* away some day, as you did me?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Some day," I replied.

"Who will?" persisted Dicky.

"God will," I answered, "or He will tell some one to do it for Him."

"Why did you only take me?" said Dicky, in a dissatisfied tone; "there are so many more—could you only take one?"

"I could not have more than one now, Dicky," I said, a little conscience-stricken. "When I am a rich man, and you have grown up and can work, we will build a big house and have as many as it will hold."

Dicky was not satisfied. He looked out into the crowded streets in silence for some time, and then pressed his hand hard on my knee, as he leant against me.

"Uncle," he said, speaking with an effort so evident that I expected to hear the confession of some childish peccadillo, "suppose we took it in turns?"

"Took what in turns, Dicky."

"I could sell matches for a little while, while Jimmie came here, and then some one else could come, and then I could come back." Dicky spoke in a very staccato fashion, and the proposition, made in all sincerity, cost him a good deal.

I put my hand under his chin and looked into his earnest eyes.

"No, Dicky," I said, gravely; "*you* were bother enough when you first came—I don't want any one else howling in his tub every morning as you used to do—at least, till we are in a bigger house. But if you like to have a party at the Victoria Coffee House, instead of the railway I promised you for learning those declensions, you may."

Dicky's face fell. He shared our fallen humanity after all—and he had wanted that railway so much.

"You need not decide now," I added. "It is ten days to Easter week. You can decide then. Now you must go to bed."

Dicky stood still, his grey eyes darkening, as Gwynneth's used to darken when she was much moved. "Could we have six, uncle?"

"Twelve," I answered.

Dicky drew a deep breath. "I'll have the party, uncle," he said, firmly. And then his nurse came in, and he went to bed.

He had the party; but only eleven of the invited guests put in an appearance. The absentee was Jimmie. The next day we learned that he had been knocked down and hurt while watching some drunken brawl, and carried off to the nearest hospital. Thither Dicky and I repaired on the following Saturday afternoon. The large, light ward, fragrant with flowers and radiant with spring sunshine, looked very attractive. Dicky looked at all the little white beds and their wan-faced occupants with eager interest, but we did not stop until we reached the one at the end, in which, very pale and hollow-eyed, we saw poor Jimmie. He was cheerful, and not in much pain. He and Dicky had plenty to say to each other, and after a time I left them and went to talk to the other little patients. At last I went back for Dicky.

"Oh, uncle, where's your stick?" he exclaimed, when we reached the vestibule. I remembered to have put it down by Jimmie's bed. "Run back for it, Dicky," I said. "Or—no; you will think of a hundred more things to say to Jimmie. Wait here while I go."

The nurse, a tall, graceful woman, was bending over Jimmie. She turned round as I came up, and I knew—Gwynneth!

Even after twelve years' separation, people do not fall into each other's arms, off the stage. I said "Gwynneth," and she said, "Mark;" both very quietly.

"Let me see you again," I said, "and soon."

"I shall be off duty at seven," she replied, "but I cannot see you here."

"I will call for you, then," I answered, and came away. We did not even touch hands.

I do not know how those hours went by. But at last I saw her come out of the great door, and went to meet her. We walked on in silence until we reached a little Square, filled with nurse-maids and their charges.

"Now," she said, "you have something to tell me."

"No; something to ask you," was my reply. "You had a child, Gwynneth. Where is he?"

She turned her large eyes on mine. "Dead," she answered. "Oh, why do you ask?"

"You left him with Mrs. May," I went on, "and then—?"

"I went to ask Cousin Jane for help; I found her dying. When I came back—penniless—my boy had died—and Mrs. May had gone."

"Gwynneth, it was a lie. Your child lives."

I had no need to say another word.

"Take me to him," she said, with the old imperiousness. I hailed a hansom, and in a few minutes we were at my home. During these minutes, Gwynneth did not speak; she sat still, concentrating all her strength on the one effort to control herself. I took her to the door of the front room upstairs, and left her to go in alone, and then went back and sat on the stairs. I think the strongest feeling I was conscious of at that moment, was a hope she might not take Dicky away.

In about half an hour the door was opened, and Dicky, rushing down the stairs, nearly fell over me. "Oh, uncle," he cried, "come up and see my mother."

Gwynneth was standing by the window as we entered. Dicky flew to her side. For a moment I did not speak—I saw for the first time, the cruel ravages that time and grief had made in that fair face.

"Well, Dicky," I said at last, "And are you going to leave your old uncle?"

"No," said Gwynneth, "Dicky is going to stay with his uncle, if mother may see him sometimes."

"I have tried to find, you, Gwynneth," I said, putting her into a chair. "Dicky, you can bring up the sherry from the dining room; don't fall down stairs. Do what you like about that boy," I went on, "he is yours—I shall befriend him always, but you must see him when you can—and if you want him—"

"If I want him," said Gwynneth, almost fiercely—then she checked herself—"No, keep him, Mark, and God reward you, as I never can, for all that you have done."

"Reward me—for having Dicky"—I laughed, but mirthlessly. "Gwynneth, you know that *he* is still alive?" Gwynneth shuddered. "That is why I say, keep Dicky. He thinks him dead. He found me out two years ago, and came for him—to take him away—and I was thankful to say he was dead."

I scarcely restrained an oath.

"Don't, he is Dicky's father," she entreated. "He shall never see him," I said between my teeth. "But about yourself, Gwynneth—can you stand your present life?"

"Stand it—it is heaven to what I have known," she answered. Dicky came back at this moment with the sherry, and my little clock struck eight. Gwynneth rose to her feet, and caught Dicky in her arms.

"Drink this," I said pouring out a glass of wine, "and I will leave you for ten minutes." "You can get back to the hospital in twenty, in a hansom."

I put her in one a few minutes later, and then returned to Dicky.

"Well, old man," throwing myself into a chair, and pulling him on to my knee.

"Are you glad to have a mother?"

Dicky looked at me gravely.

"Uncle," he said hesitatingly, "I thought you would have asked her to stay with us."

"I wish she would," I answered, my heart aching at the picture his words conjured up. "But she has all those children to look after, Dicky."

"You did'nt ask her, though," said Dicky wistfully, and his face was very sober, as he went to bed.

I wrote to Gwynneth that night, telling her that Dicky should be taken to the square near the hospital any day she was off duty.

These, I found, varied weekly: she was therefore obliged to write to me to appoint the times, but I did not see her, nor attempt to see her.

The summer went by. At the end of August she had a fortnight's holiday, which she and Dicky spent at the sea-side. But she did not desert her work, and seemed content to leave him with me on her return. Dicky wasvery unhappy at first, and, I believe, never quite forgave my not urging her to come and live with us.

CHAPTER III.

Autumn went by. Christmas and the New Year came and went—and it was again March—four years since that eventful night when I had stumbled upon Dicky. We kept this day always as a festival, and I had taken Dicky that afternoon to the Polytechnic. We had dined in the City, and were now sitting in our favorite seat by the window, looking at the people hurrying by. Gwynneth had been on special duty, and unable to see her little son for nearly two weeks. Dicky missed her. I knew what vision was constantly before him—one in which I dare not for a moment indulge. We had been silent for some moments, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Gwynneth. "Bring or send Dicky at once; his father is in the hospital—dying."

"Get your coat and cap, Dicky, and come to see mother," I said, springing up. Dicky's face flushed with joy. In a moment we were on our way. Dicky, delighted at this unlooked-for ending to his festal day, chatted gaily on as we were driven rapidly away.

Suddenly he turned to me, and said, "Uncle! Would you *like* mother to come and live with us?"

"Yes, I should *like* it, Dicky," I said. "But we can't always have what we like. Try not to think of it, boy." For I was trying very hard, indeed, not to think of it myself—trying to crush the riotous hopes and thoughts in which I dare not indulge.

The long rows of white beds in the hospital ward sobered Dicky. He flew into his mother's arms. She was standing by the last bed in the ward. Another nurse, a doctor and a clergyman, stood near it—and on it was the saddest wreck of humanity I have ever seen. His head was bandaged, nd his face looked ghastly against m white wrappings.
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"Richard, look!" said Gwynneth, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "Look, here is Dicky."

But Dicky shrank back and clung to me. "It is your father," I said, seeing that Gwynneth was speechless. "Go to him and say good-night." Dicky had been too well loved, both by his mother and me, not to have been taught obedience. He went forward reluctantly, but unhesitatingly, and said, in his clear, childish treble, "Good-night, father."

The dying man turned towards him; and, for the first and last time on earth, father and son looked into each other's eyes.

"Gwynneth's child—little Dicky," he murmured. "Baby Dick, come here."

"Go, love, go," said Gwynneth, who had sunk upon her knees beside the bed.

"Pray," said the dying man, feebly We all turned to the clergyman, a noble looking old man with white hair and beard. He put his hand on Dicky's head, and said gently, "Say a prayer for your father now, my child."

Dicky looked bewildered for a moment. Then he knelt down beside his mother, and said the collect with which his evening prayers always ended:—

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, good Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night: for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Then the clergyman's voice followed upon our amen with some of the prayers for the dying; and before we rose from our knees, the pallid clay was tenantless, and the troubled, guilty spirit had returned to God who gave it.

* * * * * * *

Twelve months later, Dicky had his wish. I did ask Gwynneth to come and live with us—and she came.

GABLE ENDS.

A CORRECTION.

The Editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have to thank you and the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for the kind reception given to my article on the "Manitoba School Question," which appeared in your September number.

My attention, has, however, been called to an error in fact in the article, and I wish to correct it

In supporting the statement: "The Roman Catholic objection to the public schools is, that they are not under the control of the church," I said, among other things, "Under the late separate school law in Manitoba, no text-book could be used in the Roman Catholic schools without the approval of the competent religious authority." This was a broader statement than I should have made.

The clause of the old Act is, "Provided, however, that in the case of books having reference to religion and morals, such selection by the Catholic section of the Board shall be subject to the approval of the competent religious authority."

I desire to make this correction, although it will be seen that even the narrower limitation, giving power to the "competent religious authority" in the schools, is quite to the point in supporting my contention.

I am, yours truly,

GEORGE BRYCE.

Winnipeg, Oct. 14th, 1893.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Since the 1st of June, the journey from ocean o ocean over the C. P. R. is made in six days.

Six days we speed—
Westward our star!
Six times six hundred
Miles in a car.

Through forest, 'long lake,
O'er mountain, on plain;
From ocean to ocean,
Bounds on the train.

"Halifax!" "St. John!"
"Quebec!" "Montreal!"
"Ottawa!" "Sudbury!"
"Port Arthur!" *et al.*

"Winnipeg!" "Brandon!"—
Boundless the prairie—
Past "Pile o' Bones,"
On to "Calgary!"

Up mountain pass,
Over the summit,
'Cross yawning gorge—
Let go the plummet!

Ranges Cordilleran,
Snow-capp'd, eternal—
Peak, curve and canon,
Glory supernal!

Great Glacier! Great Heaven!
Thy wonders we see
On to Vancouver,
Down to the sea.

Ocean to ocean!
Wondrous the span—
Nation more glorious
Ne'er founded by man!

'Way to the north,
'Way to the west—
Vast, comprehensive,
Country most blest.

Wealth in her waters,
Wealth in her ore;
In forest, on farm,
Riches galore!

Arm of the Roman!
Soul of the Greek!
Flag of Old Britain!—
Proudly we speak.

Six days onward,
Ever in motion,
Canada's proud journey
From ocean to ocean.

VANCOUVER. R. E. GOSNE' ave live

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The writer recently called upon Mr. S. W. Burnham, the celebrated discoverer of double-stars, and all-round astronomer, now of Chicago, but, until lately, a member of the staff of the Lick Observatory. During an enjoyable interview, Mr. Burnham, among other subjects, referred to the efforts now being made in various directions to introduce into the High Schools, at least, an elementary course in astronomy, and said it was to be regretted that, in some places, children are denied the pleasure and profit attaching to the study of that delightful branch of science. Than he, few great astronomers are better able to speak on this subject. Mr. Burnham, when a stenographer in the courts, had his attention called to observational astronomy by the chance falling into his hands of a volume dealing with the transit of Venus, in 1874. As he read up the general subject, his interest grew until, out of his earnings, he spent, for him then, a large sum in securing the best six-inch telescope the Clarks could make. He spent his days in court, and his nights at his instrument, and, being blessed with sharp eyesight, his work in searching for double-stars proved to be most successful, for, in course of time, he was able to issue catalogues of stars that surprised already famous observers, who possessed much more expensive apparatus, but were unaware of the existence of the stars until the catalogues were printed. Under varied circumstances, the career of Mr. Burnham has been the career of Mr. E. E. Barnard, the discoverer of the fifth satellite to Jupiter, and of scores of the best astronomers the world has ever seen. The ranks of the professional astronomers must continue to be recruited from the ranks of amateurs. The future for amateurs is brighter than ever before. Astronomical societies, popular in character, are rapidly dispelling the illusion that the study of astronomy is reserved for the rich, and, now that really very good telescopes, which answer the purposes of the student, can be obtained cheaply, it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant, when in every good school there shall be placed a telescope, which, in the hands of the teacher, shall enable any child, desirous of so doing, to learn something, in a practical way, of the sun, moon and stars.

The man who, like Mr. Yerkes, gives a cool half million of money for the erection of a gigantic telescope, may, by some discovery, made by it, place science under an obligation to him, but, beyond question, such a man would confer greater benefits upon his fellows, and contribute to their happiness in a degree ten thousandfold greater, if he were to expend the same money in distributing, say two thousand four-inch telescopes, or five thousand good three-inch telescopes among the schools of his country. Not only this, he might prove to have done more for the science itself than if he followed the example set by Mr. Yerkes, because out of the thousands thus invited to the study of astronomy, he would be almost certain to be the means of bringing to the front, many brilliant astronomers, for, after all, it is not the telescope, but the man at the eye-end of it which counts.

At 10.30, on the night of the 10th of October, a careful observation was made in Toronto with a 10-inch reflecting telescope, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, whether there were visible, by its means, any vestiges of the Great Red Spot on Jupiter, an object which for some months has been fading away, but which, a couple of years ago, was easily seen in the telescope. The sky was clear, and the seeing was good. At the hour mentioned, the side of the planet upon which the spot had been for years so prominent a feature, came into full view. Though nothing could be seen of the Spot, the outlines of the space it had occupied were perceptible, the indentations in the dark belts, north and south of it, having practically retained their shape. This would seem to indicate that, while the spot has changed in color, it has not, by any means, ceased to exist; the conditions which for years have enabled it to force the belts outwards as they drifted past, being, apparently, still in full play. Indeed, there is reason to believe that in color, at least, the spot is variable, and that, in course of time, the former color will re-appear.

Some of the English publications have been noticing the proposition that The British Association should again meet in Canada—this time at Toronto. It seems that the subject was brought by Professor Mavor before the Association, at its annual meeting recently held, and that it was intimated that if the Canadians would again contribute towards the expenses of the members, such a meeting might be held in the near future. The meeting in 1894 will be held at Oxford. There are civic candidates for the place of assemblage in 1895, but the Association left the matter open, possibly that Canada might be heard from.

In November, Mercury will be an evening star, and may, for a few evenings in the earlier half of the month, be visible at a very low altitude in the West. Venus will continue to be an evening star, but will not be a good object in telescopes, being too near the horizon. Her phase is changing from half-full to a crescent. On the evening of November 12th she will be close to the new moon, and both will form brilliant objects. Mars is practically invisible. Jupiter is still the most splendid object in the early Eastern night sky, and is visible nearly all night. He is splendidly placed just now for careful study. Saturn and Uranus are too near the sun to be visible. Neptune may now be observed under the most favorable circumstances. He is in Taurus, on a direct line between the stars iota and epsilon, and about one-fifth of the distance from iota.—G. E. L.

BOOK NOTICES.

The United States: An Outline of Political History. 1492–1871. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1893. Crown 8vo., pp. 312.

It is not necessary to speak particularly of the literary style of this volume. It is enough to say that it is in every respect worthy of the reputation which the accomplished author has so long enjoyed as one of the greatest living masters of English composition. Then, in addition to the graces of a finished style, he has evinced in every part of the work the fulness of his information. If Dr. Smith has not, to any great extent, played the part of an original investigator, he has evidently availed himself very fully of the labors of the historians who have preceded him. His work is the result of large reading, and of much thought. It is a marvel of condensation. And for such as have not the time to read what may be regarded as its sources, this compendium of the political history of that part of the continent included in the United States, will be a great boon. And even to such as have read the books from which the information contained in this volume is drawn, it will afford valuable assistance in enabling them to systematize the knowledge which they have acquired, so as to give them a more complete mastery of it than they would otherwise have had.

Dr. Goldwin Smith admits what probably no candid student of history would be disposed to deny, that the separation of the American Colonies from the Mother Country, sooner or later, was inevitable; but he has candor enough to point out that the reasons for the revolt were unworthy, petty and insincere. In fact, his reading of the history of the Revolution, is anything but favorable to the Revolutionary fathers. Samuel Adams, who was the fomenter of the quarrel in New England, "had failed in business as a malster and as a tax-collector, but had succeeded as a political agitator, and has found a shrine in American history as a patriot saint." Patrick Henry, chief fomenter of the quarrel in the South, "was a bankrupt at twenty-three, and lounged in thriftless idleness till he found that though he could not live by industry, he could live by his eloquent tongue." Indeed, he finds little to admire in any of them except Washington himself. He "was to the Confederacy, all in all. Without him it would have been ten times lost, and the names of the politicians who had drawn the country into the conflict would have gone down to posterity linked with defeat and shame. History has hardly a stronger case of an indispensable man."

One can scarcely wonder, in view of the cold-blooded manner in which Dr. Goldwin Smith has dissected these men, that our kinsmen in the United States find his book a hard pill to swallow. What he says of the barbarous treatment of the Loyalists at the close of the Revolutionary War does not make the dish which he has proposed for them any more palatable. And his exposure of the unworthy motives which led to the attempted conquest of Canada in 1812, and the disastrous results to which it led, will certainly not add to the popularity of the work on the other side of the border. This war was wholly without excuse. But there was, as it appeared to Clay and those who were led by him, a tempting opportunity to inflict a telling blow upon England and to make an easy conquest of Canada. "England was sorely pressed in the struggle with Napoleon. Of her allies, none were left but the Spanish people and Russia, which Napoleon was preparing to invade. The opportunity for striking her was tempting, and Canada seemed an easy prey. The prospect of sharing Napoleon's victories would also have its attraction, nor is there anything in the violence of a brutal tyranny uncongenial to the violence of such a democracy as that of young Clay."

If these and other kindred unpalatable truths needed to be told, Dr. Goldwin Smith was perhaps as suitable a person as any other to tell them. If the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race is to be restored, the end upon which his heart is set and for which he writes, it is perhaps well that the influences which were at work bringing about its disruption should be as fully understood as possible. It is just possible that this, like a great many other well-intentioned efforts put forth in the same interest, may have an entirely different effect than that which was contemplated by the author. Americans will not love England more because the men who laid the foundation of the republic took a mean advantage of her in the day of her sore trial, and the motives by which they were actuated were unworthy and dishonorable. And it will scarcely have the effect of inducing Canadians to rush into the arms of a country that, not only unnaturally, without adequate cause, turned its weapons upon the mother who bore it, but has continued its rancour toward her unto this day.—W. S. B.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1893. No. 2.

OUR MILITIA.

BY LIEUT.-COL. O'BRIEN, M.P.

THE maintenance of a military force for defence against foes from without, and for the preservation of order within, has at all times, and in all countries, been accepted as a necessary condition of national existence. And till the practical teaching of Christianity rules the world, preparation for self-defence, and readiness to endure all that it may impose, will continue to be among the first of national necessities. Canada offers no exception to the rule. We have assumed national responsibilities, and we must be prepared to accept all the conditions by which they are accompanied. To this proposition all parties in the State must be held to be assenting, as a little consideration will show. Those who desire the existing state of things to continue, are aware that a certain expenditure for military purposes is one of the terms of the contract. Those who look forward to independence, must accept the undertaking of the defence of the country as a necessary condition of national existence. Those who advocate Imperial Federation base their scheme upon our assuming our full share of Imperial defence. And even the annexationist, if any such exist, must admit, that were Canada to become a portion of the Union, the expenditure on State militia, and in support of the regular army, would be a far heavier burden than that now imposed upon us for maintaining the militia of the Dominion.

And not only do reason and experience concur in these conclusions; the temper and spirit of the people demand that practical effect shall be given to them. Our history, from the earliest times, proves the existence of a vigorous warlike sentiment, which finds expression in the voluntary effort by which our militia is maintained, and which, on various occasions, has carried our forces triumphantly through the trials of actual conflict.

With these premises established, the duty of the statesman is to consider by what means, and in what manner, the greatest military efficiency can be attained with the least expenditure of money, both *maximum* and *minimum* being regulated by the political conditions existing, and the available resources of the country.

The conditions are:—an enormous territory with an extensive frontier, vulnerable throughout its whole length of three thousand miles; and a sparse and scattered population. The means are simply what is grudgingly spared from a revenue required to administer the affairs and develop the resources of this vast territory; the portion al-

lowed for military expenditure never having exceeded the annual sum of twenty-five cents per head of the population—the lowest proportion of revenue devoted to defensive purposes which can be found in any civilized country.

Clearly then a military system suited to such conditions must be one sufficiently elastic to embrace, in case of need, the whole of the population capable of bearing arms. A small body of men, however well equipped, however highly trained, and however well disciplined, would obviously be of no use for the defence of a country so situated. It must be sufficiently developed to be capable of rapidly and easily extending its organization just as far as the necessity of the case may require, and the material at its disposal permit. It must, as far as its means will allow, keep in working order the nucleus or skeleton of a force which, existing throughout the land, will be continually imparting some knowledge of the art of war, keeping alive the military spirit, and interesting all places and all classes in maintaining its efficiency. Now this is exactly what our present military system *does* accomplish.

Having a regiment in every city and county in the Dominion, besides cavalry and artillery, by the simple expedient of raising the strength of companies to one hundred men, our present organization would give us an effective force of nearly one hundred thousand rank and file, requiring only the same number of staff and regimental officers at present commissioned. By adding a second or reserve battalion to each of these regiments, this force could be doubled without any necessity for enrolling the reserve militia, which could be best used to fill vacancies in the active militia, as required. Having its regimental headquarters in every city or county, and its company headquarters in the country towns and villages, not only are local interests enlisted in support of the forces, and a local *esprit de corps* created, but, from the number of men passing through the force, and obtaining thereby some knowledge of drill and discipline, a general familiarity with what may be called "soldiering" constantly exists, the military spirit is kept alive, and thus what, in one respect, seems the weakness of the force, supplies an element of strength. It is true that the force thus constituted, and at present existing, is, in many respects, very "unfinished." Both officers and men, especially the latter, have much to learn before they are fit for service, but the foundation is laid, and a great deal has been accomplished, both in the way of organization and instruction. In every corps there are a number of drilled men, who stick to it from pure love of the work, who set an example, and give a pattern to the recruit, who teach him his duties, and are competent for the position of non-commissioned officers, and who are also sufficiently numerous to take up and discharge all duties, if the regiment is called out, while the recruits are being instructed. The result is that, speaking of the force generally, a regiment can be mustered, moved from one place to another, and marched into camp, can pitch its tents, mount its guards and pickets, issue and cook its rations, be amenable to discipline, and make progress in drill and knowledge of all duties, under the instruction of its own officers, in a manner that shows how great is the aptitude of the Canadian youth for the work of a military life—how quickly he learns, how readily he obeys. Now by what other system that can be devised will results so satisfactory be achieved at so small a cost to the country?

The system is also one of natural growth and development, and, in that, we have the best evidence of its being suited to the habits and tastes of the people, as well as to the requirements of the country. Beginning in 1855, with a few scattered companies called

into existence by the patriotism of a few individuals, it has steadily advanced till it has attained the position of a truly national force—Her Majesty's army in Canada. This growth is mainly due to the same cause which gave it birth—the patriotic spirit of the people. Neither to the officers nor men who compose it does it offer any advantage, either social, political or pecuniary. On the contrary, membership in it is rather a hindrance than a benefit. It involves loss of time and loss of money, as well as a good deal of work. By politicians, it is looked upon as a political necessity. They grudge an expenditure which yields no chance of profit, and serves no party end. Yet the force is so popular in the country that they do not dare to meddle with it. The employers of labor give it no encouragement, and their men who join it do so at the risk of losing their places, as well as their time and their money. Yet under such conditions it lives, and it grows, and could at any time be largely extended. Nor is it a mere holiday force. It has always been ready for war. It rushed to arms to meet the Fenian invasion in 1866, and in 1885 it found in the North-West campaign something of the hardships and dangers of actual warfare.

If this view of the subject be the correct one—if the force as at present constituted not only best fulfils the conditions so obviously essential to any successful attempt to provide for the defence of the country—and if it is also best suited to the habits and ideas of the people, it is surely the part of wisdom to encourage and develop it—to find out its deficiencies and to endeavor to remedy them, rather than to suggest changes which would entirely alter its character, and endanger its stability.

Its deficiencies are many, most of them apparent, and all capable of remedy. The most obvious and important is that the period of service is so short, and that even during that short period, sufficient time for instruction is not given. Men engage for three years, and during that period they *may* attend only one annual drill (I am speaking now of the rural battalions), and at most they can only attend two. To lengthen the period of service would be of no avail, for except in time of actual warfare it is useless to attempt to *compel* men to remain in the force, especially under the present system of drill. But, in the first place, the drill should be annual, which is obviously the great desideratum, and, in the second, some inducement in the shape of increased pay, however small, should be given to men who, after continuous service for three years, re-enlist for another term.

At present the man who remains in the force, and is an efficient soldier, so far as it is possible for him to become one, is entitled to no more consideration than the man who only joins for the annual drill, and is perhaps never seen again. As has been already remarked, the constant changes in the force which seem to be such a source of weakness have this countervailing advantage that they diffuse a knowledge of drill and discipline among the population, which is never altogether lost, and in case of emergency these men would be the first to come forward to fill the ranks. The proposals above made, viz., annual instead of biennial drill, and increased pay for extended service, simply involve an increase, and not a very large increase, of expenditure—an expenditure which would go directly into the pockets of the men, and which I believe Parliament would cheerfully vote.

Some inducement should also be held out to captains of companies to keep their companies together, and drill their men as often as possible. At present the captain who brings an entirely raw and undrilled lot of men to camp is on as good a footing, as regards his allowances, as the cap-

tain who, having been assiduous during the year, keeping an eye upon his men, and holding evening drills as often as possible, as many do, brings to camp a company, including perhaps many recruits, yet having a backbone of fairly drilled men, which makes all the difference as regards its usefulness and efficiency. To meet this difficulty it is suggested that the payment of the allowance for drill instruction should be contingent upon the company being up to a certain standard of efficiency.

The period of drill, nominally twelve days—really only nine, is too short. It is better than nothing, which is all that can be said, and it is surprising how much is done in the time ; but just as the men have got well used to camp life, and have got over the least interesting part of their instruction, they are sent away.

This is also a question of money, but the increased amount required would double the value of what is now spent. Even an additional five days would be of immense service, and might be made the most popular as well as instructive portion of the drill.

While on this subject I may add that the rations for the men are barely sufficient, and the deficiency, into the details of which I need not here enter, could best be supplied by a small money allowance, paid through the captains of companies, to be expended by the men themselves, in some additions to their messing, which would be very grateful, and make the annual camps much more popular. A very small sum would suffice.

A second class of deficiencies comes under the head of organization. The force remains in exactly the same form in which it was left by Col. Robertson Ross. He found it a number of isolated and independent companies. He left it a number of isolated and independent battalions; and so it has remained ever since. Why should not the organization be extended to Brigades, if not to Divisions, with their proper and complete staff, such as would be required on active service, and such as has to be improvised at every camp of instruction ? It would cost no more than at present, and would be found of great service, if the force were ever called out. Another and serious defect in the working of our system is, that the schools of instruction, especially those for the infantry, do not answer the purpose for which they were instituted to anything like the extent which they should, considering the charge which they are upon the country, and the requirements of the force. The tendency of the militia department is to regard them as a military force in themselves, distinct from the regular militia, with special privileges and distinctions, instead of treating them simply as that for which they were intended—schools for the instruction of officers and non. com. officers of the active militia. As at present conducted they are growing less and less adequate for this purpose, while the expense attending them is constantly increasing. They are a heavy charge upon the sum voted for the militia, while not of corresponding advantage. For the sum they cost they ought to be able to give all the instruction that is needed ; but in this they largely fail. Their usefulness is now limited to the amount of barrack accommodation which they can give to attached officers and men, while they ought to be able to receive and instruct all those that apply for and are entitled to instruction. They must open their doors very much wider, or some other method of instruction must be found, so as to meet at less cost the necessities of the service. And also the men of these permanent *corps*, as they are now called, must be more available for the purpose of instruction than they have been hitherto. Larger attendance at instruction parades; more men and less rope ; more men on parade and fewer on fatigue and garrison

duty, is what is required. There is no fault to find with the instruction that is given, or the style of men that the schools turn out, but they must extend their sphere of action, and be more alive to their proper and legitimate duties, or the consequences will be serious. There are various and obvious ways in which an improvement can be effected, and they are respectfully suggested to the consideration of the authorities.

Of the military college at Kingston, which is also a charge upon the militia, one would desire to speak in the most respectful terms. As a school for the training of young men it is, perhaps, the best in the Dominion, and as such, as well as in some respects peculiar to itself, it is of great service to the country. But the question may fairly be asked: Of what practical benefit is it to the militia? That, under certain circumstances, it might be a benefit, will be readily admitted, but is there no way in which it could be made a direct benefit under existing circumstances? Could not its methods of instruction be made available for the active force? Could it not in other ways be brought more into direct connection with it? These are questions which are also submitted for the consideration of the minister and his advisers.

The foregoing remarks—brief and necessarily imperfect, written in no spirit of partizanship, and, it is hoped, without prejudice—are based upon an experience of nearly thirty years' connection with the active force, during which time the writer has had more than ordinary opportunities of observing the merits, as well as the demerits, of the present system. His object has been not unduly to exalt that system, but, believing it is the one best suited to the country, to show how it can be improved and rendered more effective; not going into details, but pointing out the principles by which this can be brought about. That, in order to accomplish anything, some increase of expenditure will be required, is admitted. But the increased expenditure will greatly increase the value of what is now spent, and largely wasted; and with the increased expenditure that in some respects is required, reductions in others may be effected.

One question of importance—to which attention has been drawn by General Herbert—the distinction between the rural and urban portions of the force, has not been touched upon, and what has been said refers almost entirely to the former. As at present constituted, the city battalions partake more of the nature of military clubs than of a working force. This is not said by way of disparagement either of the system on which they are conducted, or of the spirit which animates them, but because it is clear that on active service, while the spirit would remain, the system would be no longer practicable; the whole force would necessarily be placed upon the same footing, and the distinction between the two branches which now exists would at once disappear. At the same time, it does seem invidious that the rural battalions should be in an inferior position, as regards drill and training, to their city comrades, and, therefore, necessarily appear at a disadvantage when brought together. This is one of the many changes for the better that drilling the whole force annually would effect.

There are many minor matters in connection with the force upon which a great deal might be said. Arms are obsolete, and largely defective from long and often careless usage. The clothing might be much improved, and with economy, too; and of the equipment it is no exaggeration to say that it is almost useless. A new rifle is required, the simpler and more easily managed the better, and a new rifle would certainly involve equipment to match. The clothing, as far as it goes, is all right, but a working suit for camp and fatigue duties, suitable to

our summer climate, would be comfortable for the men, and effect a saving in the wear of the full-dress uniform; and some suitable uniform head-dress should be devised and issued. These matters, however, may be left for the consideration of the staff. The country, and Parliament as representing it, having adopted the principle that the maintenance of a military force is a necessary part of our national expenditure, should see that that expenditure is so made as to produce the most effective results, even though from time to time some additional outlay may be required.

THE STRANGE VESSEL.

QUEBEC, 1759.

And no one saw, while it was dark,
The outline of that sweeping barque,
Without a flag or light;
And no one counted, one by one,
Upon her decks, each silent gun,
That glimmered through the night.

And far above the water's swell,
Upon a guarded citadel,
Arose the laugh of men;
But some upon the ramparts there,
Felt Evil hurrying through the air,
And never laughed again.

The creak of sail, the dip of oar,
Were heard by none upon the shore;
And in the forest vale
None knew the ambush that was kept,
Nor saw a thousand men, who crept
Along the narrow trail.

When day at last was breaking forth,
There came two eagles flying north,
And on the morn awoke
The solemn pageantry of war,
And o'er the shining hills afar
Floated the rolling smoke.

—E. H. STAFFORD.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

BY JOHN S. EWART, Q.C.

In the July number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I pleaded for liberty of thought and opinion. As one argument, I suggested that possibly even the cockiest bigot might be wrong; and I mentioned a few out of the millions of opinions that had already gone to the ditch. Might his not go, too? "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it *possible* you may be mistaken." After seven pages, I summarized the proposition to which I had "been endeavoring to win assent," as follows:—"(1) That human thought is, even the best of it, upon social and religious questions, far from infallible; (2) That other people of equal intelligence, who honestly differ with us, are as likely to be right as we are; (3) That religious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable . . .; (4) That the true policy, with reference to all *such* questions, is that of perfect liberty; for the *onus* of proving the harmfulness of opposing opinion cannot be discharged." Then follow four pages wherein I applied these principles to the schools.

The Rev. Dr. Bryce, in the September number, makes reply, and that in the very simplest manner possible. He puts into my pages opinions and contentions that are not there, and, so far as I am aware, I never entertained; and then, without much effort, victoriously confutes them. He might have spared himself the confutation, for the poor, miserable things, with all possible shifts, straddles, and devices, could never have stood upright, even if left alone. The worthy Doctor would have accomplished all his purpose, had he contented himself with saying, in a single sentence, "Mr. Ewart's whole article is a foolish defence of the geocentric theory." My discomfiture would thus have been sufficiently apparent to all men, without wasting pages to disprove the antiquated absurdity.

Not that Dr. Bryce had the slightest intention of misrepresenting me. He is merely a singularly good example of that "incapacity to appreciate and sympathetically understand an opinion contrary to his own," to which I referred in July. Instead of either understanding my argument, or telling me that it was something "no fellow could understand," he flings a heap of wretched inanities at me, saying: Your opinion is that "my right is your wrong; my wrong is your right. One for me is as good as the other for you. *There is no fixed right.* There is no hope of reaching a common standard . . . Plainly Mr. Ewart believes there is no common standard of opinion; that *there can be no concensus of right*; that there can be no invariable principle in man which can serve as a basis of agreement, and hence of truth. That being the case, then each must be allowed to believe and *act* as he likes. Absolute, unrestrained liberty *to do* as he may choose must be given him. He might just as well have added, "And Mr. Ewart believes that alligators are Divine emanations, and ought to be protected with forty-five per cent." He seems to say:—

> "As for you,
> Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true."

In order to justify his ascription to me of these absurdities, Dr. Bryce quotes four passages from my article. They are as follows (numbered and italicised):—

FIRST PASSAGE.—"*If we cannot decide (and Mr. Ewart says we cannot*

decide)*whether the opinions are harmful or innocent, A has as much right to have his way as B, has he not?*" What opinions was I alluding to? Whether alligators are emanations, or not? Whether A. is to have "absolute and unrestrained liberty to *do* as he may choose," or not? No, neither of them; but whether atheistical opinions are so certainly harmful to society as to warrant the State in suppressing them. That is what I said could not be decided. Was I not right?

SECOND PASSAGE:—"*Your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect than are the opinions of others.*" If Dr. Bryce refuses to admit "that other people of equal intelligence, who honestly differ with him, are as likely to be right as he is," then, in all politeness, I shall make an exception in his favor. With this qualification, I believe the statement to be perfectly accurate. Nevertheless I will reverse it entirely, if he wishes, and say that every person's opinions *are* entitled to "greater deference and respect than are the opinions of others." But it must be understood that the change was made to oblige Dr. Bryce. Plato, more modest than the Doctor, would have said: (*a*) "To be absolutely sure of the truth of matters concerning which there are many opinions is an attribute of the Gods, not given to man, stranger; but I shall be very happy to tell you what I *think*."

THIRD PASSAGE:—"*Religious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable; the true policy with reference to all such questions is perfect liberty.*" With the same understanding I will reverse this, too. I shall say: Religious questions are *not* "in the category of the debatable;" that from the time of Elijah and the prophets of Baal, down to the time of Prof. Briggs and Prof. Campbell, they never have been debated. I shall further say that "the true policy with reference to all such questions is" *not* that of liberty at all, perfect or otherwise; but that of the Doctor's Confession of Faith in the words following: "The civil magistrate . . . hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the church; that the truth of God be kept pure and entire; that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed; all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented, or reformed; and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed. For the better effecting thereof, he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the mind of God."

It must, however, again be most distinctly understood that the change was made to oblige Dr. Bryce. (I find myself still muttering something like "*E pur si muove.*")

FOURTH PASSAGE:—"*In the name of liberty, I would say to the parents: Certainly you have the right to teach, or have taught, to your children anything you like, so long as you can agree about it.*" Robbed of all its own context, and surrounded with a totally different one, this sentence might be taken to mean, that I thought that parents were acting quite properly, did they teach their children "Falsehoods, thieveries, iniquities, injustice, disloyalty, anarchic tendencies." With its own context it is plainly limited to Imperial Federationism, Militarism, Pietism, Sabbatarianism, Anti-alcoholism, and every other ism *of such like* you can think of.

These are the four quotations to prove that one of my principles must be that "absolute, unrestrained liberty to *do* as he may choose must be given him." Of course they are laughably worthless for that purpose; but they serve excellently another (probably not intended), namely, to show with what extraordinary fitness the Doctor selected, for his opening page, the words "Lord, thou knowest gif I dinna gae richt, I'll gang far wrang." In

(*a*) Laws, Bk. I.; Jowett's Trans. IV., 172.

future he can apostrophise all Canada as well.

But he goes much further "wrang" than this. Having tripped up quite successfully the rickety Aunt Sallys, that the first passing butterfly would have tumbled over, he proceeds to enunciate three propositions which he says are "in opposition to these views." Three propositions—every one of them as certain, as well-known, and as broad-based as Ararat, Blanc or his own Nevis! Three propositions—and not one of them in opposition to anything—so far as my views are concerned. On the contrary, while the first of them is as irrelevant as would be any proposition in Euclid, the other two are among the foundations of my July argument. These are the three (numbered consecutively and italicized):—

I. "*That the State has a right to form, and enforce, an opinion, at variance with the opinions of many of its subjects.*" Why this platitude, rather than any other—"Some things are good to eat," for example—I cannot imagine. "The State has a perfect right to form, and enforce an opinion" *upon some matters* "at variance with the opinions of many of its subjects," is, surely, what the Doctor intends. He does not mean that the State ought to form, and enforce, an opinion upon *all* matters—upon the literary value of the Psalms, upon the use of meat on fast-days, upon attendance at church, etc. He does not advocate (probably) the return to Acts of Conformity, and Test Acts. His proposition, if intended to be universal, is unquestionably wrong. If intended to be limited, it is perfectly correct, but at the same time perfectly worthless; for there always remains to be proved, that the matter under discussion *is* one of those upon which the State may form and enforce an opinion. "Far wrang!"

II. "*The writer further contends that the State, being founded on justice, may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects.*" Most certainly, Doctor; that is what I was hitting at, and you were objecting to, when I said: "A has as much right to have his way as B., has he not?" "Your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect, than are the opinions of others;" and "The true policy with reference to all such questions is perfect liberty." A few pages ago you said that "these are the elementary principles of anarchy." What do you think of them now? "No special privileges to any class of its subjects,"—let us adhere to that, for it is good.

And it is not in the least opposed to my views, as the Doctor seems to think. He says: "What does Mr. Ewart propose? He proposes that the people of Manitoba should have their public schools, and that one denomination should be singled out, and be allowed to teach their 'isms,' in certain schools, to be controlled by them." To which I can only reply that I never proposed any such thing; or anything having the faintest resemblance to it, and that the whole drift of my article is entirely opposed to any such notion, and directly contrary to any such contention. "Far wrang!" "Far wrang!"

The Doctor tries in another way to make it appear that my purpose is as he alleges. He says that I "was most strenuous, when pleading the Roman Catholic position before the courts, in insisting that Episcopalians and Presbyterians had no rights in the same way." Which is to say, that because I argued as to the meaning of certain words, in a certain statute, therefore my contention must be that that statute, with that certain meaning, upon abstract principles is just and good. Far, "far wrang" again! A lawyer might argue as to the meaning of one of Dr. Bryce's sermons surely, without being compelled to justify it? But the Doctor is wrong, not only in his logic, but in his facts. I did not so argue, for I was not even

engaged in the case in which the question was debated. Once more "far wrang!"

Why does not the Doctor tell me that my real object is to destroy all belief in an isosceles triangle? And why, at all events, does he not doggedly adhere to that method of arguing, rather, at all events, than change to another very much worse? For, on the whole, I would much rather be told that I had said something that I did not, than have it alleged that the "mild, gentle-faced tolerance that Mr. Ewart pleads for, is not the reality for which he is arguing." This means, either that I am endeavoring to mislead, or that I do not know what I am arguing for—sufficiently uncomfortable horns both of them. I take comfort, however, in the fact that it is the "far wrang" Professor that so charges me, and the chances are infinity to one that he is "far wrang" again.

But what is this dreadful, or evasive, "reality, for which" I am arguing—this thing too horrible to mention, or too elusive for common apprehension? Veritably this: a desire to place the schools "under the control of the church"—that is, under the same kind of control as is the college in which Dr. Bryce has spent the best part of his life, as a most worthy and estimable professor! He sees nothing improper in *his* school being governed by a church, but deems the design of a similar government for other schools, a purpose altogether too heinous for public acknowledgment. Were he the Professor of "far wrang" (and I do not think he ever did lecture on exegesis), he could not go much further "wrang" than this, surely? He may endeavor to distinguish. He will say that his school is sustained by private subscription. The distinction does not appeal to me as having much validity. Some of my income goes directly to the support of his school, and some of it indirectly (through the tax-collector), to the support of the other schools. To me, it is either well, or ill, that all these schools should be under church government—well or ill, that is, for the pupils. Whence come the salaries, can, by no means, affect the benefit or disadvantage to the children. He may urge, too, that theology is taught in his college, and that there is, therefore, for it, a necessity for church-government. But I do not refer to the theological department of his college, which, in numerical proportion, is but an adjunct of it; but to the larger body of the institution, the part in which the Doctor himself labors so successfully—to the ordinary every-day school for general education. Is church government for such schools well, or ill, Doctor? You spend a little of your time arguing for the suppression of them, because (1) "the only hope for the province was to * * have a vigorous effort made to raise up a homogeneous Canadian people;" and (2), "in order to make us a united people, a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient;" and you employ the main energies of your life in working in, and seeking support for, a particular school of that very class. I know that you can distinguish again, and that your church is always right, and the others always wrong; so do not tell me that. But, "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be" gone "far wrang!"

I say that this, the second of the Doctor's propositions, is not only not opposed to my views, but that it is one of the foundations of my July argument; and I further say that it is entirely opposed to the action of the Manitoba Government.

Let us suppose that there are in a community three classes of persons, each with desires and ideas in reference to education. There are (A) those who desire it to be purely secular; (B) those who desire to have a certain spice, or flavor, of religion in it; and (C) those who desire to have it distinctly religious-history-taught, as in the Old Testament (God acting all the time), and not as in Gibbon (chance

and circumstance at play). And now, Doctor, what I want to know is: How, upon the "no special privilege" plan, you pick out B, and determine that *he* must have his way? Do you say that B is in the majority? Very well, then we must amend our principle, and say "that the State may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects," *except the majority.* Is it right now? If you think so, take it down to Quebec, set it to work, and watch it a little while. You will change your mind!

III. The last of the broad-based propositions (said to be opposed to my contentions), for which the Rev. Doctor contends is, "*That religion is outside of State interference, unless religion invade the State's domain.*" But this is *not* opposed to my contentions. On the contrary it is one of them, and the one to which I constantly make appeal as against the action of the Manitoba Legislature. What did that Legislature do? There were two sets of schools in existence—in one was a little religion suitable to Protestants, and in the other a little more religion suitable to Catholics. Under such circumstances, if the Doctor desires to know "What could patriotic Manitobans do?" I can have no objection to say, that if in the name of patriotism (or of all biology), they felt bound to abolish the one set of schools, and to strengthen the other, they could not have hit upon a more stupid reason for their action than that "religion [*all* religion that is] is outside of State interference." Any first-come law of dynamics (the science which treats of the action of *force*), would have been much more appropriate. Surely, far "far wrang!"

For religion has not been removed from the schools. Episcopalian and Presbyterian Synods thank God annually that it is still there; while Roman Catholics bemoan its character. At present religion is taught, but taught perfunctorily, indirectly, circuitously, and as though people were ashamed of it. This may be taught, and that may not. The Bible may be read, but it must be read "without note or comment." The meaning of words probably cannot be given; the local customs, or notions, must not be referred to; the connection with the previous chapter must not be pointed out. Christ's life is to be read in this foolish fashion, and in detached snatches, with a minimum of ten verses at a time; but no one must say a word to help the children to understand or appreciate it. All which, to my mind, is worse than making a fetish of the Bible; it is making a bore and an annoyance of it Why does not some Educationist propose that History or Philosophy be taught in the same way? There must be no note or comment on the Bible; but, on the other hand, some of the means to be employed for "instruction in moral principles," are "stories, memory-gems . . . didactic talks, teaching the Ten Commandments, etc." Should the Professor again write upon the School question, I beg of him to tell us, (1) Whether, working under these prescriptions, religion is, or is not, taught in the schools; (2) Whether religion ought to be taught in the schools; and (3) If yea, how it comes that his maxim, "that religion is outside of State interference," leads to State-directed religion in State schools. And let me anticipate one of his replies: "Yes, there is religion in the schools, but it is purely of a non-sectarian character." I shall still (1) ask him to apply his maxim, or to submit to its amendment, so that it shall read "Religion, *other than non-sectarian religion*, is outside of State interference;" but further, (2) I shall beg him to remember (as said D'Israeli) that, "a non-sectarian religion is a new religion." "Non-sectarian" is it? Look at the "Form of Prayer," and tell me if any Jew or Unitarian would join in it. Read at one sitting a Presbyterian and a Roman Catholic catechism; and see what they would respectively make of "teaching the Ten Commandents."

Will Dr. Bryce say that he would consent to Roman Catholics, in their way, "teaching the Ten Commandments" to Protestant children? Of course he will not, but he thinks it quite right in the name of "patriotism," and of "homogeneity," and of "a united people," to require Roman Catholic children to take their ideas from Protestant teachers. As he says, "a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient." "Far wrang!" "Far wrang!" Toujours perdrix!

One more effort to make myself understood. In my July article, quoting from Dr. Bryce, I said, that of the Catholic school districts, "all but a very small percentage, are in localities almost entirely French." And I added, "Manitoba has said to a large section of her people": Unless you undertake to stop teaching your own religion, to your own children, in schools to which no one goes except those of your own faith, we will not permit you to organize yourselves together for the instruction of those in whose education the whole community has a decided interest." This is too true to be denied, and the Doctor does not deny it. He contents himself with denying the motive which actuated it. Let the motive go; there is the fearful fact. Catholics *are* thrown upon voluntary effort, and subscription, *unless they will abandon that which is to them a sacred duty.* If this be not intolerance and persecution, then the world never saw those horrid monsters and never will see them.

Dr. Bryce helps me splendidly here: "Probably most would say that should Roman Catholics or others desire to educate their children in private schools at their own expense, so long as illiteracy does not result it would be well to allow it." There are three conditions—(1) "private schools"; (2) "at their own expense;" and (3) "so long as illiteracy does not result." The difference between private and public schools (apart from expense) is that in the latter there is public inspection and oversight, a common standard, control by the vote of the people. It could be no reason for *not* allowing Roman Catholics to educate their children that they were willing to permit public inspection and oversight, to adopt the common standard, and to substitute control by the people for control by the church. Upon the contrary, this would evidently remove an objection quite formidable to many minds, and make Manitobans all the more willing, one would think, to allow the Roman Catholics to proceed in their own way. Shall we, therefore, rub out the first condition? By so doing we shall also dispose of the third, shall we not? Where are we now? We have Catholics in public schools, under public regulation, governed by the people, working up to a common standard. Well, then, the only condition left is—"at their own expense," and they (*mirabile dictu*) unanimously reply, "Why, certainly! We do not want a sixpence of anybody's money but our own." What do they propose? Merely this, (they are not beggars, although most of them are poor), that they should be allowed to organize *themselves* for the purpose of taxing *themselves* to raise money for *their own* schools.

Take an example. In the district of X. there is an exclusively Roman Catholic population. Up to 1890 there was a State school there. To-day there is none. (This is what is known as providing "one public school for each locality.") The people, therefore, pay no taxes for school purposes at all. They contribute voluntarily, but not in a sufficiently systematic way, for the purpose of providing private education for their children. They want power to tax themselves, in order better to support their schools—schools which shall have all the qualities of public schools. And Manitobans ("as Mr. Ewart knows, are a generous people") reply: "Certainly you may do so, but upon one condition. You must promise to

read the Bible 'without note or comment' of any kind, and either refrain from teaching religion altogether, or else adopt and teach this emasculated thing called 'non-sectarian religion.' This is our ultimatum. Accept, or go and be hanged—you and your children." "A patriotic love of our province demands this expedient," coolly adds Dr. Bryce, seated comfortably in his study, and continues to act on the exact contrary of "this expedient."

In addition to the right to tax themselves, and as something which Manitobans may or may not, according to their sense of justice (no one asks for generosity), withhold, the Catholics further propose this: Out of public funds there is paid to each school a certain sum in aid of the amount raised by taxation. These public funds belong to the people, Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and "the State, being founded on justice, may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects." The people of district X say: Give us our share. We will conform to all your secular requirements, to inspections, to regulations, to standards; "Religion is outside of State interference;" leave it, therefore, outside of your regulations. Pay us our share, if in every respect we do the proper and efficient work of a secular school. And "generous" Manitobans reply: No; your school may be the best in the Province, but you will not get a cent if you comment on the Bible. When we said that "religion was outside of State interference," we meant that the State could quite properly interfere with the teaching of religion, and that, by one of the most drastic of penalties, namely, the threatened illiteracy of your children, it could with the most perfect justice, indeed, in the exercise of much generosity, prevent Catholics teaching Catholic children the Catholic religion in the only way in which Catholics believe it can effectively be done.

Let us dissect a little this seemingly simple proposition, "Religion is outside of State interference," and let us distinguish, because in *not* understanding it, simple as it is, lie many difficulties for many people. Guizot says[a] that Church and State have maintained four forms of relations to one another:—(1) "The State is subordinate to the Church;" (2) "It is not the State which is in the Church but the Church which is in the State;" (3) "The Church ought to be independent, unrestricted in the State; the State has nothing to do with her; the temporal power ought to take no cognizance of religious creeds;" (4) "The Church and the State are distinct societies, it is true, but they are at the same time close neighbors, and are nearly interested in one another; let them live separate but not estranged; let them keep up an alliance on certain conditions, each living to itself, but each making sacrifices for the other; in case of need each lending the other its support."

Many people apprehend clearly enough the two first situations, but the last are usually jargogled together. And yet what a wide difference between them. Under the one principle, a man-of-war goes to sea, and many of her crew go to their graves beneath the water, without the services or offices of a clergyman. Under the other, the State recognizes the *fact* of religion (although refusing to say anything as to its truth), and, among each ship's officers, places one of the spirituality. The State in this case has regard to the wants of the crew. Even as provision is made for food and raiment as wants, so provision is made for *de facto* spiritual wants. It may be considered by many to be a very foolish thing to wish to have a clergyman with you on a battle-ship; even as others think it very absurd to want "baccy" or grog. But the State recognizes the *existence* of these wants (not their wisdom), and

[a] Civilization in France, Lect. 3, Vol. I, p. 317, and see Lect. 12, Vol. II, p 27.

refuses the men neither the one nor the other. Again, under the one principle, the name of God, and everything which could suggest the fact of religion, is excluded from the schools. While under the other, the State takes cognizance of the existence of religion; and the wants of the parents respecting it are, so far as practicable, recognized and acceded to. The distinction is now, I think, sufficiently clear. Which of them is correct? To my mind, he who is actuated by the true spirit of liberty will undoubtedly choose the latter.

With this understanding, let us return to Dr. Bryce's proposition, "Religion is outside of State interference." By this is properly meant that, revolving as they do in different orbits, they ought not to collide with, or clash, or oppose one another. It does not mean that one can deny the existence of the other, or act as though it did not exist, or invade the territory of the other, saying, "Make way, for we must not collide." It means, so far as the State's action is concerned, that the *fact* that religion exists must be recognized; and that in so far as its orderly observance and propagation are concerned, it is "outside of State interference." Doctor Bryce himself concedes that "on the whole, the trend of modern thought is to allow as great liberty as possible to religious opinion."

Let us go back to District X. Prior to 1890, the school there was under State control and governance; the people taxed themselves to support the school; and, according to the secular work accomplished, they obtained the same assistance from public funds that other schools received. In addition to secular instruction, the children were taught the way of salvation, as believed by the parents of every child in the school. The State, true to principle, interposed no obstacle. It allowed as "great liberty as possible." It did not interfere. It did not oppose. It did not object. Then Manitobans ("as Mr. Ewart knows, a generous people") informed these poor parishioners, that unless they would cease telling the children about Jesus, they would be deprived of their organization, they would lose their share of the public moneys, and might get along as best, (or as worst,) they could. Since then, the Government (the people have not yet approved the step) has had the astounding hardihood to send agents to these poor people to sympathize with them, and to urge them to forego their conscientious convictions, in order that they may have the pecuniary advantages of which, for their religion's sake, they were deprived. Than this, history records nothing more intolerant, and, but that it is done without proper reflection, more base. I use the word deliberately. These people have been taught to believe, and do most thoroughly believe, that it is their duty to provide a certain kind of education for their children. It is not proposed to remove this belief by argument. It is proposed to tempt these people with money to act contrary to their belief. If the word "base" is not too strong to apply to the Judas who exchanges conscience for mere cash; does not the tempter who, to accomplish a base betrayal, appeals to the basest of motives, also richly merit the same word.

And is it not in the last degree extraordinary, that of all principles, social or scientific, mundane or divine, or other whatsoever, the one which most strongly and clearly condemns such gross interference with religious liberty—*Religion is outside of State interference*—is the very principle selected by Dr. Bryce to support it? We must leave him, venturing and proffering this suggestion, namely, that if at any time he does "heartily join in the prayer of that fellow-countryman, who pleaded for heavenly direction, saying, 'Lord, gif I dinna gae richt, Thou knowest I'll gang far wrang,'" the proper hymn for the occasion would be, in my humble opinion, "For those at sea"—far, far at sea. Failing relief

by this method, I am afraid nothing remains but the traditional surgical operation!

Si quid per jocum dixi, nolito in serium convertere; for

> Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
> To step aside is human.

The few passages of my July article which escaped misconstruction at the hands of Dr. Bryce, have, at those of Mr. Le Sueur shared the general fate. This latter gentleman seems to think that one of my contentions was, that because opinion might be erroneous, therefore we ought to "shun the responsibility of putting any of our opinions into practice." This is not my "therefore," nor the proper "therefore;" but this rather: that as our opinions *may* be erroneous, we ought not *unnecessarily* to ride rough-shod over the opinions of others—that while acting upon our opinions, we should proceed, not as if they were certain to be right, but *as if, possibly, they might be wrong;* and that, therefore, if, in our economy, scope can be left, or made, for the free play of contrary opinion, left or made it ought to be. A general may be of opinion that the enemy is 40,000 strong. He ought to act upon that opinion; but he would be a fool if he made no provision for a sudden reversal of his idea.

Suppose that the city of London determined to establish a number of public hospitals, and that there came to be determined the question of the system of medicine to be adopted. Alderman A proposes the allopathic system (which he *knows* to be the best), and has the majority on his side. Alderman B, who is an homœopathist, urges that many of the people are of his way of thinking; that, possibly, the majority may be wrong; and that both kinds of hospitals ought to be established, so that people of both opinions may be accommodated. Alderman A says. "Certainly not. The majority must act upon its opinion, and not be deterred by the fact that they may be entirely wrong. If homœopathists want special treatment they can have it at their own expense, and at other places." In such case, Alderman B, in my opinion, is, most undoubtedly, right. A is wrong, because he acts upon his opinion as though it were the "ultimate infallible credo." Is my meaning now clear?

This imagined case may be made further useful. Allopathic hospitals may be taken to represent Protestant schools, and homœopathic hospitals, Catholic schools. In such case Alderman C proposes that, inasmuch as the people are not agreed upon the question of medicine, there should not be any practice at all, of a sectarian character, in the hospitals. "We are all agreed," he says, "upon surgical matters; we are all agreed that nursing and low diet are beneficial in fever cases; there is much about which there is unanimity. There is a national mandate thus far. Let us, then, have non-sectarian hospitals, and if any patient wants more than that, let him pay for it out of his own pocket." Then, quoting Mr. Le Sueur, he adds: "Do not ask that the hospitals, which *all* agree, are not only useful, but necessary, shall be made subservient to the propagation of your peculiar ideas in these matters." Manitoba has established non-sectarian hospitals (as she chooses to call them), and many of the people will make no use of them. Could not Alderman B have given them a better idea?

Mr. Le Sueur gives me credit, also, for the "idea of handing over local minorities to local majorities, without any check from the general law of the land." My article was, as I understand it, one long argument *against* this idea—*against* the exercise of the power of majorities; and I am indebted to my critic for the great support which he gives me. The single sentence in my article which has led Mr. Le Sueur astray refers to *unanimities*, and not to majorities and minorities at all. "Practical unanimi-

ty," or the disregard of merely "eccentric, or isolated opinion," I, for one, can by no means translate into a "majority vote." And if I am asked, "What power does he look to, to check a school-district which, dispensing with practical unanimity, wants to introduce some fad into the school by a majority vote?" the answer is very simple: I look to the "check from the general law of the land," which my critic makes me say that I do not look to. I must have some little license to speak for myself.

Passing from these misconceptions, Mr. Le Sueur says that "the State may, therefore, be said to get a mandate to establish secular schools. Does the State get any similar mandate to teach theology in the schools?" I beg to recommend these sentences to Dr. Bryce, and to Manitobans in general. There is more point in them, I venture to say, than will be admitted; for they avoid the inconsistency of arguing from the principle of entire separation of Church and State, to the practice of teaching some certain limited religion in the schools, and the exclusion of a few degrees more of it. But Mr. Le Sueur is speaking beside the facts. If there was any mandate about which Manitobans were more emphatic than another, it was that the schools should *not* be secular. For the rest, the mandate of the majority was to continue non-sectarian schools, and the mandate of the minority to re-establish the old system. Mr. Le Sueur's argument, leading, as it does, to secular schools, therefore, may for present purposes be disregarded. The subject is interesting, but purely academic, so far as the pending controversy is concerned.

I have to thank Mr. Le Sueur for another sentence: "Liberty consists in being as little governed as possible, and in having the largest possible scope left for private initiative." Apply this to district X, and some scores of other districts in Manitoba. In them, the Catholics, if "governed as little as possible," will be required to keep their schools up to certain secular standards; and will not be forbidden (for it is unnecessary) to comment on the Bible-reading of the day, if unanimously they desire to do so. Am I not right? Is it in the name of liberty, or of tyranny, that all such comment, when unanimously desired, is by law stringently prohibited? Is this imposing the will of other people upon them, or is it freedom to act as they like?

Mr. Le Sueur is more successful, if I may be allowed to say so, when he advocates the rights of the Catholics to "be allowed to count themselves out," as he expresses it. Suppose this was done, and that the Catholics of district X applied for a charter under which they could organize themselves for the support of education. This would not, surely, be refused them, so long as every other good purpose is being aided in similar fashion. The charter having been granted, suppose that the Catholics in district X all became members of the Association, and agreed to pay certain rates per annum into the exchequer, and to charge their properties with the amounts, Mr. Le Sueur would, I think, see nothing wrong in all this. How far would he then be away from the separate school system? He will say that the arrangements would be purely voluntary. He is aware that in Ontario every Catholic must support the public schools unless he *voluntarily* supports some separate school. Make the law the same in Manitoba, and give each school district a separate charter, or provide for all by one general law, as you wish. That difference, if insisted upon, would not cause much grumbling or discontent. Mr. Le Sueur is, I think, more with me than with Dr. Bryce, to whom, nevertheless, he says, "Well done."

Winnipeg.

LA QUÊTE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS.

BY H. BEAUGRAND.

Il est né le divin Enfant,
Jouez hautbois ! Résonnez musette !
Il est né le divin Enfant.
Chantons tous son avènement.
(Old French Noël.)

I.

WHEN Fanfan Dalcour received a message from *M'sieu le Curé* of Lanoraie, asking him to call at the *presbytère* on the following Sunday, after Vespers, he hardly knew what to say, and hesitated for a moment or two before lifting his eyes towards the beadle, who stood waiting for an answer:

"Well, tell *M'sieu le Curé* that I will go;" and after another pause: "that's all."

"*Bonjour, M'sieu Fanfan.*"

"*Au revoir, père Landry!*"

Fanfan Dalcour was a robust and handsome young farmer, who had lately returned from the North-west country, where he had been hunting and trapping among the Indians and Half-breeds on the head waters of the Saskatchewan River.

His sudden departure from home, some two years before, had been connected with a scandal in the rural parish of Lanoraie, and since his return he had not yet been to pay his respects to the venerable old priest who had baptized him twenty years before.

Fanfan was sulking, and even appeared inclined to forego his allegiance to his old parish church. Instead of accompanying his father and mother to the church at Lanoraie, as he was wont to do with pride in the days of his boyhood, he had always, since his return, started alone before the others to go to the neighbouring village of Lavaltrie to perform his Sunday devotions. And that, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the old *curé*, who had always taken great interest in him, and who, probably, wanted to give him a bit of pastoral advice.

There was no way of avoiding the meeting since he had formally promised to go, and Fanfan began at once to build up a defensive argument against the reproaches that he thought would surely fall upon his guilty head.

II.

Fanfan Dalcour, from his earliest boyhood, had always been considered as a *protégé* of *M'sieu le Curé*, and specially so, when at the age of ten he became an *enfant de chœur*, with a black soutanelle and a little daintily plaited white muslin surplice that M'amselle Marguerite, the *curé's* housekeeper, had made expressly for him. He had then learned his catechism and made his first communion, and had soon become noted as the favorite altar boy who could most prettily make a bow and a genuflexion, and most carefully pour the wine out of the *burettes* for the holy sacrifice of the mass.

His father, Pierriche Dalcour, who was a well-to-do *habitant*, took great pride in the accomplishments of his son, and his heart fairly thumped with delight when, one evening at the service of the *Mois de Marie*, he recognized the voice of Fanfan leading the first verse of a sacred song to the Virgin:

Salut ! O Vierge immaculée !
Brilliante étoile du matin.

And Fanfan had also become the smartest pupil of the old village schoolmaster, and it had even been rumoured that he had begun to study Latin with the intention of going to college to become a priest, a lawyer, a doctor or a notary. But that was

only idle talk, and old Pierriche Dalcour declared that he wanted his first-born to stay at home to till the farm as he and his father and his forefathers had done for two hundred years before him, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. And that suited Fanfan's inclinations. He loved to rise with the lark in summer, and to work in the broad fields with the farm hands. In the evening he enjoyed boating and swimming in the waters of the big river that flowed lazily and majestically past his father's old homestead. He would shoot ducks and wild geese as they passed every spring and autumn in their regular migrations, and in winter time he loved to speed his horse on the polished surface of the ice-bound river. Fanfan had grown to be a strong, active lad who took the lead in all the sports of the parish, but as he reached manhood he remained faithful in his attendance at church, and in his gratitude for the unbounded kindness of *M'sieu le Curé.*

He had also become the leading singer in the church choir, and the whole congregation was proud of his deep, powerful voice when he led the *Kyrie Eleison*, the *Gloria in excelsis*, the *Credo* or the *Sanctus.*

III.

The old secular parish church of Lanoraie had ever been without an organ, and it was an eventful Sunday when *M'sieu le Curé* announced from the pulpit that, after due consultation with *ces messieurs du banc-d'œuvre,** he had come to the conclusion of purchasing an instrument in Montreal, and that it would be put up in the *jube,* during the following week, in time for the approaching Christmas celebration.

The daughter of the village trader, Juliette Leblanc, who had just completed her studies at the convent of Berthier, had volunteered her services as organist gratuitously, for the first year.

This naturally brought Fanfan Dalcour in contact with Juliette Leblanc, who was a pretty girl just budding into womanhood. And the usual result followed. *La vieille, vieille histoire* was repeated.

A few rehearsals became necessary before the inauguration of the organ, which would take place on the occasion of the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, and Fanfan and Juliette, who had merely known each other by sight from childhood, were now brought together almost every day for the purpose of choral practice and service organization.

Juliette Leblanc, who was naturally endowed with musical talents, had received a fairly good training from her teachers at school, and with much patience and a few days' hard work, she succeeded in preparing a *Messe Bordelaise* that was sure to create a sensation among the music-loving population of a French-Canadian parish.

Fanfan now assumed the duties of *maître-chantre* in the choir, and naturally took great pride in his new position.

Every thing was in readiness for *la messe de minuit*, and the church had been elaborately decorated and illuminated for the occasion. When the last stroke of the bell had finished tolling the midnight hour, every pew was filled with a pious and expectant congregation. A soft prelude was heard, and every one instinctively held breath to listen to Fanfan's voice, accompanied by the swelling chords of the organ, in the ancient canticle announcing the coming of the Messiah:

> Ça, bergers, assemblons-nous ;
> Allons voir le Messie.
> Cherchons cet enfant si doux
> Dans les bras de Marie.
> Je l'entends, il nous appelle tous,
> O sort digne d'envie !

M'sieu le Curé, who was putting on his sacred vestments in the *sacristie*,

* Literally "those gentlemen of the work bench." The expression is popularly used in French Canadian churches to designate the Board of Churchwardens.

stopped and wept like a child and declared that his *musique* was sweeter than any thing he had ever heard in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, in Montreal.

The whole choral service was indeed a success, as well as the rendering of the ancient *Noëls*, sacred echoes of distant France, that had, from time immemorial, been sung in the old church during the Christmas festivities.

And when the service was over, the old priest in a simple allocution related the incidents of the birth of the Infant Saviour, and the whole congregation joined with him in a sacred song of exaltation:

Nouvelle agréable !
Un Sauveur enfant nous est né.
C'est dans une étable,
Qu'il nous est donné.

At the *réveillon* that followed the midnight mass, at the residence of Jean-Jean Leblanc, Juliette and Fanfan were congratulated and toasted on the success that they had achieved in so short a time of practice.

And the old people, in returning home that night, declared that such a talented young man and such a pretty girl who could so well sing and play together, would naturally fall in love with each other and that there certainly was a new *mariage à l'horizon*.

The prediction was soon realized, for at the New Year's gatherings, it became a matter of public gossip that Fanfan and Juliette were *fiancés* and that they were to be married *aux jours gras*, at carnival time. Both families were respectable and well to do, and it was universally acknowledged that it was a *mariage de bon sens* as well as a *mariage d'amour*.

The old priest was all smiles when he heard the news, and he sent for Fanfan and Juliette to tell them of the gladness of his heart and to give them his blessing in anticipation of the marriage ceremony.

His *protégé* and master-singer wedded to his organist !— what a boon for the church and what a happy realization of his own dreams !

But "he that reckons without his host must reckon twice," says an old French proverb, and *M'sieu le Curé* had not reckoned with "politics," when he had considered the future organization of his choir as settled beyond paradventure by the marriage of Fanfan and Juliette.

IV.

Early in January, the news came that an election to choose a member of Parliament for the county of Berthier would take place on the first day of the following month, to replace the old member, who had been called to the Senate.

And with the new election came a host of stump speakers and district canvassers from Montreal, with the usual accompaniment of committee-meetings and other evils inseparable from the free and untrammelled judgment of the people on such occasions.

The parish soon became infested with a spirit of acrimonious discussion that oftentimes degenerated into enmity and quarrels among the younger voters.

Old Pierriche Dalcour was an outspoken liberal, *un rouge*, and Jean-Jean Leblanc always voted with *les bleus*, the conservatives. Fanfan, as a matter of course, followed his father's political proclivities, but on the other hand, it is hardly necessary to state that Juliette knew nothing of party preferences and intrigues, and that she was absolutely indifferent to the burning topics that were discussed around her. She was all wrapped up in Fanfan's love, and was awaiting with delight the hour when she would become his wife.

Not so with the old folks, who generally became quite excited when, once in four years, they were called to vote against each other's favorite candidate.

Pierriche Dalcour had said to Fanfan:—

"Until after election, you had better be on your guard, when you go to see Juliette. You know that her father's house is looked upon as the headquarters of the conservatives, and that it is always filled with canvassers and speakers from the city. They might think it to their advantage to say that you have joined the *bleus* and use your name in connection with their party. My father fought at St. Denis, under Papineau, and I would not have it said for all the world that one of us has gone back on the party."

"Never fear, father," answered Fanfan, smiling. "Juliette and I never talk 'politics' and I shall be very careful with the others."

V.

There was to be a grand rally of the voters on the following Sunday afternoon, after Vespers, when speakers of both parties were to meet at the church door to discuss public matters.

Two young advocates from Montreal had already arrived and were the guests of Jean-Jean Leblanc. One of them had even offered to join the church choir for the occasion. As he was known as a singer of considerable repute in the great city, the offer was thankfully accepted by Fanfan, and at High Mass, the congregation were delighted to hear a stranger sing an *Ave Maria* in a clear, cultivated tenor voice. It was even acknowledged, after the service, that the young man from the city could sing *almost* as well as Fanfan Dalcour.

Fanfan himself had been the first to offer his congratulations as he was leaving the church to go and take his dinner with *M'sieu le Curé*, as he had been in the habit of doing, every Sunday, for many years past.

The repast over, and after a few moments' conversation with the priest, Fanfan lighted his pipe and walked leisurely towards Jean-Jean Leblanc's, to have a chat with his comrades, before Vespers. The house was full of people and when he entered it he heard the voice of his new acquaintance, the tenor, rehearsing a *Magnificat*, with piano accompaniment, in the sitting-room, up stairs. The men down stairs were discussing the political situation, and one of them, at the sight of Fanfan, said tauntingly:—

"Look out, Fanfan, *mon garçon!* The Conservatives are going to defeat you in this election, and if you are not very careful the young advocate, up there, after disputing your laurels as a singer, will also beat you out of your sweetheart. Don't you hear them warble together?"

A peal of laughter greeted these remarks, because, politically, Fanfan found himself alone among his opponents, at this particular moment. He felt somewhat embarrassed, and he hardly knew whether to laugh or to be vexed, but he passed on without answering. With his accustomed familiarity he walked up stairs, where the women had been listening to the music that had just stopped.

Juliette Leblanc was sitting at the piano with her back turned to the door, and the young advocate, with the assumed freedom of an old acquaintance, was just bending over her and whispering in her ears words that made the young girl laugh and blush at the same time. And then, raising his voice so that he could be heard by every one in the room:—

"I have been told, Mademoiselle Juliette, that you are engaged to be married to the *maître-chantre* of your choir, an obstinate liberal who surely does not deserve such a prize, the prettiest girl of conservative parentage in the parish."

"But *Monsieur!*" pleaded the girl.

"Well, *Mademoiselle*, I am sorry to see it, and were it not for the fact that I am probably too late, I would myself ———!"

"What would you do yourself *Monsieur le godelureau?*" interrupted Fanfan, taking a step forward toward the speaker, who was somewhat nonplussed at his appearance, but who

prided himself, as a politician, in never being taken by surprise.

"I would enter the field against you, Monsieur Fanfan, and with a little patience, I think I would be as sure of winning the contest against you as we are of beating you and your friends in the coming election."

This was said with an air of conceit and sarcasm that put Fanfan fairly beside himself.

a thrashing that would take the conceit out of you before you return to Montreal."

The advocate turned pale, but did not lose his self-control. With a constrained smile:—

"Oh, you are also a village bully, Monsieur Fanfan, but need I tell you that such as I are not afraid of such as you."

The words were hardly out of his

With Glaring Eyes and Clenched Fists.

Poor Juliette saw that a quarrel was imminent, and she got up pale and trembling, and attempted to interpose herself between the two men. But before she had time to act, Fanfan had stepped up to the young politician and with glaring eyes and clenched fists:—

"You are both a braggart and a *malappris*, *M'sieu l' avocat!* to act and speak as you have done. And if it were not for the respect I have for the ladies here present, and for the house of Mr. Leblanc, I would give you

mouth before Fanfan had caught him by the throat, and heedless of the shrieks of the women present, and before any one could interfere, he lifted him from his feet, carried him towards the door at the head of the stairs and flung him down among the crowd below.

All this had happened so quickly that Fanfan had time to run down stairs himself and to make his way out of the house before the people knew what it was all about.

Juliette had fainted upstairs and could not answer the inquiries of her father, who had come to see what was the trouble, and it took fully ten minutes before the circumstances were explained.

The lawyer was not seriously hurt, although badly shaken up, but the scandal was great. The news spread like wildfire among the crowd that were now wending their way toward the church to attend the afternoon service.

The psalms and the hymns, at Vespers, that afternoon, were chanted without the organ accompaniment, and the old curé who inquired the cause, was told that Mam'selle Juliette had suddenly been taken sick and that there was no one to replace her.

"But where is Fanfan Dalcour?" continued the pastor.

No one seemed to know, or cared to tell him the news.

Fanfan, on coming out of the house of Jean-Jean Leblanc, had driven home at full speed, and had told his father about what had just taken place.

"*Oh, les bleus! les bleus!* the rascals! Did I not tell you to look out for them! You did right, Fanfan, to resent the insult of that young coxcomb. But what are you going to do now?"

"Do? I don't know, but I suppose that the best thing that the lawyer can do himself is to have me arrested for assault, and put in jail, but I won't give him the chance to do that. I will keep away from home for some time to let the thing blow over. Anyhow, my engagement with Juliette is at an end, and I don't care what I do now. What, if I go to Manitoba to see uncle Thomas, who lives at St. Boniface? He has often written to us inviting me to go. Now is the time; I can leave for Montreal by the next train and escape the vengeance which that pettifogger of a lawyer will surely try to take on me."

"Well, I suppose it is the best thing that you can do under the circumstances. Get your things ready, and I will drive you to the station. I will write soon to let you know the effects of your escapade."

And Fanfan had disappeared from Lanoraie without giving any explanations to the *curé* or to his *fiancée*.

Poor Juliette Leblanc had been ill for some time after Fanfan's departure, and it had been fully three months before she had resumed her place at the organ.

She had never spoken about Fanfan, had never even pronounced his name, but she was known to have said that "politics" were not only delusive, but they were also mendacious and pitiless. She never would permit any one to allude to the trouble between her lover and the Montreal politician, and when the young man had called to say good-bye before leaving Lanoraie, she had refused to see him.

The old *curé* had called to comfort her, and she had resigned herself to a state of apparent indifference that puzzled her father. Fully half-a-dozen offers of marriage had since been made to her, but she had refused every one, declaring that she would not marry. That was all.

VI.

Such were the causes of Fanfan Dalcour's trip to the North-West country, whence he had lately returned after a two years' absence, when the *Curé* of Lanoraie had sent him that message, to ask his presence at the *presbytère* on the following Sunday, after Vespers.

Fanfan kept his own counsel until the appointed hour, when he simply said to his old mother:—

"I am going to harness up to pay a visit to *M'sieu le Curé*. I will return for supper."

And he went, wondering what reception the good old *curé* would give him; because, apart from the scandal his departure had caused, the church choir had been very badly disorganized by his absence.

Starting for the Christmas Collection.

When Fanfan drove up to the *presbytère*, he found the old priest awaiting him alone in his reception room. He embraced him affectionately, asked him about the most important events that had taken place during his journey, but never alluded to the cause of his sudden departure for the North-West.

"Now that you are back among your friends, I hope to see you take your place in the parish among your old comrades. Meanwhile, I desire you to accompany me next week for *la quête de l'Enfant Jesus*.

Fanfan was deeply moved by the kindness of his old pastor, and could not refuse his request, although he dreaded the ordeal of facing every household in the parish.

La quête de l' Enfant Jesus,—"the collection for the Infant Jesus,"—is an annual visit made in every French parish in Canada, for the purpose of gathering candles for the illumination of the church at the Christmas midnight mass. The women also contribute bits of lace, and ribbons, and artificial flowers, for the decoration of the holy manger, where a scene representing the birth of the infant Saviour is exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

The parish priest makes that his annual call, and is usually accompanied by the *marguiller en charge*, the oldest among the church-wardens. *Msieu le Curé*, in his fatherly affection for Fanfan, had selected him this year, for the purpose of facilitating his first meeting, since his return, with all the parishioners, who would be sure to welcome him cordially on such an errand, and especially in such company.

The following Monday, Fanfan harnessed his favorite horse to his best sleigh, and at the hour appointed, 9 o'clock in the morning, knocked at the door of the *presbytère*, where *Msieu le Curé* was already waiting for him. The collection having been announced in the pulpit the day before, every one was on the alert to welcome the visitors, who stopped at every house as

they proceeded on their way. Fanfan was thus brought in contact with every family, until he stopped his horse at the door of the residence of Jean-Jean Leblanc. Here, he hesitated a moment before following his old friend, who led the way. The *curé*, who had expected as much, came to the rescue:

"Come Fanfan, you can't stop now that you have come so far. *Courage, mon ami!*

And, while speaking, the priest had already knocked at the door, and before Fanfan had time to reply, Jean-Jean Leblanc stood on the threshold:

"Welcome, *M'sieu le Curé;* do me the honor to walk in."

And perceiving Fanfan, who held back, pretending to be busy with his horse:—

"*Bonjour*, Fanfan! come in, *mon ami*. Happy to see you. Come in, come in!"

And he walked down the steps, and extended his hand in such a cordial manner that Fanfan could not help accepting it as heartily as it was offered.

The visit was necessarily a short one, but the ice was broken, and when Jean-Jean Leblanc had contributed his donation:—

"My wife and Juliette are away at Berthier, but they will return to-morrow, to be on hand to help in decorating the church for the midnight mass. Come and see us, Fanfan. I know the ladies will be happy to meet you. *Bonjour, M'sieu le Curé! Bonjour, Fanfan!* give my regards to your father and mother, and bring them along with you when you return this way."

And late in the evening, after the visits had all been made, and when the priest had insisted that Fanfan should take his supper with him before returning home:—

"We have done a good day's work, have we not, Fanfan? The collection has been a large one, and our old church will look beautiful at the midnight mass. What kind, generous souls we have in our parish! And then the day has not been a bad one for you, Fanfan. You have met all your old friends and acquaintances after a prolonged absence, and I only need your promise that you will take your place in the choir, now. The people will be so happy to hear you."

"I will, *M'sieu le Curé*, and I hardly know how to express my thanks for your kind offices in arranging my reconciliation with so many persons that I had offended by my childish display of anger two years ago. It will be a lesson to me, and you can rest assured that I will watch over my temper in the future."

"Well, well!" interrupted the old priest, "let bygones be bygones, and let us see that we take good care of the present."

When Fanfan went home that night it had been arranged that he would bring a load of pine boughs and evergreens sometime during the week, and that he would help the beadle to put up and decorate the old-fashioned branch chandeliers that were always used to light up the church during the Christmas festivities.

Old Pierriche Dalcour, when he was told of what had happened, was delighted to hear the good news. The absence of his son, for two long years, had appeased his resentment, and he declared that, for his part, he would be the first, under the circumstances, to go and offer his hand to Jean-Jean Leblanc, and that no later than the following Sunday, when he went to church.

Christmas was now fast approaching, and the young girls were busy with the church decorations. One of the lateral chapels had been converted into a bower of verdure, where could be seen a representation of the interior of a stable. According to custom, a dainty wax figure of the Infant Saviour would be laid upon the straw of the holy manger, during the celebration of the midnight Mass.

Fanfan Dalcour, in fulfilment of his

Going to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

Drawn by H. Julien.

promise, had brought a load of green boughs and had unloaded them at the church door. Taking an armful of the fragrant greens, he walked into the temple, looking for a place where he could deposit them, when he suddenly found himself face to face with Juliette Leblanc, who was perched upon a step ladder, arranging some draperies above the *créche*.

He suddenly found himself face to face with Juliette Leblanc.

They had both been looking forward to an early meeting, but neither of them had dreamed that it would be brought about in such an embarrassing manner. They stood for a moment staring at each other, being quite incapable of making a move, or saying a word that would relieve the awkwardness of the situation.

Happily for them, *M'sieu le Curé* was in the chancel at the same time supervising the ornamentation of the great altar, and the noise made by Fanfan in entering the church had attracted his attention.

The good old pastor took in the situ-

ation at a glance, and came to the rescue.

"That's right, Fanfan, drop those branches just where you are. Mademoiselle Juliette needs them to complete her decorations."

And with a twinkle, full of engaging kindness, in his merry eye :—

"Come down, Juliette, from the ladder, and let Fanfan help you to do that part of the work, while I return to my altar. And do not forget that the members of your choir will soon be here for practice."

And *M'sieu le Curé* went away, leaving the young couple together to heal the breach that had caused a separation of two long years.

Few words were spoken, and scarcely any allusions were made to the misunderstanding that had estranged them from one another.

"Will you forgive me, Juliette?" said Fanfan, simply, in taking a hand that she did not attempt to withdraw.

"I was probably as indiscreet as you were hasty. Let us forget the past," ingenuously answered the young girl.

And the conversation turned on the incidents of Fanfan's journey and his life among the Indians and Half-breeds. When the priest returned, half an hour later, he found his young friends quietly conversing together.

"Now, Fanfan, with the permission of Mademoiselle Juliette, I expect you to take your old place as leader of our choir for the coming midnight Mass, and I think that you might take this occasion to have a little practice together. What say you, Juliette?"

"*A votre service, M'sieu le Curé.* I am entirely at your disposal."

And the reconciliation was sealed by Fanfan and Juliette going to the organ and singing together the old Christmas song of joy and praise :—

Les anges dans nos campagnes,
Ont entonné l'hymne des cieux ;
Et l'écho de nos montagnes
Redit ce chant mélodieux
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

VII.

Among the public announcements that were made from the pulpit by the pastor at the Christmas midnight service, was the following :

"I call the banns of marriage between François Dalcour, minor son, born of the sacred wedlock of Pierre Dalcour and Madeleine Hervieu, of the first part; and Juliette Leblanc, minor daughter, born of the sacred wedlock of Jean-Jean Leblanc and Angélique Lafontaine, of the second part. First and last bann. The marriage will be celebrated on the second day of January next, at the parish church of Lanoraie, at 9 o'clock in the morning."

And again at the *réveillon* that followed the Mass, the *fiancés* were toasted and congratulated by their friends, and Jean-Jean Leblanc and Pierriche Dalcour united their voices in the solemn declaration that no "politics," could interfere this time with the happiness of their children.

ART AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY J. A. RADFORD.

THE Angel of Death has passed over the White City—the grand and beautiful, the child of the Republic. She came on a zephyr and vanished on a whirlwind. What a noble birth! What a sublime burial! Never in the history of the world has so successful a phalanx of worth been gathered together at one time. And to die so young, —it makes a throb pass through every human heart. She leaves her immensity, grandeur, glory and purity engraved on the wall of memory, never to be obliterated. She has ameliorated national prejudices and heart-burnings, teaching "Peace on earth and good will towards men." She showed her majestic strength, awakened new sentiments, broadened narrow minds by the discoveries they made in her, touched sympathetic chords through her music, explained mysteries of art and profundities of science, and educated the rising generation. Her Art Palace was crowded, and illustrated the truth that good pictures sweeten life as bright couplets do a weary poem, and that the artists, who are truly great, paint their ideas with such an originality of expression, such a wealth of color, depth of thought and conscientiousness in labor that their productions are totally different from those painted by any school or master.

Originality is the keynote of success; the most laudable of all ambitions, and the indelible mark of genius. In these degenerate days, is the world of art aroused to enthusiasm by dastardly brutality dexterously displayed on canvas? No! The good are not all dead. There are those who unfortunately revel in the horrible, receiving commissions when they have nothing but brute force to recommend them. When art falls so low, merit ceases to be a virtue, and degrades the highest of all ideal professions to the level of a trade. Pictures of this class should be termed horrible, frantic, chromatic deliriums, and are not suited to this age of refinement. Through the munificent gifts of some of Chicago's millionaire municipal benefactors, where the Art Palace was, "The National Museum" is. The masterpieces in that huge building enlightened the public, gave renewed stimulus to the artists in their efforts to portray allegorical subjects that are a closed book to the illiterate and an open door to the learned. Great men have lately drifted into painting purely for a monetary consideration. Probably the most shining examples to be found are in the English gallery.

Alma Tadema paints beautiful women who are the acme of grace, surrounded by marble terraces and playing fountains. They are always good in drawing, color and repose, and show him to be a dexterous and powerful technician. Another is Marcus Stone, who paints "The Lover's Quarrel," "Two is Company, Three is None." It is the same inexpressibly handsome women, the same garden, the same seat, painted in exquisite taste; but the pictures pall upon the appetite with constant repetition. It is not that such masters of technique and color are unable to paint other subjects. It is because their paintings are readily sold to publishers on a royalty, owing to their effectiveness when reproduced as an engraving or half-tone. Of course, pictures by men of this calibre command attention, for they are pure and virtuous in sentiment, depicting true types of life in light as well as shadow, and the beholder becomes better, wiser and more confirmed in

his belief in the goodness of God and humanity. There are men in other galleries who have a continental reputation, but are open to severe criticism from the fact that they prostitute their genuine gifts by persistently following a particular master, of whom they are but a faint and dismal echo.

Pictorial art appeared to predominate in the majority of galleries. Is this because it is easily painted? or that there is a wider field and surer market for such art? Then there is a notable scarcity of good portraits, except in the English gallery; these were born in the womb of thought, suckled on the milk of genius, and matured by the inspiration of art. Is this scarcity to be accounted for by the fact that they are more difficult to paint; or being likenesses of the owners, the owners are too modest or reticent in lending portraits by master minds to be stared at and criticised by the uncultured mob?

The Spanish department appals: it is so strange, so brilliant, so disorderly entertaining and full of outdoor life, with bright sunshine, and strong shadows. It nearly suffocates one with its subtle caresses and sweet aroma.

Italy opens a new vista of delight. With her luxurious foliage, marble statuary and bright-hued flowers in endless variety, she stands on a plane of excellence far above any other nation. We become enraptured with villages on the hillsides, with mountains behind them in silent grandeur rearing their huge outlines and snowy peaks. The views of vales, castles, vineyards, monasteries, chapels, and moss-covered ruins; the glorious, deep, ultra-marine blue sky; the open country; the verdant lawns; the cultivated gardens; the imprisoned villas; the exotic plants; the swarthy peasants; Ave Marias and ever-changing landscape,—make one love dreamy, sunny Italy the more.

The exhibits from the various countries were so great, so real, and so widely different to each other that words fail to adequately express the sublime impression felt by a careful and studious observer. The entire exhibit was a delightful intoxication, and its enchanting diversity of talent shed a magic spell like a halo over the possibilities and achievements of humanity.

The most vigorous, bold and original work in Norway and Sweden was by Zorn, who, being a judge, was unfortunately debarred from competing for medals.

In the Belgian gallery were some marvellously delicate pictures, but the majority of them were painted too tight and hard, and lacked that softness of expression and execution so noticeable in the British, American, and French exhibits.

The works of the Japanese none but themselves attempt to understand; they are excruciatingly humorous and amusing to a foreigner, and are out in drawing and color. However, the Japs more than make up this defect by their extraordinary bronzes and lacquered work.

Russia shows strongly her Tartar origin in many of her pictures. The Russian painters are either devoid of feeling in the finer sense, or are too proud to shew their oppression, or they fear the Russian court officials.

The French exhibit magnificent impressionistic masterpieces by the forefathers of their school. Their nude in art is well painted, but savours of *la femme du pavè*. The battle pictures are the *chef d'œuvres* of the collection. Many of the most beautiful and best-executed efforts on the walls are by men who are not French, but live in Paris, and when one visits the gallery it is only fair to the nation represented to eliminate those of Jean Van Beers, for example, a man who paints textures on a microscopic scale without a rival.

The English gallery and the American loan collection have an innate refinement about them seen in no other galleries, as a whole.

Canada in art did not make an ass of herself, as many anticipated. She was not up to the European standard, and her exhibit contained no historical, allegorical, figure, cattle, humorous, dramatic or pathetic subjects; and the scarcity of these has been the critics' cry against Canadian art collections, and rightly so. A great number of her pictures were painted abroad, instead of being purely Canadian, with the very scent of the soil—the native birthmark—impressed on every one. Canada to-day is a country full of the most interesting historical events. She is noted for her handsome women, and for being a greater cattle producer (for her population) than any other country on earth, while humor finds here a congenial home. There is no reason why, having the necessaries within her own boundary, Canada in future collections should not have that which in the past has been lacking. Daubs will continue to be painted as long as patrons are to be found who will purchase anything but that which is a credit alike to the artist and his country. True art treasures are dumb exponents of the world's latent talent.

In all the collections there were blemishes, but the virtues most assuredly transcended them.

It would be impossible in a short article to give more than the merest mention of impressions, there being seventy-four galleries and eighty-eight alcoves, filled with oils, water-colors, wash drawings, pen and ink sketches. drawings in pencil, chalk, charcoal, pastels, etchings, architectural works, and engravings from Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway, Poland, Russia, Spain, Sweden, and from the United States, whose architectural drawings were equalled by few countries and excelled by none.

The Chicagoans endeavored to hold the standard of their work high. New York, Philadelphia and Boston lent 2,550 pictures, and only 576 were accepted. The loan collection of the U.S. was a credit to the artists and to Miss Hallowell, through whose indefatigable efforts this gallery was filled by works from the brushes of the best-known masters of Europe.

It would be unkind and ungenerous to leave the White City without mentioning the Court of Honor, peristyle, the temples to industry, the bridges and lagoons, the Palace of Art, the colonnades, the wonderful grouping of her magnificent buildings. Their illumination by electricity was the most bewildering spectacular feast ever enjoyed by mortals, and seemed like a glimpse of paradise. Its like will, probably, never be known again by this generation of men. The saddest thought is that the whole world could not see it before the despoiler's hand marred so bright a vision. Praise enough cannot be meted out to the artists, architects, sculptors, engineers, and directors, for suggesting so colossal an undertaking with so glorious a consummation. There was method in the madness of the genius which planned it.

The illustrated catalogue was disappointing, because it produced, in the majority of cases, that which made the best reproduction independent of the merit of the work. Art has a mission to perform as an educator of the people, and catalogues should contain the best works by the most famous masters, and, if necessary, the picture should be re-drawn for publication, if it be so delicate in its tints as to be impossible to photograph.

MR. W. T. STEAD ON TELEPATHY.

BY ADAM BYRNE.

THE visit of Mr. W. T. Stead to Toronto, the other day, created quite a stir of interest. Every newspaper in the city interviewed him, and enough of other people called upon him to occupy all the waking hours of his visit. His journalistic *confrères* found that the great interviewer is himself a perfect subject for his own art, while his other visitors found in him conversational powers of remarkably varied scope and vigor. He is a veritable encyclopædia of information upon every subject, living or dead; has strong, original views upon most matters of human interest, and is as willing to share his knowledge with his fellow-creatures as are men whose opinions are of no importance to any but themselves. But among all the subjects upon which his views were sought during his two days in the city, one which is, perhaps, as interesting as any other, remained in the background. None of the professional interviewers approached the regions of his Borderland. They felt safer, perhaps, when they kept him upon the unspiritual grounds of landlordism, home rule, woman's rights, or Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Or, perhaps, they did not know how to introduce the supernatural, whether with seriousness or with scepticism, and so kept to the beaten paths. And yet this, to one who had the courage to exploit it, was the richest vein he could strike. A man with views on the labor problem and landlordism, social evils and Lord Randolph Churchill, is no rarity, but a spiritualistic medium who does not make his living out of his obliging, genial spirits, and a telepathic, automatic writer, whose "sub-consciousness" is as full of undelivered messages as the Dead Letter Office, is not seen every day. At the same time, to the groping disciples of his spiritualistic, telepathic, and other ghostly beliefs, his splendid assurance and undaunted faith were an inspiration and rebuke.

I had a short time only to talk with him, when, pursuant to an appointment, I called to see him. He was discussing the woman question with another visitor, when I was shown into his room. The visitor was deprecating the abuse of mankind, which, she said, is characteristic of a portion of the women suffragists, and she gave that as the reason why many women in Toronto held aloof from the Enfranchisement Association.

"Abuse men!" rejoined Mr. Stead. "Well, I don't wonder at it. I would abuse them, too, if I were a woman. I expect women to stand man's insolence to them no more than I would stand it myself."

A moment afterwards and that visitor was gone. Then, standing with his back to the fire in the grate, he asked me what I wanted to know about telepathy. I said I would like him to tell me all about it. "That would be difficult," he replied, with a half serious smile. But, with no more questioning, he took up the subject suggested to him. Starting at the A B C, he traced the development of the faculty, or whatever it may be called, from the discovery of its possession by a medium up through the stages of its cultivation, until communication will be possible between persons on opposite sides of the globe.

In the first place, telepathy (he said), is a power of communicating, without speech or outward means of expression of any kind, your thoughts to the minds of other persons, and the

power to receive with your consciousness such communications. The simplest form is for a person downstairs to will that another person in the house, who is upstairs, shall come down. The farther away from each other the persons are, the more difficult it becomes to convey or receive the communication. The theory is, that your thoughts go out from you in etheric waves that will carry them to their object, wherever in the universe that person may be. All that is needed, therefore, to make these unseen and unheard communications intelligible to our consciousness is the cultivation and development of our receptive faculties. As roughly as it can be stated in two or three words, this is what is meant by telepathy.

Mr. Stead, proceeding, went into some involved explanatory theories, and cited a number of examples in confirmation of all he was saying. They made so formidable a narrative that, although I was not a believer, and had come, if not to scoff, at any rate, not to pray, I became a sympathetic listener. I felt it would be bad policy, if not bad taste, if I let myself express the scepticism which, in truth, seemed a very puny thing in the light of his vigorous faith and redundant data. There is no doubt of his sincerity in his telepathic experiments; and his apostolic nature makes him preach the doctrines with all the fervor and courage with which he propagates his other gospels.

One of the examples by which he illustrated telepathy was told as follows:—

"One day I wanted my assistant editor on *Borderland* to come to my office. She lives nine miles away, and I wrote a telegram, intending to send it to her. However, I did not send it, but took my chances on her coming down. Later, when I was going out, I met her on the office steps. 'Hello!' I said, 'what brought you here?' She replied that it was because I wanted her."

"What are the possibilities of telepathy?" I asked.

With all the decisiveness of his decisive nature he declared: "They are infinite." "Telepathy," he added, "is not restricted to a small class of people. Some persons, however, are more favorable mediums than others. The exercise of the power may therefore require greater cultivation in some cases than in others, but so firmly do I believe in the future of telepathy that I will establish, when I am able, a college for the training of mediums under the most favorable circumstances possible,—which means away from all worrying or disturbing causes."

"Any one may be a medium?"

"Certainly; and they may find out simply enough, whether they are or not. All any one has to do is to sit down at a table, and with a pen—or, what is better, a pencil—in his hand, resting upon a piece of writing paper, wait for the pencil to move upon the paper. My hand will write in a railway carriage, or any where, but that is not the case with all. The mind must not be worried, and must be thinking of the person from whom the message is desired. It is necessary, too, that there be a mutual feeling between the two persons of liking or of dislike—hate will do as well as liking."

Mr. Stead went on to tell how he discovered his telepathic faculty. "A friend of mine," he said "was communicating with a dead person, and that dead person told my friend that another dead person said she could use Mr. Stead's hand if he would let her. I replied to my friend that it was perfectly absurd; that my hand had never written. However, I sat down to give it a trial. I waited for five minutes, and, nothing coming of it, gave up the trial. A second experiment which was made failed. Another day, subsequently, when my friend was again speaking with the dead person, that dead person told him that the other dead person was

weeping bitterly. When she was asked what was the matter, she said it was because she wanted to use Mr. Stead's hand. I said that I had tried and failed, and she replied that I had not waited long enough. I said then to my friend to tell the dear lady I would make one more trial. And so it was arranged that next morning at 9 o'clock, before I commenced work, I was to try again. I did so, and found, after waiting nine minutes, that the pencil moved on the paper.

"This talking of dead persons was in as matter of fact a manner as though it was quite an ordinary proceeding to have dead ladies in visible form at our elbow, weeping bitterly to be allowed to use one's hand."

This was his story of the way he discovered that he was a medium for dead persons to send messages to the living. The discovery that he could communicate with living, absent persons was another matter. The distance over which he can receive or send telepathic messages has been increased, until by a late experiment he received an interview from Lady Brooke, who was in the North of Scotland when he was in the South of England, near Dover, travelling in a railway carriage.

His latest experiments have been since he came to America. "I have several times sat down and written messages from my friends in England, since my arrival in America," he said, "I don't know yet whether they were accurate communications or not. I have sent them home to the persons from whom they were received, and there has not been sufficient time for me to obtain replies to my letters."

"With some people whose hands write, the pencil will at first make nothing but illegible characters: sometimes it will be only straight strokes running up and down the paper or across it; in other cases blasphemy and indecent pictures will be put down on the paper. I have known such cases, where persons have had no control over their hands, but I have never been troubled in any of these ways. My hand has never been beyond my control; if it ever should get so I should stop writing."

It was a natural transition from spiritualism to the question of the hereafter of the soul, and before I came away, while we stood on the tiger skin in front of the fire, I asked him his theory.

"Your personality" he said, "is greater than the body which it uses. This case which you use dies, but what reason have you for saying that you yourself will not go on living. Just as you are greater than the telephone you speak through, so is your mind infinitely greater than this two-legged telephone. This two-legged telephone wears out and is put away, but the mind, which is yourself, never dies. It goes on living. Why not?"

CHARITY.

Softly downward the snow flakes fall,
Covering earth with a fleecy pall;
Gently hiding 'neath mantle white,
All dark stains that offend the sight.
Softly downward, sweet Charity,
Fall on the friend who has wounded me;
Fall on my heart that is angry with pain,
Change hard resentment to sweet love again.

LE ROY, N.Y. FLORENCE MERCY WALKER.

AN HOUR WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES, PUBLIC SCHOOL INSPECTOR, TORONTO.

When I listened to Dr. Holmes reading his beautiful poem at the reception given in the Vendome by the Boston publishers to the authors and superintendents, I allowed myself to dream of what my happiness would be if I could obtain the manuscript copy of his inspiring lines.

With the view of making my dream a reality, I called next day on Mr. Houghton, the senior member of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and through his extreme kindness obtained a note of introduction to the venerable poet and philosopher, with which I started from Park street for his house on Beacon street, on the "back bay."

I turned into that peerless avenue, the Mall, that I might walk as far as possible through Boston's glory—her elm-robed common, most sacred of city parks. No other park seems to me so conscious of its own majesty. Every tree appears to realize that it has an historic record of dignity to maintain. One can imagine that the stately elms whisper to each other of the patriots, the lovers of liberty, and the creators of literature who have walked beneath their branches. Every tree looks like a bishop extending his arms in benediction. Every twig is dripping with the dews of golden memories. Truly, my pathway was studded with the memorials of the mighty and the noble dead. Here is the sunlit dome of the State House, whose foundation stone was laid by gallant Paul Revere, and in which Horace Mann prepared the laws around which the school systems of the world have been crystalized. How proudly his statue stands there beside Daniel Webster's! There stood the home of John Hancock, and yonder he sleeps on busy Tremont-street, with eight other governors, with Samuel Adams, Paul Revere, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, and many others noted in the history of the colony or state. Here is the soldiers' and sailors' monument. In front of me are the statues of Washington, Everett, and Sumner. But I thought little of any of these records of the glorious past that stood around me. I did not yield to any of the many temptations to turn aside or linger.

When the "Autocrat" took his first walk with the patient and beautiful "schoolmistress," she said, as they entered the common:

"This is the shortest way."

"Then we won't take it," he replied.

He was excusable for preferring a longer way. Any man of good judgment should do so, when he is honored with the company of a charming schoolmistress, either on Boston common or elsewhere. The other conditions do not make much difference—if he has the right schoolmistress. I mention this parenthetically, because so many men think schoolmistresses are so wise that they cannot be witching. It is quite a mistake to believe that their full heads must be balanced by empty hearts.

However, I had no companion to make me choose any but the shortest path, and I hurried on, pausing only opposite Joy street, on the spot where the "Autocrat" stood with the "schoolmistress" when he reached the climax of his human life, and said, as he pointed down the avenue leading away across the common to Boylston street:—

"Will you take the long path with me?"

"Certainly," said the schoolmistress—"with much pleasure."

"Think," I said, "before you an-

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

swer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more."

The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree.

"Pray, sit down," I said.

"No, no," she answered, softly; "I will walk the *long path* with you."

Who can blame the young ladies of Boston for preferring the "long path" for their evening rambles?

Before the picture of the happy schoolmistress and her lover had faded from my imagination, I was standing in the library of the "genial Autocrat" himself, receiving his hearty hand clasp, and listening to his kindly greeting.

I have always felt that nature's gentleman is the man whose penetrative sympathy and genuine self-subordination enable him, with most exquisite naturalness, to adjust himself to the intellectual and spiritual tastes of those he meets. There is no assumption of the unreal in thought or feeling in such an adjustment. A truly great and well-balanced man who instinctively and unconsciously reads character and enjoys the happiness of others, enters without effort into communion with those whom he meets, and they like him, and feel at home with him at once, if their natures are responsive.

Dr. Holmes is one of nature's gentlemen, if my definition be correct. I realized immediately that, as he intimates in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," he did not need to examine my cranial development in order to describe my character. I knew that he read me in my step, my movement, my face, my voice, and my manner, as few men had ever done before; and yet in his case the consciousness of this fact was comforting instead of embarrassing. How the race would develop, if all teachers had the mighty power of character discernment, and the mightier power of productive sympathy. We might then reasonably hope for the overthrow of the tyrant Self-consciousness in pupils, the greatest enemy to the growth of real individual power.

"How old is Dr. Holmes?" you ask.

He was born August, 1809, but it is misleading to say he is 84 years old, and stop there. He is one of "The Boys" yet, as surely as when he wrote his class poem to the gray-haired "boys" in 1859. His laugh is still merry, his voice has youthful quality, and his dark eyes twinkle with the perennial spirit of humor.

"You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done."

—*The Boys:* Class Poem; 1859.

"How old is he?"

Listen! Let him tell his own story as he interviews himself:

"This only we know,—amid sorrows and joys,
Old Time has been easy and kind with 'The Boys.'"

—*Our Banker:* Class Poem; 1874.

"Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,—
Turn to the record where his years are told,—
Count his grey hairs—they cannot make him old!"

—*The Autocrat.* Chap. VII.

"You know well enough what I mean by youth and age;—*Something in the soul*, which has no more to do with the color of the hair than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it."

—*The Autocrat.* Chap. IX.

Hear him as he speaks of his brother poet, Whittier, on his 70th birthday:—

"What story is this of the day of his birth?
Let him live to a hundred;—we want him on earth!

Thousands to-day send back this hopeful thought to the kind-hearted man who gave it life.

"A hundred years!" That recalls the age of the wonderful one-hoss shay, and reminds me that Dr. Holmes himself is very much like the Deacon's master-piece in having no apparent weak spot in his physical make up. He will "wear out," and not "break down."

He's made "so like in every part,
There isn't a chance for one to start."

The Professor said: "men begin to go down after 45." How gently he is going down! May the flowers grow and the fountains flow all the way to the foot of the hill.

Dr. Holmes sat in his 'one recumbent chair" beside the open fire place, and I sat opposite, where I had a good view of the library, and could look through the north windows over the "back bay" formed by the widening of the Charles River, and away across to Cambridge and Charleston, with its tall column on Bunker Hill. Around me on mantel and table and shelf and stand, were the treasured gifts of nearly sixty years. He directed my attention specially to a model of Grandfather Harrison's white hat, made from redeemed Treasury notes.

"That," said he, "was given to me by the little daughter of Lord Aberdeen, who is to be your new Governor-General. She is a very attractive child."

I could reach out my hand and reverently touch the pearly shell of the Chambered Nautilus, which the poet so long ago adopted as the material symbol of his highest thought regarding the conscious growth of the human soul towards the divine.

The world will never forget the interpretation of the

> "Heavenly message brought by thee
> Child of the wandering sea,"

as contained in the last verse of the most beautiful of his poems:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!"

The author's own book-plate has an engraving of the shell of the Chambered Nautilus over the motto; "Per ampliora ad altiora."

But I knew the man was greater than his treasures. So I looked at him, and listened to him, and was grateful. He spoke of the convention of superintendents that had just closed, and showed a hearty appreciation of the great developments in educational work in recent years. I told him how thoroughly the superintendents enjoyed the pleasure of meeting him, and especially the privilege of hearing his address, and the reading of his beautiful poem.

"Not a word of the poem was written till after half-past ten, and I assure you it is exhaustive work to write under such pressure at my age," said he.

I revealed my heart's desire to take home the original manuscript of the poem.

"Mr. Houghton expects my manuscript," said he.

"And deserves them," I replied, "but I told him before coming here, my daring wish to annex that manuscript to Canada."

"What did he say?"

"He said I would probably not get it. But Canadians are not so easily discouraged. He has many of your manuscripts;—I have none."

His eyes twinkled for a moment; then my heart bounded as he arose and said, "I think I'll have to give it to you."

He opened a drawer in his writing desk, took out the precious paper, read it over to me, wrote his name with the date at the bottom, and it was mine.

A comparison between the first draft and the poem as read by Dr Holmes shows that he made very few changes.

Teachers of teachers, yours the task:
Robert that ~~modest dame~~ noble youth can ask
High up Acnia's ~~hazy~~ discriminating brow
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the streams below
To guide the hurrying ~~brook~~ flood that fills
A thousand silvery lisping rills
In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous Nature ever yields,
But finer growths invest the soil
Ploughed deep by thought's unwearied toil
In tearing weed down
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits
Without your watering at the roots
To fill each branching vein?

Welcome! the authors fairest friends
Your voice his surest God-speed lends
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands
Through all the mists of morn,
And knowing well the future need
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To flower in years unborn.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Feb. 28th 1893.

Teachers of teachers ! Yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask,
High up Aonia's murmurous mount,
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the streams below.
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills
In ever-widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous Nature kindly yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil
Ploughed deep in thought's unwearied toil
In Learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
Without your watering at the roots,
To fill each branching vein ?

Welcome ! the Author's firmest friends.
Your voice, the surest Godspeed lends ;
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands,
Through all the mists of morn.
And knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To flower in years unborn.

Feb. 23, 1893.

The author expressed a greater liking for the last three lines of the second verse than for any other part of the poem.

I was much interested in his desk appliances. Some of them are valuable gifts from friends on both sides of the Atlantic. He writes with a gold pen, fixed in an inverted swan's quill. "God makes better penholders than man," he remarked.

He told me how well he used to enjoy his teaching work at Dartmouth and Harvard for 37 years, and contrasted the magnificent accommodation and equipment of the medical department of Harvard to-day with the humble conditions of his time, when his own private room was the half-lighted space under the gallery seats in his lecture room.

"I resigned my professorship when I was seventy-two years old. My publishers wished me to devote myself to literary work exclusively, and I was tempted by their proposals. I value that cup presented me by my last class."

"Do you remember the nature of your early school influences ?" said I.

"Yes, I had some hard experiences with my own teachers when I was a boy. Only one of them was an inspiration to me."

"Can you crystalize into one sentence a description of the characteristics that made him an uplifting power in your life ?"

"Yes; he was an amiable man, and he liked me."

There is no other intellectual or moral stimulus so potent as love. No teacher ever liked a boy unselfishly without letting light into two lives—his pupil's and his own. The coercion of a century cannot widen the range of a human soul as much as the love of an hour.

I said : "Dr. Holmes, I am deeply interested in language teaching. What were the school processes by which you learned to use the English language so forcefully and so charmingly ?"

"I had no formal teaching of either grammar or the use of language at school. I learned to write by having something to say, and being particular in trying to say it—by thinking and expressing thought."

Dr. Holmes has long held advanced views in regard to both the oral and written expression of thought. In the second chapter of The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, he said nearly forty years ago: "There is another thing about this talking which you forget. It shapes our thought for us; the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore."

He spoke delightfully of the extension of educational privileges to women, and closed the conversation about teaching, with the golden sentence, which I commend to the men and women in the teaching profession everywhere : "Your best work is not giving knowledge, or thought power, but training true men and women." It is worth remembering, in connection with this thought, the other one he expressed so tersely long ago: "I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been

great scholars, nor its great scholars great men."

"Elsie Venner" naturally led to a brief reference to Heredity; and my entertainer recalled many instances of families with cumulative energy, each succeeding generation of which was larger, stronger, and more energetic than the preceding; and also of others who seemed to shrivel gradually as weakening father was succeeded by a weaker son. There is a diminuendo and crescendo in heredity as in music. "The saddest thing," said he, "is to see a young man, who is the product of the enlarging growth of a series of progressive generations destroy in a year or two, by bad habits, the improvements made in a century."

"Did you write 'The Autocrat' under the pressure of a busy professional life?" I asked.

"I did. I was always driven by the printer. I had a large sheet of blotting paper on my desk there; and I jotted down on it stray thoughts as they came to me during the month. I used to extend them when the printer came for 'copy.' I thought when I began the articles that I might keep them up for two or three months, but they ran on for three years. I was more surprised than any one else at their very favorable reception."

Stray thoughts! How rich the world would be if every "Autocrat" kept a blotter!

There are some very young old men in the teaching profession in Boston. Dr. Holmes asked me if I had met Mr. Cushing, who was principal of Chauncey Hall school for two generations, and who is now 79 years old.

"I had the pleasure of dining in his home last night," I replied. "What an extraordinary young fellow he seems for his age."

"I do not know his age," said he, "but I have always regarded him as a young man, because I knew his predecessor intimately."

Truly "old" and "young" are relative terms after all.

I felt like questioning the politeness of the wise looking old clock, when, having caught my eye, it solemnly assured me that the few brief moments I had passed so delightfully amounted to more than an hour. I have no doubt it had been shaking its pendulum at me for some time, but I am glad its owner had so enraptured me, that I did not hear its warnings. Dr. Holmes is a fine illustration of his own theory that "talking is one of the fine arts." I looked back calmly at the clock, and said to myself: "I have the advantage of you at any rate, for I have grown faster than you have gone."

When I stood up to obey the clock, the gracious author kindly asked me which of his books I would prefer as a souvenir of my visit. I chose his poems, as representing most of his varied shades of thought and feeling, and his wondrous adaptation to the infinite phases of human life and experience. While with kindly thought and steady hand he entered a valued inscription in the book aud wrote his autograph on a portrait for me, I stood by the north window——

> "My airy oriel on the river shore,
> And watched the sea fowl as they flocked together."

The season and the conditions seemed exactly the same as those described in "My Aviary." I, too, could see scores of

> "Solemn gulls in council sitting
> On a broad ice-floe, pondering long and late.
> While overhead the home-bound ducks were flitting,
> And leave the tardy conclave in debate."

I looked, too, at the "old mezzotint of Eclipse by Stubbs, and Hering's portrait of Plenipotentiary" hanging on the wall, and moralized on the influence the love of animals has on character, and asked myself, how much of Dr. Holmes' wonderful constitution and persistent good humor, is due to his life-long fondness for horseback riding, rowing and other healthful exercises?

I left Dr. Holmes with a definite consciousness of soul expansion. "The Autocrat" said: "Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or a new sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions. After looking at the Alps, I felt that my mind had been stretched beyond the limits of its elasticity, and fitted so loosely on my old ideas of space that I had to spread these to fit it." Great men are more stimulating than lofty mountains. "Let me tell you," he says again, "there are companies of men of genius into which I sometimes go, where the atmosphere of intellect and sentiment is so much more stimulating than alcohol, that if I thought fit to take wine, it would be to keep me sober." I suspect I was intoxicated.

He said as he thought of the "schoolmistress;" "Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it." I knew I had been with one of these great souls.

My heart sends back to him the prayer he breathed for Agassiz: "Heaven keep him well and hearty," and as his evening years pass, may he ever have the blessings he asked for Lowell:

> "Sweet smiles to keep forever bright
> The sunshine on his lips,
> And faith, that sees the ring of light
> Round nature's last eclipse."

A STORY.

Little soul so free and pure,
Looking out with eyes demure,
On a world so full of care,
That besets thee everywhere.

In those eyes the truth doth lie
In its native purity.
Would that they could ever give
Highest thoughts of how to live.

Happy eyes! The world's veneer
Finds no welcome resting here;
Truth and falsehood ne'er could shine
Out of eyes with look divine.

Trustful, loving, all that's good —
Teach me, innocent childhood,
That to have a soul like thine,
Means a happiness sublime.

Teach me that to forfeit this
Means a loss of every bliss,
But that if my soul's like thine,
Every joy you have is mine.

E. Blanche Burns.

JOHN BENTLEY'S MISTAKE.

BY JESSIE A. FREELAND.

Chapter I.

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."
—Lowell.

It was Christmas week. Christmas in Southern Ontario is generally almost snowless, but at the time of our story, the heaviest snow-storm of the season had been raging for three days, and the streets of Tobasco, a small Canadian town near the frontier, were almost blocked with the deep drifts. By the end of the third afternoon the weather at last began to clear.

Far away along the country roads the fences had almost entirely disappeared, and the snow was blown into exquisite wreaths and whorls, and fantastic shapes of every description. But in the town it lay in uncompromising solid heaps, and the muffled scrape of many snow-shovels was beginning to be heard along the sidewalks, as householders and store-keepers turned out, each to clear his section of pavement.

It was still four days from Christmas, but the stores had begun to assume a festive appearance, and branches of Canadian holly and evergreen decorated most of the windows, and formed arches over the entrance doors.

Looking down the main street, perhaps the biggest bunch of holly hung in the window of the railway ticket agent's office.

Certainly the biggest snow drift was in front of his door. There was no doubt of that in any one's mind, least of all in that of John Bentley, the cheery, broad-shouldered young giant who held the responsible position of agent for the S. and L. L. Line in Tobasco, and whose genial, obliging manners had made him, during his two years' stay, the most popular man in town.

A more perfect specimen of athletic young Canada you might search the Dominion in vain for. Six feet two, and broad in proportion, his strong muscular arms sent shovelful after shovelful of the heavily packed snow flying out into the street, with apparently as much ease as if each consignment had been a feather weight; and the biting wind whistling round the corner and freezing the blood of his small office boy, only had the effect of an invigorating tonic where physical and mental equipoise were so perfectly adjusted.

As he straightened himself and took a triumphant survey of the finished job, his merry blue eyes fell with a half compassionate glance on the shivering figure beside him, and he exclaimed briskly:—

"Here Jim, put up the shovels, and go in and mind the office. I'll go up street for the papers."

Pulling down his cap and buttoning his coat, he glanced up at the crimson-curtained windows over the office. At the same moment a slight, gentle looking girl, with soft, dark eyes, appeared at one of them, holding a miniature edition of John Bentley in her arms, who crowed and kicked with all his might at sight of his father in the street below.

"You ought to be a proud man, John," said a voice behind him.

Turning quickly with a gay laugh, as he aimed a snow-ball at the window-ledge for the benefit of his son and heir, John encountered the envious gaze of the richest and loneliest old man in Tobasco.

"So I am, sir," he returned, with a bright smile that showed a set of brilliant white teeth beneath his brown moustache. "And the happiest and

richest man in Christendom into the bargain," with a look, that spoke volumes, towards the red-curtained window.

"It's well you know it," said the old banker sternly. "Many have waited for grey hairs to teach them that happiness and gold are as far asunder as the poles." He stopped abruptly, and bowing with old-fashioned courtesy to the pretty young matron smiling down at them, gathered his fur-trimmed coat closer, and moved slowly away.

John looked after him, his kindly face for an instant serious; but next moment he lifted his cap to his wife with his usual merry smile, and strode off up the street whistling a lively air very much out of tune, while the dark eyes watched him out of sight, and the owner confided to baby that "the world held not another like him."

Sitting over the papers a little while after, in his own private sanctum behind the office, John fell into a reverie.

It was just three years since he had first met Rose Allen, the pretty pupil teacher at Madame Rheinhart's "Select Seminary for Young Ladies" in L———, a large city some forty miles from Tobasco, where John at that time held a junior clerkship in the head office of the S. and L. L. The Manager, Mr. Sutcliffe, had been an old friend of his father's, and John had *carte blanche* to drop in and spend the evening whenever he chose at his quiet bachelor quarters in the suburbs, presided over by a widowed sister and her rather spoiled, only daughter. Miss Nora Berners had not been long at Madame Rheinhart's before forming a violent school-girl attachment for Rose, which resulted in the latter often accompanying her home to spend Saturday and Sunday.

How well John remembered that first evening, destined to be so memorable to both of them. He smiled to think he could recollect the very dress she wore, and every little trick of voice and manner, since become so familiar, but which then took captive his masculine heart with all the charm of novelty. Both were poor, both were alone in the world, and the short, happy courtship terminated when Mr. Sutcliffe offered him the agency at Tobasco.

Not a very lucrative position, but enough so to leave a balance in the bank at the end of both years; and if the rooms over the office were small and inconvenient, what did that matter, since Rose's nimble, artistic fingers had transformed them into marvels of dainty prettiness. Yes, they were happy—very happy.

There was just one small speck on the horizon of John's perfect content. Rose had inherited a delicate chest, along with her mother's dark, southern eyes, and a slight, persistent cough during the severe winters had more than once made John's heart stand still with a nameless terror. He thought, for the first time with a touch of envy, of that snug berth, just vacant, in Lawnton, a western city noted for its mild climate. But many steps lay between it and his present position.

"I suppose Leonard Calkins will get it," he reflected, with a half sigh, running over in his mind the various employees in the L——— office. "He must have worked his way pretty well to be taking Mr. Sutcliffe's place while he is in England." Half ashamed of himself, he resolutely turned his thoughts into another and pleasanter channel.

Christmas would be the anniversary of their wedding day, and by doing the work of two men, and dispensing with an assistant for the past year, John had at last been able to gratify his heart's desire. He smiled as he pictured to himself the delighted surprise in Rose's face when the warm sealskin coat he had ordered a fortnight ago should make its appearance.

He was just wrapping her in its soft folds, and looking down complacently at her shining eyes and flushed cheeks, when the bell of the

office door suddenly jangled, and he came out of his reverie with a start.

CHAPTER II.

The office was closed for the night, and upstairs, in the pretty, softly-lighted parlor, John sat, with his slippered feet on the fender, smoking his evening pipe.

"I hope I haven't made a mistake," he suddenly remarked, so *apropos* of nothing, that Rose looked up, astonished, from the little work-table beside him, where she sat industriously sewing.

"Put away those curtains, Rosie," he said, in answer to her inquiring look, gently pulling the heap of snowy frilled muslin from her fingers. "You'll get them done long before Christmas; and come and sit by me and I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, it was this way," after a moment's survey of the glowing coals. "He was such a miserable, down-on-his-luck sort of chap, not much older than myself, with one of the saddest faces you ever saw, and when he came to pay for his ticket to a town away out west, he hadn't enough — not much more than half enough. Had been out of work for a long time—couldn't get anything to do—a sick wife and child out west—trying to make his way back to them.

"'It's Christmas time, boss', he said, hoarsely, pointing to the bunch of holly you hung in the window this afternoon. 'Couldn't you call it square, now.'

"Of course, I said I was sorry, but couldn't possibly do it. Something about him interested me, though. His voice had a genuine ring, and I fancy I'm a pretty correct judge of human nature by now. He looked several degrees better than his language, which, I suspected, was assumed to suit his condition; so I asked him if he hadn't anybody who could help him—had he a father? His eyes flashed, as he answered, with a muttered imprecation, that he had, but would sooner starve than ask him for a cent; had run away when his mother died, and hadn't seen him for ten years. Then he owned he had been a bit wild, but for three years, ever since his marriage, as steady as a rock."

"Oh," said Rose, earnestly, as he paused; "do go on."

John smiled at the deep light in her eyes, and the spots of carmine on her usually pale cheeks.

"Well," he proceeded, knocking the ashes out of his pipe; "I'd been thinking a good deal about you and the boy this afternoon, and I just put myself in his place for a couple of seconds. Still, I hesitated a good deal. You know the company's rules are awfully strict. Just then little Jack came creeping out from behind the *portiere* between the offices, his curls flying, cheeks scarlet, and eyes dancing with fun at having escaped from everybody. The man seemed perfectly fascinated. Couldn't take his eyes off him. I lifted him up on the counter between us, and, strange to say, the little chap took to him at once. 'Yours, boss?' he said, after a minute. 'Ain't he a reglar beauty? Just the size of my little girl, out west.' And touching one of his curls, he turned round, and broke right down.

"Of course," continued John, with a queer look, "that finished me, Rose. I just handed him his ticket without a word, and dropped a ten dollar bill of my own into the till along with the change he had given me."

"I knew you would," cried Rose, drawing a long breath. "And. oh, John, I'm sure it was the right thing to do," she added earnestly. "How could you think it was a mistake. You may have saved the poor fellow from crime, or even suicide."

"Well," he replied dubiously, "if the company ever comes to hear of it, which I don't suppose at all likely, it may get me into a scrape"

"I don't see how," said Rose, looking perplexed. "You did a generous

thing, with your own money, to a brother in need."

"I sold him a ticket at under value," returned John drily. "That was breaking rules, and the company might not view the case from your standpoint, little woman."

"Then I think such rules ought to be broken, and I'm glad you did it," she answered so energetically that John laughed.

Both sat silently looking into the fire, and after a little Rose added softly, "Inasmnch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren ye did it unto Me."

"Yes, I thought of that too, dear," said John, as he stooped and kissed her.

Days of brilliant winter weather followed the heavy storm. The air was keen and frosty, the sky a cloudless blue, the sleighing was perfect, and people went about congratulating each other on the prospect of a fine Christmas.

In the little kitchen behind the office on the afternoon of Christmas eve, Rose was busy, deep in mysterious preparations. The little maid of all work was out with the baby, and she was alone when John, in cap and ulster, put his head in at the door.

"I'm off on the 2.10 Rose," he said, "Calkins has just wired me to come down." Her face fell.

"Why, I'll be back on the 5.30," he remonstrated.

"It isn't that," she answered, looking anxiously at him.

"Oh, I see," and John laughed heartily, "afraid to trust me with Calkins? You think he hasn't forgiven me for cutting him out yet, and is still breathing threats of vengeance? Well" he continued trying to look gravely into her distressed face, "if it had been me you refused of course I should never have got over it. But seeing it was Calkins, why I think I can answer for him by this time."

"I dislike him very much," said Rose slowly. "I believe he would do you an injury if he could. How sorry I am he is back at the head office again."

John's eyes were dancing with fun. Still he couldn't bear to leave Rose unhappy.

"My dear Cassandra" he said, putting his arm round her. "I'd love to stay and argue the matter out with you, but I've just seven minutes to catch my train. Rest assured I am not afraid of Leonard Calkins, or any other man living, and from a letter I had from Mr. Sutcliffe last week I could tell you exactly what he wants me for, so don't look so solemn." Rose tried to smile, and with a hasty goodbye John hurried off.

As he turned the handle of the manager's door, about an hour afterwards, he remembered that although they had done a good deal of business correspondence he and Mr. Calkins had never met since his marriage. Soon after his engagement to Rose became known, the latter had gone to take charge of a distant agency, and had only returned to L——— a month ago. He was sitting at his desk writing busily when John entered, and raising his eyes an instant, motioned him to a seat with a brief "Good morning. Disengaged in a moment."

"The same as ever," reflected John, surveying critically, as he waited, the dark, smooth-shaven face and slight dapper figure. "Clever little fellow, but hard as nails,"—watching the thin compressed lips that moved nervously with every stroke of the pen. "Getting grey too, at thirty-five. Well, I'll give him a chance anyway."

So when Mr. Calkins at last turned round John rose, saying in his most cordial tones:—

"Don't you shake hands, Leonard, for the sake of old times?" A rather unfortunate speech, for the person addressed flushed a dull red, as if old-time memories called up anything but pleasant recollections.

"Thank you," he returned coldly, standing perfectly still. "I prefer not to shake hands with a thief."

John recoiled. "I beg your pardon?" he said, incredulously.

"I think you heard me, but I'll repeat it if you choose. I prefer not to shake hands with a thief."

With two strides John was beside him. "Unsay that," he thundered, towering over him in a highly unpleasant manner Mr. Calkins thought, for he involuntarily reached towards the electric bell.

"You needn't be afraid," John flung out scornfully, "I never strike a man smaller than myself. Take back those words, or explain what you mean instantly."

"I can easily explain. I was about to do so if you had given me time," resumed the other quietly, opening a small note book. "On the night of December 21st you defrauded the company of the sum of ten dollars, underselling a ticket to that amount to ——"

"I did not," interrupted John hotly, "I made good every cent."

"They all say that," responded Mr. Calkins drily. "But I am here to protect the company's interests, and if rules are broken the penalty must be paid. How many times have you made good," with insulting emphasis, "tickets after this fashion? Why have you refused an assistant for the last year? And," he concluded, meaningly, "not many men in your position can give their wives sealskin jackets at Christmas"

Every drop of blood in John's body was boiling, but he controlled himself and looked steadily into the face confronting him. It all flashed on him like a revelation. The man he had befriended was a spy, sent merely to entrap him, and this man before him had it in his power to ruin his prospects and hold him up before the world with a stain on his name. This was a thousand times worse than the dismissal he felt sure was to follow.

"So," went on the cool, even tones, "I feel justified, considering all the circumstances, in informing you that the company does not require your services any longer. But, for the sake of old times," he added, with a peculiar smile, "as to-morrow will be Christmas, I won't take any steps till next day. Then," he concluded, slowly, "you needn't be in Tobasco by that time unless you like."

John turned and gave him a look of contempt he never forgot.

"Excepting this one breach of the company's rules, I am innocent," he said calmly, "and you know it. I have nothing to fear, and so I will be there."

He passed out into the roar and rattle of the busy street, and made his way mechanically to the station, deaf and blind to everything.

For years after the sound of the car wheels reminded him of that winter evening he sat in the smoker, when their monotonous whirr seemed grinding two words into his benumbed brain, "Dismissed, Disgraced." Letting himself noiselessly into the back office, the first thing his eyes fell on was a large express parcel. Rose's sealskin coat! It would have to be sent back now, and hastily opening a small cupboard, he tossed it in and locked the door. This was the last straw, and sitting down John buried his face in his hands.

He had firmly resolved not to tell Rose anything till Christmas was over, and after a few minutes he pulled himself together and went upstairs. She was sitting in the firelight, and sprang up with a smile to meet him. After one look at his face she drew him down beside her.

"I was right after all," she said, quietly. "What has he done to you?"

CHAPTER III.

A great crisis in life usually comes unexpectedly. So also the deliverance from apparently unavoidable disaster.

If any one had told John Bentley, as he sat by the fire that Christmas eve, looking ten years older since morning, that already three people were

working to bring Mr. Calkins' machinations to nought, he would have smiled with scornful skepticism.

"If only Mr. Sutcliffe were back," said Rose at last. John was pacing restlessly up and down.

"Before he can even hear of it the mischief will be done," he said gloomily. "It isn't the dismissal I mind so much, Rose, though that is bad enough, but think of the way that fellow will represent the cause of it! If I ever get hold of that miserable spy," he went on between his set teeth, "he shall pay dearly for all this—the lying scamp."

"Oh, hush," cried Rose, looking distressed.

"He deserves all you can give him and more," said a voice from the doorway. Both started as a man's figure came slowly into the fire-lighted room, "But every word I told you was gospel truth, and I did it for the sake of wife and child. I was well paid for it." Taking out a roll of bills he flung them on the table. "And to say I've felt like Judas ever since means nothing. I never dreamed of the consequences, and when I followed you from the head office two hours ago, I did what I swore I'd never do for myself. I went straight to my father, a rich old banker here, who knows you well. He gave me the Prodigal Son's reception, which I didn't deserve," he continued with emotion, "and I am here to say we will both do anything under heaven to atone for what I've done. My father has money and influence," he went on eagerly, "and both shall be used to the utmost in your behalf. When matters are fairly righted again," looking timidly at Rose, "I'll ask you both to forgive me—if you can."

John didn't need his wife's appealing glance. He held out his hand with a smile.

"We both do so *now*," he said heartily. "I'm glad I was not so much mistaken in you after all. But I'm more than doubtful of any success you may have at head quarters. It's too late."

"We shall see," the other replied with a determined look, wringing John's hand, and quickly leaving the room.

The 11.30 express left only one passenger at Tobasco that night—a short, stout little man with white whiskers, and keen eyes looking out beneath shaggy eye-brows. He walked briskly down the street and stopped in front of the ticket office.

"Lights yet. All right," he muttered, and opening the street door went upstairs. Rose was coming along the hall and did not look up till he was close beside her.

"Mr. Sutcliffe!" she cried hysterically. Then her over-taxed nerves gave way, and as he caught her in his arms, she burst into tears.

In a few minutes they were sitting round the parlor fire, stirred to a cheerful blaze, and Mr. Sutcliffe was explaining in his own brusque fashion:—

"Left Mrs. Berners and Nora settled at Nice, and took it into my head to run over for Christmas. Can't stand that beastly English climate. Walked into the office soon after you left," turning abruptly to John. "What cock and bull story is this of Calkins? I just told him I didn't believe him, and only stayed long enough to give him the best going over he's had for many a long day. Now I want to hear the rights of it all from you."

As John told his story simply, but with an eloquence born of what he had come through, Rose kept her eyes fixed on the shrewd, rugged face, which grew more and more inscrutable under her gaze. At his first words, when John ended, her heart sank.

"Well, you can't get back your position here, John," he said, slowly. Then, with a quick look at Rose's down-cast face, he added, "Because I've something a great deal better for you." Just then the clock began to chime twelve. All three rose to their

feet, and John turned and kissed his wife.

"Amen," said Mr. Sutcliffe, following his example. "A Merry Christmas to you both. And," laying his hand on John's broad shoulders, "allow me to congratulate the future manager of the Lawnton agency."

The sunshine of Christmas afternoon looked in on a happy group in the red-curtained parlor. The old banker sat between John and Mr. Sutcliffe, while his son, with little Jack on his knee, talked to Rose.

"I leave to-morrow for the west," he said, in answer to her sympathetic enquiries; "but only to bring them back. We shall always live with my father now."

"Well, I've done my best to impress John with a sense of his errors," Mr. Sutcliffe was saying, with a twinkle in his eye, that contradicted his words. "You know it *was* a mistake, a lamentable mistake, from a business point of view."

"Don't say that," the old man interposed, laying a trembling hand on John's arm; "it gave me back my son. And, although I deeply regret the unhappiness it caused, I shall always say, from the bottom of my heart, Thank God for John Bentley's mistake!"

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN.

BY BLISS CARMEN.

Smile, you inland hills and rivers!
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
But my roving heart is seaward
With the ships of gray St John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
Peace, and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
The old habitude takes on,
But my wintry heart is outbound
With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
Till the man-child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,
Doubt, the derelict, is gone;
Sane and glad I clear the headland
With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This gray port by the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer too,—slip my moorings
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
Be a word to lift the world,
Till the many see the signal
Of the few once more unfurled!

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbor
With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
As they clear the island bar,—
Fade, till speck by speck the mid-day
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight the vaster sea-line,
Wider lee-way, longer run,
Whose discoverers return not
With the ships of gray St. John.

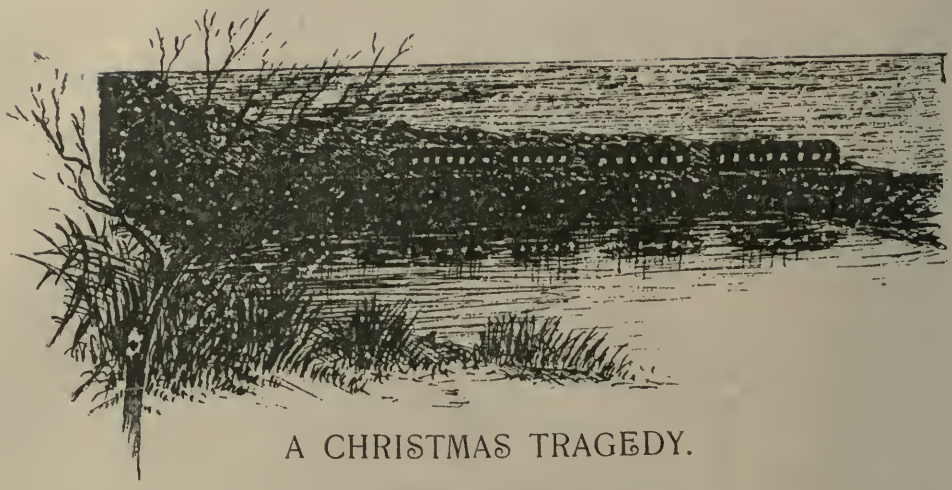
MIDNIGHT.

The stars from out the ethereal sea
Their wide appointments keep with me;
They look beneath in gentle love,
Like souls of flowers flown above.

'Tis so sublime to see as far
As a distant fairy star;
To meet the moonshine cool and kind,
And marry starlight with the mind.

I love to sink my soul into
The melancholy midnight blue,
So cool and pure and passionless,
So beautiful and fathomless.

New York. Howard Hall.



A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND OTHERS.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

(*Illustrated by the Author.*)

It was Christmas eve.

The train, bound west from Montreal was half an hour late, and was now putting on its best speed to make up for lost time.

The night had long fallen, and the snow, driven by a fierce north-easter, was drifting heavily across the track.

But within the first-class car all was warmth and comfort. Some of the passengers were chatting confidentially; some were munching biscuits or sandwiches; some were musing; a few were already so fast asleep that not even the peripatetic promptings of the banana and "yellow-covered-dirty" fiend could any longer excite their appetites, or their ire.

Alderman Goodenough lay back, snugly ensconced in his seat, pondering with half-closed, dreamy eyes on many things:—the coming municipal elections, aldermanic salaries, Christmas festivities, and the head before him.

Truth to tell, it was, as Dominie Sampson would have said, a pro-di-gious head, located in the compartment immediately in front, and appertaining to a homeward-bound drummer in the "shoot and boo" line, as the gentleman in question, who was something of a wag, as well as disciple of St. Crispin, pleasantly termed it.

It was a large head, perfectly round, and covered with a growth of the most aggressively pronounced red hair, coarse, uncompromisingly erect, brilliantly ruddy—very quills upon a fretful occiput.

All else that could be seen of our auburn-tressed Adonis was a meagre back view of narrow, sloping shoulders, and an amazing height of white shirt collar, that girdled the lower horizon of hirsute affluence, as the sea-foam girdles the red, red coral reef in the far Pacific.

Suddenly, there came a series of little tremors, accompanied by a swerving motion, as though the train were being transferred to other rails, while a light blue haze seemed to fill the car. Just as our worthy alderman was thinking of a change of position, whereby he might peer through the window into the darkness, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the vibration, there was felt a violent shock. Everything seemed momentarily to stand still. The red head in front blazed ruddier and more aggressive than ever through the blue mist. And then, without a word of warning,

our magnate found himself shot from his seat with fearful velocity clean through the roof of the car, into outer and infinite space.

The whole atmosphere seemed permeated with a ruddy glow, only rendering the distant night shadows, by contrast, more profound. The driving flakes of snow were tinged with the same obtrusive tint, and fell around like great gouts of curdling blood. The very wind blew redly fierce and keen, and far, far below him, like a serpentine streak of vermilion motion, the train, from which he had been so unceremoniously ejected, sped on into the blackly-roseate distance.

But where was he?

Another shock, which struck fire from his eyes, and made everything redder than ever, and he was sitting alone, and rubbing his coat-tails with considerable emotion, on what appeared to be the summit of a hill of moderate elevation.

The train had disappeared, the storm had subsided. The night was drawing to a close. The keen, cool breath of the dawning was playing about him. Out in space yet gleamed a myriad glancing points, the eyes of the dying night, and, overhead, or what appeared to be overhead, a great, round, luminous shield like the moon, only many times larger, was slowly and majestically sinking towards the gray line of the horizon.

Having administered plenary friction to his coat-tails, our worthy alderman transferred the motion to his eyes and rubbed *them*.

Where was he, and what did it all mean?

A sigh, evidently not that of the wind, came wafted to his ears, followed by a little groan, as evidently human.

Mr. Goodenough turned over, and on his hands and knees peered curiously into what seemed a clump of underbrush. The daylight strengthened, and gradually there loomed into being, slowly and with evident tentativeness, the red head,—there was no mistaking it,—and pronounced shirt-collar of his travelling companion, the "shoot and boo" man.

He, too, was rubbing his coat-tails.

He, too, presently, transferred the motion to his optics and rubbed them—rubbed them till they seemed on fire, and then with helpless wonderment, gazed from out their fervid rims at his *vis-à-vis*.

The pair sat and stared at each other.

"Where are we?" vouchsafed the alderman, presently.

"Ah! Where are we, indeed, my friend?" responded he of the hair.

The big moon, shield-like, sank and disappeared. The fiery segment of the rising sun was protruded above the far-away gray line, and the day was begun.

"Here's a go," said the drummer. "Here's a situation for a representative of the manufacturing industries to be placed in—the leading exponent of the great "shoot and boo—"

"Hold!" cried a stentorian voice in their rear, in accents which made them start to their feet and quake with terror.

"Desecrate not the land of Anti-Humbug with the senile cant and slip-shod fooleries of out-worn earth and earth's frivolous children."

"Your worship," began the alderman, "we did but—"

"'Did but,' 'did but'; 'worship,' 'worship;'" repeated the voice in accents of finical mockery. "We have no 'worship' here, but the worship of Hullabaloo, and 'did but' is long dead. Here, in the land of Anti-Humbug, it is all 'did' without the 'but.' 'Buts' with you, my friend, belong solely to the past, and judgment will be meted out to you for what you 'did' while on yon revolving globe of struggling mites, yclept, in your vulgar parlance, the earth."

"Are we not, then, on the earth?" ventured the drummer, with a perceptible quaver in his voice.

"Oh!" whimpered the alderman, "I believe we are dead and didn't know it, and, now, we are in, are in, in—"

"Yes," said the Voice, "that's just where you are, just *in 'Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd; no reckoning made, but sent to your account with all your imperfections on your head.'*"

"It quotes Shakspeare," said the drummer, delightedly. "There must be something human about it."

Suddenly the Voice gave a prodigious shout: "Come, come," it said, "this is Christmas Day. Come all ye that are ready for the feast. Come and partake. Here are two new animals sent by special providence to supply our larder, which has been wofully deficient since the repeal of the Sherman Act and the collapse of the Chicago employment bureaus."

Whereat a multitude of creatures, of every conceivable shape, hue and size,

seemed to spring as if by magic, from the plains, and began to clamber up the hill side.

They began the ascent like an army of ants and grew in proportions as they approached the summit.

"Mercy!" shrieked the alderman, falling on his knees before the Voice, "Mercy! I am in poor condition, half starved, in fact; have not had a full meal since the collapse of Ashbridge Bay. The failure of that gigantic scheme ruined my appetite, and, and, and, well—you see how thin I am."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the voice. "Why, you weigh 250,—250 juicy lbs., —a toothsome morsel, though only a morsel to be sure, for the legions to be fed."

"I don't weigh a hundred," said the drummer, "and what there is of me is principally bones and skin. I have given my flesh away in the good cause. I have literally sweated myself into a skeleton for the sake of humanity and the 'shoot and boo' interest."

"It is a pity," said the Voice, commiseratingly, "that you did not bequeath your skin to the cause you served so well before you left earth. As it is, we'll have to make the best of it. 'Twill bear stewing."

"Oh! oh!" protested the drummer. "Stew—a thing I detested on earth; only another name for hash, boarding-house hash. Oh! oh!"

"Hash!" supplemented the alderman. "Don't mention it. Please, sir, don't make me hash. I'd rather be anything than that. Think of what one has to consort with in an ordinary stew."

"Pride must have a fall," said the Voice. "The elect of earth have no place here. Here all are equal. All are——"

"Stew,' burst involuntarily from the poor drummer, who was now paler than ever with fright, while his hair stood out like very arrows of the sun-god.

But the nondescript creatures that had been swarming up the hillside were now arrived at the summit, and had formed a circle round the strangers, eyeing them greedily, licking their chops, and stroking their stomachs, while they all cried out as with one voice: "Christmas Day! Christmas Day is come at last, and we'll eat you up, as you ate us long ago."

And now the two unfortunates realized for the first time that these were the souls of the creatures that they had devoured on earth.

"Children of the Moon," said the Voice, "this is indeed good luck; for, as Sir Isaac Newton said, the influence of gravitation being *directly as the mass* and *inversely as the square of the distance*, it has, of late years—in fact, since the discovery—attracted all the good things, including atmosphere and water, from our planet to that other voracious sphere of Home Rulers, monopolists, bulls, bears, and bucket-shops, and left us only moonshine, and the little we have left we can scarcely call our own. Why now I come to think of it," broke off the Voice, in accents of real concern, "this very alderman and his porpoise-hide companion won't weigh what we expected."

"Oh! oh! oh!" from the nondescript voices.

"That wretched *inversely as the square of the distance*," continued the Voice, "will spoil all. This fellow weighs 250 at the earth's surface. Just compute, my liege subjects, the loss of flesh that will be undergone by a transference to the surface of our orb. What *will* he weigh here—and the other, that bag of bones?—"

"Give it up," cried one of the crowd.

"Send it to the University for next year's mathematical conundrum paper," suggested another.

"Don't, oh, don't!" squeaked another, the tears streaming from its eyes. "It makes me think of the steel-yard and the horrid knife that took my young and lusty life in Chicago."

"Send it to the examiners; send it to the examiners for teachers' certificates," came a chorus of voices.

"Yes, but our present appetites? What a disappointment!" said the Voice. "Why, there'll be nothing—absolutely nothing for you, my children."

"Less than nothing, great Voice," came a piping voice from the assembly.

"Who's that that speaks?" enquired the Voice. Stand out and explain. How less than nothing?"

"It's the learned pig, the soul of the learned pig," cried a number of voices, pushing him to the front. "He's great at mathematics. Was great while on the earth at counting up to ten, and picking out the card with the acorn under it. Explain, explain! How less than nothing?"

"They'll be *minus* quantities, don't you see?" said the learned pig, coming to the front bashfully, as is the manner of profound scholars. "Just calculate for yourselves. 'Tis as easy as A.B.C.—algebraic A.B.C, I mean: 250 lbs. on earth, transported 240,000 miles away—inversely as square of distance! Go home, good friends, there's nothing for you, not even skin and bone; for those two creatures, alas, are now both *minus* quantities."

"Question, question!" shouted the soul of a goose.

"Bonnet him!" cried a plethoric spirit, with pompous person, apoplectic complexion, and what looked like a red cravat on his nose. "Hit him for interrupting the speaker."

"Put the closure," suggested another. "No fisti-cuffs, Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, or we'll send you to Mr. Gladstone."

"Yah! for you."

Here followed a general melee.

Meanwhile the Voice shouted and vociferated, and our two exiles stood quaking, and wondering whether they were in a city council or the British House of Commons.

After a time the hubbub ceased, and silence fell upon the assembly. The turkey had a bloody nose, and the learned pig a black eye.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," said the Voice, in stentorian tones; "but it serves you right. You'll have nothing to eat. Do you hear? Nothing to eat."

There were universal sounds of lamentation.

"No," said the Voice, "'Tis utterly impossible by stewing, or any other culinary means, to render a negative quantity fit for the ordinary processes of deglutition. The question arises, what are we to do with these sinners—sinners they are, that can be seen at a glance. Look at that stomach That was never amassed by honest means in one generation. Illicit is written on its very rotundity. Look at that other one's hair. 'Tisn't natural. Contraband is in every fibre. My friends and subjects, this is a grave matter."

"My stomach, sir," said the alderman, rendered bold by a virtuous in-

dignation, "is not illicit. I'll give you to understand that nothing ever entered there that wasn't legally paid for."

"What about your head?" queried the Voice. "Has anything ever entered there that wasn't legally paid for?" A great hush of expectation fell upon the assembly, but he of the stomach was silent.

"We are waiting for the answer," said the Voice.

"Well," began the alderman," I once wished to learn Chinese, and a learned professor, who spoke the language like a native—of the south of Ireland—undertook to impart a thorough knowledge of the language and literature in eight weeks. That was hardly legal, was it; for, under ordinary circumstances, I believe it takes about sixty-six years? So some other learned professor lost his legitimate fees for that extended period of time."

"Yes," said the Voice; "proceed."

"I was young, you see, and giddy,' continued the alderman, "and the learned professor was so persuasive. His knowledge of philology was profound. When he was at a loss for a Chinese word, he substituted one in broken French or Gaelic, and, of course, being guiltless of a knowledge of those languages, we were none the wiser. Besides, he was entertaining, and told funny stories. He made all the English aristocracy drop their *h's*, or put that erring aspirate into places where it had no business. He was great, moreover, at derivations and roots; indeed, to judge from the state of his finger-nails, he must have been delving for roots all his life."

"What's the Chinese for *cold roast rat?*" interrupted the Voice.

"Coldee loastee lattee," responded the alderman, glibly.

"Convicted out of his own mouth," said the Voice. "Who ever heard such Chinese outside of the State of California, the Celestial's seventh heaven?"

"But——" began the alderman.

"Didn't I tell you there were no 'buts' in the land of Anti-Humbug?" said the Voice. "By persisting in these equivocations, you but magnify your offences. Now, friends and liege subjects all, know ye this: Wherefore, whereby, and notwithstanding; whereas, by the grace of Father Christmas, in this year of liberation from the flesh of earth, and in these mildly-luminous realms of moonshine and Anti-Humbug, it having been given, granted, bestowed, awarded, that these bipeds, two-legged creatures, bifurcated humanity atoms—"

"Savors somewhat of a preamble, friend, does it not? Who would have thought of encountering lawyers in the moon?" whispered the alderman, nudging the drummer, who merely grunted his disgust.

"Be projected, shot up, hurled, discharged, propelled against our luminary, orb, planet, revolving mass of, of—

"Lunacy," suggested the drummer.

"Another word," said the Voice, "and you'll wonder what in luna struck you—— be it enacted, decreed, ordered, commanded, decided, that these two same bipeds, being unfit, through lack of gravity or weight, for ordinary deglutition, be, according to the law of Anti-Humbug, changed, transmuted, altered, transmogrified into such other substances as by law allowed, permitted, decreed. Whereas, whereby, notwithstanding, nevertheless, howbeit, etc., etc., etc."—

"I can give you the whole list," volunteered the drummer. "They're in Lindley Murray, and I learnt them all when a boy. They're prepositions."

"No they ain't; they're a nuisance," said the learned pig.

"'Ain't' isn't good grammar," remarked the alderman.

"Good enough for a mathematician," retorted the turkey; "but I say, they're conjunctions."

"Well, I think they're adverbs," said another.

"Let us have peace," said a grave looking calf of plethoric habit. "Why this bandying of words? Put the question before some earthly board of city school supervisors. Only, here let us have peace."

"Piece of what?" enquired the drummer.

"Calf," replied the alderman. "That would exactly suit your case as a 'shoot and boo man.'"

"The charge. The charge. What about the "charge?" came a chorus of voices.

"All emigrants who come to this planet, and who, by the law of gravitation, or other causes—as is the case with the Chinaman whose flavor is decidedly ratty—have been rendered unfit for lodging-house culinary purposes, otherwise hash, must undergo a process of transformation."

"A verdict. A verdict!" shouted the mob.

"Have either of you citizens any money about you?" enquired the Voice.

"I gave my last to a charity before leaving earth," said the alderman, buttoning his pocket.

"And I gave my charity to the last, as befitting a 'shoot and boo' man, so have none for myself," said the drummer, following the example of his companion.

"Ah! just like you emigrants, you never bring us anything worth having, only impecuniosity, cholera, poor Irish wit, and bad puns. Well, as you have no money, you must undergo the transforming process. You must be changed. There is no alternative. Only the choice is left to yourselves. Whatever you most affected on earth that can you now be; otherwise the choice must be left to a jury. Now make up your minds."

"On earth, I much affected, at this jovial season, beef and puddings; the roast beef of old England, fed on Canadian pastures; the pudding suggestive of the fruity south," said the alderman.

"And I," supplemented the drummer, "had at this especial season a weakness for champagne, the amber, bubbling, sparkling nectar of——"

"Green gooseberries," broke in the Voice. "Bah! The fellow's tastes are low. No cash. No solidity. Only stale puns and gooseberry juice. Away with them. Be ye what ye seek—the embodiments in the land of Anti-Humbug of your desires in the land of the genuine article, with a big H, great U, capital M, and all the other letters to match. Presto! Change. Ab-ra-ca-dab-ra, fee-fi-fo-fum, hie-did-il-didle, tick-tack-tock, dickery-dickery-dock, whereas, whereby, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Presto! Change! Pudding-head you! Gooseberry-bottle you!"

"Ha ha ha! He he he! Ho ho ho!" roared the drummer, whose gaze was riveted upon the alderman. "Here's a guy!"

"Ha ha ha! yourself," retorted the alderman. "You're another," and he too, as he looked at his companion, burst into a fit of laughter, and the two stood lost in merriment, each regardless or ignorant of his own personal plight.

For instead of the plump rotundity of the alderman and the lank proportions of the drummer, there stood on the hill-top before the crowd of aboriginal nondescripts, nought but a plum-pudding in a frock coat on human legs, and a champagne bottle in stiff stick-up shirt-collar on ditto, laughing at each other.

But at the moment of transformation, another crowd of natives appear-

ed at the foot of the hill and began making for the summit; some mere anatomies of skin and bone, others short, and so stout they could hardly waddle.

"You had better run," said a good-natured-looking guinea-fowl, who till now had kept in the rear, but had pressed to the front rank at the moment of the transformations.

"'The boys out of work and the girls in place' are after you, and they haven't yet lost their taste for plum-pudding and champagne. Gravitation is nothing to them, nor the *inverse ratio*. They know nothing of it. They take the shadow for the substance, and, if you're not off, they'll have you in a trice."

Even while she spoke, the advanced files of the new crowd arrived at the summit, and gazed with hungry eyes at the transformed.

"What do they want with us?" inquired the alderman, shaking like a jelly.

He trembled to such a degree, that the raisins began to fall out of him, while a great piece of lemon peel tumbled to the earth and was picked up in Texas. The people there said afterwards it weighed three tons, and that it was an ærolite. They advertised the wonder, and *savants* from the New England States have since been looking for it. These, however, maintain that there must be something the matter with the *inverse ratio*, as the celestial visitor has not materialized—for them.

The drummer was so frightened, that the cork in his neck started, and the champagne began to drip from him in torrents.

"What a remarkable rain for December," said a citizen of New Brunswick, who happened to be immediately underneath.

"It's shwate wather intirely," said an Irishman. "Shure an' it tastes loike the crather itself."

"Providence," said a third, an anti-prohibitionist. "See how Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Law deprives us of liquor, and Nature proves indeed 'the sweet restorer.'"

Then the three winked and adjourned to a refreshment buffet.

"Don't sell hard stuff here," said the bartender gruffly.

"No, we know you don't. We wouldn't ask for it. Give us something soft. German-cider for instance."

Whereat the three winked again, and the bar-tender winked, and everybody was happy.

"Run, I tell you," said the guinea-fowl, "or you are lost. They'll eat you up surely. Those skeletons are the ghosts of the young men that were crowded out of situations on earth by young women. They have had nothing to eat since the passing of the 'Woman's Emancipation Act.' You, Mr. Alderman, will be but a mouthful for them. Those stout parties are the young women, who, while on earth, ousted the men and lived upon the fat of the land. They have had enough of pudding, having been well fed on earth, but were total abstainers there. Here, they have changed their politics. So you had better look out for yourself, Mr. Champagne drummer. They'll gulp you down quicker than a strawberry ice cream. Run, I say."

So the two ran, the drummer first, for he was still long and lank; the

alderman a bad second, for he was still round and obese, and after them sped the pack of skeleton boys and fat girls.

Away they went like Gilpin, neck or naught. The raisins flew like hail The gooseberry juice oozed and fizzed.

Everything presaged a big bang.

Horror! The pursuers were nearing!

"I can run no more," gasped the unfortunate alderman. "Oh!—"

"Cobourg, Cobourg, stop here for refreshments."

"Eh! what? How's that? Where am I?"

"Cobourg, Sir. Fifteen minutes for refreshments."

The red head had disappeared from the compartment in front. It was already at the bar within the station.

Alderman Goodenough sat up, mopped his head with a bandana and

gazed round with a bewildered air.

"Dear me!" he muttered presently.

"That late dinner at Montreal must have disagreed with me." He looked at his watch. 11.50 p.m. "I have been asleep for half an hour. Hang that gibbering skeleton, I thought he had me by the leg."

SALMON FISHING AND CANNING ON THE FRASER.

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWEN.

THE far west of the Dominion of Canada is a land rich in minerals and in lumber, in gold and in grain; but richest of all, perhaps, is the harvest of the river. The mighty Fraser, which rolls through the forest-clad mountains of British Columbia, is not only a highway of the land, not inferior to the Canadian Pacific Railway, but it is also a fruitful field and an inexhaustible mine.

It is not difficult to realise this when one sees the river in some places and at certain times almost choked with the salmon forcing their way to the upper waters for the purpose of depositing their spawn—so numerous that, as the popular saying has it, you can almost walk across the river on their backs—or when one learns at the end of the fishing season that something like a million and-a-half of dollars enters the City of New Westminster alone as the result of a successful fishing.

As in all matters of greater or less moment than fishing, success comes from knowing and following the laws of Nature. To do this is of more importance than understanding the "why" and the "wherefore" of those laws. And as some of these are of first-rate importance to the canners and fishermen, we may, without attempting to explain, briefly refer to them here. First of all is the fact that there are in the course of the year several salmon runs, not all of equal importance to the canner. In the spring we have the fine *spring salmon*, a large and delicious fish, but not sufficiently numerous for the canner to use. Then in July, and until the end of August, comes the great run of the year, that of the *sockeye* salmon, a fish smaller than the last mentioned, but more remunerative for canning. It is for this kind that the cannery is prepared, and when the sockeyes depart the cannery is shut down. Close on the heels of these come the *humpbacks*, a very unpopular tribe, coarse and ill-shaped, and deemed (perhaps unjustly) unfit for human food. Soon after these despised members of the family come the *steelheads*, a beautiful fish, canned sometimes with the sockeyes, but not numerous enough to be sought on their own account. Lastly come the *cohoes*, which run till the end of October, and are kindly welcomed on all sides and universally esteemed.

But in speaking of the salmon fishery and canning industry of the Fraser River, let us, not forgetting the enormous quantities of fresh fish sent as far as New York, and the still larger quantities salted, dried, and dispersed the whole wide world over, concentrate our attention on the *sockeye* run as the most important of the year. Here, again, we have a strange but uniform law prevailing, of which the canner must take account. This is the fact—that the runs may be grouped in cycles of four years. Every fourth year there is a regular glut of salmon, when the fish are so numerous that tens of thousands are cast back again into the river, and when the fishermen have to be strictly limited in the number they are allowed to take. After this *annus aurens* the runs decline for three years, reaching a point when it may be actually unprofitable for the canneries to be kept open, except for the sake of keeping the fishermen together, and then in the fourth year rising once more to the zenith.

The fishing and the canning on a

large scale are confined, as may be inferred, to a comparatively short time in the year, not more than a month or six weeks, from the middle of June to the end of August. During this time, however, nothing could be more interesting or more picturesque.

Standing upon the wharf of a cannery some day in the month of June. you will see the first arrivals of Indians in their canoes from the north. The canoes are long, black craft, each made all from one piece, except the high prow, and most graceful in shape, sun), and themselves clumsy and almost shapeless from the endeavours to wear their whole wardrobe at once. When they step on shore you cannot help contrasting them with your ideal Indian, or with the stalwart hunting Indians of the North-west, for these fishing Indians are short and squat—something very like coarse specimens of Japanese, their features broad and ugly at their best, and in the older men and women surpassingly hideous. But they soon get to work. Tents and huts are erected in an incredibly

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and proving by experience their ability to stand the heaviest seas, unless they should split from stem to stern. And they need both size and strength, for not only does each boat contain a whole family of Indians—men, women and children—but also dogs and fowls and tents, and baggage of a most heterogeneous description. The Indians look anything but attractive as they paddle their canoes to the wharf, with their faces thickly smeared with red and black paint (to protect their complexions from the short space of time, a few yards from the river brink; beds and bedding are passed from the women in the boats to the men on the shore; fires are lighted in such dangerous proximity to the walls of the tents that the absence of a great conflagration is a daily miracle, and before many hours there is the Indian encampment as though it had existed for months, with fires burning, and dogs barking, and fowls cackling, and an ancient fish-like smell asserting its supremacy in a peculiarly malodoriferous atmos-

phere. Then at night may be heard the wild chant and whoop, and the beating of pans and kettles, while, through the smoke, dusky figures may be seen moving round and round in some strange barbaric dance. At least, the women (who are called *kloochmen*) do the dancing, looking for all the world like the "weird sisters" in *Macbeth*—circling round the hell-brewed caldron, whirling round faster and faster, till their starting eyes and panting breasts show that they have completely lost all self-control; while the men (who are called *siwashes*) stand looking critically on, or compose the orchestra.

ON THE WHARF.

A more common, though less picturesque, recreation is found by the Indians in gambling, and for hours you may see them, squatting on the wet ground or in the smoky huts, eagerly handling the cards, and staking almost all they possess upon the result of the game.

But all this is in their play time, and when the fishing season begins in earnest, dancing and gambling have to be put aside, and the Indian takes his place in the fishing-boat.

Though, perhaps, the majority of the fishermen are Indians—and the same Indians will come to the same cannery year after year—there are many other nationalities which contribute their *quota*. There are white men in plenty — English, French, Italian and Scandinavian, and a considerable number of Japanese. The Chinese are not particularly good fishermen, but they have their own part in the fishery, as we shall see later. The most successful fishermen are those who can endure the longest hours on the water, and in this respect the palm may almost certainly be given to the Newfoundlanders, of whom there are quite a number on the Fraser.

Each boat is manned by two men, or, in some instances, by a man and his wife. One manages the boat and the other the net—no light matter when it is remembered that a salmon net is 300 yards long, and that the work of hauling includes the killing of each salmon by striking it a sharp blow on the head with a stick. This sort of work all through the long night-watches, added to the discomfort and cramping in the narrow boat, fully deserves the amount paid for it, especially as the unsuccessful nights, when but a dozen or less fish are taken, have to be reckoned with the successful nights, when the nets may be hauled in as soon as floated out.

THE FRASER RIVER, WITH CANNERY IN THE DISTANCE.

It is a pretty sight to look out upon the broad waters of the Fraser some evening when the ripples are dyed scarlet and orange and green with the last rays of the level sun, and watch the boats scattered here and there, with the long line of floats stretching obliquely across the river; and pleasant it is to hear the weird strains of some Indian song floating from the distant boats, where the fishermen are beguiling away the lonely hours. But far pleasanter, doubtless, is it to the fishermen when at daybreak they pile up on the wharf or in capacious scows the silver fruit of their toil—great masses of shining fish, such as gladden the heart of the canner.

What the fisherman means by a successful night depends upon a variety of circumstances. In the "good year" (such as this last has been) the fishermen can catch during a run more than the canneries have capacity to deal with, and, therefore, a limit of perhaps three hundred fish a night is set to the exertions of each boat. Consequently, the skilled fishermen prefer an ordinary season to a glut, because, while in a good run anyone could catch a boatload, in a less prolific season, endurance, knowledge and skill will make themselves felt. As an example of what is considered a fair take of fish may be instanced the fact that during the late season, lasting about six weeks, of seven boats manned by fourteen men known to the writer, the lowest take of fish was 6,700, and the highest 11,000, a result which would make each man's earnings average from $350 to $550.

But now we must go back a step, for the finny harvest lying on the wharves would soon perish if the cannerymen had not been before-hand well prepared to deal with it.

And the first step in this part of the business is the manufacture of the cans. Nothing could be more interest-

ing than this, and it is here that the Chinaman's share of the work comes in. Making the cans is an operation involving about fourteen several processes, from the time the boxes of tin are unshipped, piled, and counted, to the time that the trayfuls of cans stand ready to receive their dainty contents. It would take too long to follow all these processes, but it is really very fascinating to watch a can on its way, passing through the deft fingers of the Celestial workman, and through complicated pieces of machinery—squared, trimmed, formed, seamed, bottomed, topped, crimped, soldered, and piled—till the store-rooms of the cannery seem like the treasure-houses of the Incas, filled from top to bottom with ingots of precious metal.

Now we return to our "*muttons*"—that is, to the glittering fish lying on the wharf ready to be canned. Here, again, time would fail to tell of the many hands employed before the perfect result is attained—certainly forty, and none of these superfluous. The fish is cleaned, and it is no uncommon thing for a Chinaman to clean as many as a thousand fish a day, working like a machine, without haste and without rest. Then they pass into the hands of the *kloochmen*, who wash the fish and prepare them for a sort of guillotine arrangement by which they are cut up into the requisite lengths. There is a certain amount of waste, but on an average, about thirteen fish go to a case of forty-eight cans. Then comes the filling process, from which the cans are carried to the scales and weighed. Thence they are taken again, and by successive stages wiped, topped, crimped, soldered, piled in coolers, tested to find out whether they are air-tight, and put into the boiling kettles. After a sufficient time has elapsed they are taken out and tested a second time, then placed in a retort for cooking; then they are washed in the lye-kettle with caustic soda, from thence wheeled to the packing-room, tested with a nail, piled in trays, taken to the lacquering table, lacquered, labelled, boxed, piled and shipped. This is, of course, but a bare itinerary of the journey of a can of salmon, with many intervening stations omitted, but it is a journey for the eye to follow in the cannery itself, and it will make you marvel at the quiet, constant, unresting labor, the economy of time and space, and the simplicity of arrangement by which the pile on the wharf becomes the less perishable pile in the warehouse.

A good cannery can turn out from 1,000 to 1,800 cases a day, each case (as has been said) containing forty-eight tins; and the average pack of a cannery in the season is about 15,000 cases, representing a total of not much less than 200,000 fish.

It is when one thinks of the number of canneries along the Fraser River that some idea is obtained of the myriads of fish ensnared in the attempt to make the voyage up the river. Truly, as Spenser said long ago, it is

> "much more eath to tell the stars on high,
> Albe they endless seem in estimation,
> Than to recount the sea's posterity,
> So fertile be the floods in generations,
> So huge their numbers and so numberless their nations."

Yet the country looks far ahead, and realising that years of fishing may sensibly diminish the number of fish in the river, takes care to replenish the waters with millions of salmon fry, hatched in the hatchery at Bon Accord. Perhaps a greater danger than that of too many fish being caught lies in the fear that the salmon may consider the river getting too lively, with its steamboats and well-settled banks, and may take to patronizing some quieter spawning grounds. But in the case of fish, as of men, old customs die hard, and nothing but a revolution among the finny tribes will make them abandon the grand old Fraser.

It is at the close of the fishing that the good results of a successful season become most apparent, and perhaps

the busiest time for the canner is when the pack of fish has been completed, and he has to pack off his men and sell his fish.

The latter process is sometimes simplified by a buyer coming along and purchasing as many as 40,000 cases at one transaction, whereat the heart of the canneryman is exceeding glad; but the former business of paying off the men is a sore vexation and trial of patience. For all want to be off at once, and to make up their individual accounts and settle disputed claims is not done most conveniently with a horde of Indians, Chinamen, and white men pressing eagerly into the sacred precincts of the office, and each vociferously demanding attention before every other. If the manager in his nightly dreams obtains for a while respite from his weary task, the strident notes of an impromptu Indian band at his bedroom window will awaken him to business before the rising of the sun, and, altogether, the cashier and manager are not sorry when the last Indian has disappeared from the premises on his way to the stores.

INTERIOR OF CANNERY. A PILE OF CASES.

And it is no inconsiderable amount that the fishermen have at their disposal at such a time. Of course, prices vary from year to year, but the fisherman never gets less than 6 cents a fish, and occasionally as much as 15 cents, so that it is quite possible for a man to earn $100 in a night, and stories are told of men earning over $1,000 in a season.

That money is plentiful is soon noticeable in the towns. There are the banks paying out at the rate of $60,000 a day; there are the saloons, alas! full of men trying to get rid of their money faster even than they earned it; and there are the Indians, wandering curiously from store to store, heaping together goods wherewith to fill their canoes for the return voyage northward. They are not particular as to what they buy; indeed, their chief anxiety is lest they should have money left on their hands; so their purchases are not made by any means from an utilitarian point of view. They buy flour and clothing, saddles and bridles, guns and ploughs, even *coffins* and *gravestones*, rather than return unladen, and what money they fail to dispose of in purchases they generally contrive to disperse abroad in *potlaches*.

The *potlach* is a peculiar Indian institution, combining the essential features of a free lunch and a free blanket scramble. Perhaps, indeed, the indiscriminate giving away of presents by the chief surpasses in interest the banquet. Potlaches are all the rage after the fishing season is over, and it is astonishing with what delight the Indian braves indulge in

them. Here is an account of one, given in the words of a prominent canner, about a year ago :—

"Last year," he says, "I had an Indian working for me who earned $1,400. He drew the whole of this in a lump sum, and laid it out in eight muskets, a dozen boxes of crackers, and the balance—about $1,200—in blankets. Then the noble redman called all the Indians within reach together, and announced his intention of giving a grand potlach.

"The blankets were spread out in a two-acre field, with the crackers on the outside for his friends to lunch on, and the muskets in the centre. When the appointed time arrived to begin the ceremonies, the Indian waded through the sea of blankets to where the muskets lay. Here he climbed on a box and began a long oration, which lasted over an hour, at the end of which time he picked up the muskets one by one and smashed them over the box, signifying that all enmity between the tribes present was forever ended, and rifles would be no longer needed. Then he gave the signal that the potlach had commenced, and the Indian women sailed in and packed away not only one pair of blankets, but as many as they could carry, and in a few minutes there was not even a single blanket left for the use of the generous contributor. This grand give-away, of course, made the Siwash very popular, and a few days after he was elected sub-chief of his tribe. A few weeks later this same Indian came to me dead-broke, and got a sack of flour on credit.

"As a rule the headmen of the tribe do this sort of thing, but once in a while an ambitious young Siwash tries to make a name for himself. Last fall a young fellow who had made a little money fishing for me came into the office and got $150 in silver. With this he climbed on top of a shack, and after addressing the multitude for an hour and a-half, scattered every cent of the money among the people below. This young Indian is looked upon as a coming man, and by the time he has squandered the earnings of half-a-dozen seasons' fishing he will be made a chief."

However, as a good deal of money is left to circulate in our midst, and the Indians go home well satisfied, it is not for us to grumble. Indeed, grumbling is at a discount after the fishing, or should be, for it is the harvest of the year—a blessing to the fishermen; a blessing to the canners, a blessing to the tradespeople in our cities, and, let us hope, a blessing to the world at large, which tastes our Fraser River salmon as fresh a year hence as on the day they were caught. Long may the world be grateful for the industry which brings the wealth of the seas to those far inland who may never have heard the music of old Ocean's voice.

HUMORS OF BENCH AND BAR.

BY W. H. BLAKE.

Osgoode Hall, Toronto, presents a distinctly non-humorous aspect to the passer-by who contemplates its classic façade from Queen-street; and the harassed litigant or casual visitor who ventures within its portals hears and sees little to move him to laughter.

Even to those who there reap a precarious crop with the sickle of their eloquence, this vast legal mill has a certain awesomeness, and its daily grist is ground in a very sober and humdrum fashion.

A spirit of seriousness settles upon the curious ones who come to observe how Justice demeans herself in her appointed home, — possibly arising from an uneasy feeling that to exhibit levity would be a contempt of Court, punishable with hideous despatch and in manner dire.

A brace of Fair-time rustics illustrated, not long since, this frame of mind. With an apologetic mien they were clumping through the corridors, occasionally passing remarks in a husky whisper, and seemingly were much oppressed by the pervading atmosphere of solemnity. Yearning for something more interesting, they ventured to address a gay young barrister, whose soul had not quite become as ashes within him, "Whar's the Museum?" The answer was: "There is no regular museum here, but you will find an excellent collection of fossils in that room,"—pointing to one of the courts. They entered, gazed vacantly about at Judges, Counsel, Clerk, Sheriff and Reporter, but spoke not nor smiled. The very air of the place forbade the idea of a jest, and probably they are wondering to this day what that too-sharp young lawyer was driving at.

Perhaps it is the principle of contrast that lends a peculiar fragrance to any flower of wit that ventures to blossom in so sterile a desert, and it is to be feared that such delicate plants cannot survive when deprived of their environment. With all diffidence, therefore, the task of transplantation is essayed.

It happens sometimes, when the circumstances forbid a smile by reason of the lack of humorous intent on the part of the Bench, that scenes occur, painful in their wealth of suppressed mirth. Figure to yourself a sultry day in June. At 11 o'clock Chancery Chambers opened bright and fair, but the afternoon is waning, the room is still full of those who crave an audience, and little has been accomplished, The time has passed in prosy and tedious disputes about trifles, and the atmosphere of the court is not only close and sultry. but dangerously surcharged with electricity. Talking has been severely checked from the Bench more than once, and now not a whisper is heard. In its turn. the next motion is called on, and something supremely trivial is broached which bids fair to absorb most of the precious time remaining. As the involved skein is slowly unwound, the Judge lays down his pen (as one would deposit a burden too weighty to be longer borne), and turns to the window. The droning recitation of affidavits proceeds, but the Judge is far, far away—his gaze fixed on remotest space. Flies buzz at the panes and rival the reader's voice in their melancholy monotony. Hush! the Judge is thinking aloud. The reader stumbles, halts in the middle of a word, and bows his head. "It seems—to me—that the length–of matters–which–are brought —before this Court—is—in *inverse*

ratio—to their importance. I suppose —if it were humanly conceivable— that a question—should arise—about —nothing at all,—that—it would last —for ever—and ever."

It is assumed that the terminology of Poker is a part of the common wisdom of mankind, though, perhaps, the Bench would refuse to take judicial cognizance of the fact that "three of a kind beats two pair." A case relating to the moving of a building from one place to another, was before a certain appellate Court, one member of which tribunal, with his usual appetite for minute detail, kept questioning the counsel. "You say, Mr. — that this house was—was raised?" "Yes, My Lord." "Now, Mr. — on what was it raised?" "On four Jacks, My Lord." Between questioner and questioned passed one gleam of sympathetic intelligence, but otherwise Bench and Bar were unmoved,—only an obscure junior in a back seat, who had had the personal ill-luck to experience similar unfortunate "raises," passed out of the court-room to lean over the balustrade and tell the mosaic pavement how funny a thing had been said.

Not a few amusing discussions arise about the pronunciation of words; and such philological questions have been known (for the moment), to quite obscure the point at issue. In a case involving consideration of some injury to the brain, the word "paresis" was used by several of the Judges in giving judgment, and pronounced invariably "parésis." When it fell to the turn of the last member of the Court to deliver himself, he called the word "párĕsis." It is said that his Chief, a few moments later presented him with this quatrain:

> "This word of your's 'pàresis,'
> Our nice ears harasses;
> You would ease us, and please us,
> By saying 'parésis.'"

In the examination of a witness, a certain very learned Queen's Counsel used the word "peritoneum," and made the "o" long and accented. The Judge was ready for a little fun on the strength of the mispronunciation, but under-estimated the counsel's power of turning the tables. He said, "Mr. ———— that is *short*, is it not?" With the familiar twinkle came the reply, "On the contrary, my Lord: in the case of a full grown adult, it is rather long."

Really unkind things do not very often come from the Bench, but occasionally an unfortunate receives a crushing blow. A very pertinacious advocate of many years' standing at the bar was pressing his client's claim somewhat unduly. The Court was against him, and so informed him more than once. At length it was borne in upon him that what he desired was to be denied him, and in much despair of soul, he said, "But, my Lord, whatever in the world is my client to do?" He got his answer, *extra sec.* "My advice to him would be to consult a Solicitor."

Accuracy is most desirable in matters legal, but sometimes its bounds are over-stepped. An official of the court, distinguished for this virtue, recently had an affidavit placed before him in which it was stated that a certain event took place "in the end of May." He rejected it, pointing out, with much justice, that the month of May, like every thing else, had two ends, and the affidavit did not specify which of them was meant.

Perhaps this is paralleled by the Judge who refused to accept a mother's statement as to the date of her child's birth, "unless she could associate it in her mind with something collateral, in order that the time of the event might thereby be fixed."

Some years ago the "Bobtail Car Case" was argued by a great array of counsel, and all the law applicable, statutory and otherwise, was very elaborately expounded to the Court.

At the conclusion of a most erudite and pain staking leader's address, the Chief Justice remarked that he was surprised to find that no reference had been made to one of the most import-

ant enactments bearing on the question. This was a very disconcerting reflection on the diligence of the advocate, and he scarce knew how to reply.

"I think—your Lordship—must be in error. I have endeavored to give the Court with rather unusual fulness a reference to all legislation, which could possibly affect the matter. I cannot hazard a guess at the enactment to which your Lordship alludes."

"You surprise me, Mr. ————, because I certainly thought every student was familiar with the Act respecting Short Forms of Conveyances."

It is customary for the Judges to note with more or less fulness the points taken by counsel upon arguments before them. Sometimes they can do so very shortly, and this independently of the length of the argument. A gentleman who occupied some hours in his client's interest (as he fondly believed), was not a little chagrined, on happening to see the Judge's book accidentally some time afterwards, to find the following brief epitome following his name. "*Vox et prœterea nihil.*"

A thermometer has its uses in a court room; but frequent references to it do not tend to reduce the temperature in which Bench and Bar must sometimes labor. A long and intricate injunction motion was before the Court on one of our tropical July days, and the thermometer was consulted from time to time, to justify the prostrated condition in which the participants found themselves. When it reached the 90° mark, the Judge considered the fact worthy of mention—whereupon counsel for the defendants made his point. "Yes, My Lord, a good day, as your Lordship sees, for dissolving an injunction."

Mr. ————, was arguing for a certain position with much strenuousness but little success. The Court could not, would not, follow him, but he nevertheless persevered. At length, overcome by the seeming absurdity of one of his contentions, the representative of Justice became a trifle ruffled. and broke out: "I do believe that you would endeavor to prove to me that two and two are, or can be, anything else than four." To which speedily and cheerfully came the reply! "Why, certainly, my Lord, I should not despair of convincing your Lordship that in proper juxtaposition two and two would be twenty-two."

A piece of very important city litigation lasted for several weary weeks, and from time to time the leading counsel on one side stated his personal opinion with increasing positiveness upon a certain point in the case. At the outset he contented himself with argument, but conviction grew, and, in his closing address, he put it plainly that no human being with the gift of reason could, by any possibility, differ from his conclusion. The leader who opposed him suffered in silence until the time came for his reply, and then delivered, by way of reminiscence, his rebuke for this substitution of personal conviction for argument:—"My learned friend recalls to me the unfortunate position in which, some years ago, a late learned leader of the bar found himself. He was engaged at the trial of a case, and his client failed. Being consulted as to an appeal, he delivered a very positive opinion in his client's favor, and the case was carried to appeal, where again he was unsuccessful. His view was only fortified by this mischance, and he reiterated it in still stronger terms. The action went through the usual gamut of appeals, upon this learned counsel's statement that no sane and reasonable man could hold a conclusion different from his own. Alas, for human fallibility, in the fulness of time, it was his lot to appear before the Supreme Court and to find himself addressing a *Bench of lunatics.*"

A very well known Q. C., of the days gone by, was haranguing the old Court of Error and Appeal, and although his argument was very long

and very loud, it failed to carry entire conviction. The Chief Justice, wishing to find if his own half-formed view was corroborated, turned to the judge sitting next him:

"Brother ——, do you think Mr. —— is sound?"

To which Brother ——: "Yes, *all sound.*

A pretty story is told of a certain Judge of the Supreme Court. After delivering a batch of judgments in his court, he dropped into the Rideau Club, where he met several members of the Ontario bar. One of them remarked, in the course of conversation, that the Privy Council had recently allowed several appeals from the Supreme Court, where the judge of whom we speak had dissented from the majority, adopting his opinion in preference to that of the rest of the Bench. "That reminds me of a very curious thing," said Mr. Justice ——. "Perhaps you have have seen that little mare of mine—nice little beast, and wonderfully intelligent. I drove down to the Court with the judgments you speak of, left the animal where I usually put it up, and went to my room, but, in a few seconds, discovered that the papers were gone—probably had fallen out of my pocket. I hurried back to the stable, and found them lying on the straw beside my mare, and, would you 'believe it, *that clever little beast had eaten the only one in which I agreed with the rest of the Court.*"

A certain testator left a handsome bequest to the Sisters of Charity of Hamilton, and his will was before the Court for construction. As to the gift, it was argued that there being no such society or incorporation as "The Sisters of Charity of Hamilton," the bequest failed. An ingenious Hamilton counsel contended, notwithstanding, that individuals answering the description of "Sisters of Charity" in Hamilton, might take the benefit of the legacy; to which it was replied—"By common repute, Charity has but two sisters,—Faith and Hope—and both these ladies ceased to reside in Hamilton many years ago."

An action to recover the balance of an account being before an Appellate Court, one of the judges was seeking truth after the Socratic fashion, and was being supplied with it a little over eagerly, by the counsel whose turn to address the Court had not arrived. The verdict was a long and curious production, and the last line read—"The defendant is to pay for the beer." When this caught the eye of the interrogating Judge, a question flew out, which, as he expected, was snapped at, "And to what does this last item refer?" The advocate hastened to inform him that part of the cause of action was for beer supplied, and that this was a finding in respect of it. With a weary and disappointed air, His Lordship turned away, observing, —"Oh!—Ah!—I thought it was the beer for the jury."

A County Judge was sued for the price of law books supplied to a county library, and there was some difficulty about having the case tried, as other County Judges were interested in similar questions. The Judge, before whom the matter was being discussed, sought to solve the problem with this happy suggestion—"Why not let the trial take place before one of our learned brothers who dispenses with books?"

Another sly hit at that highly ornamental body may be recorded. Recent legislation authorizing County Judges, on occasion, to hold Court outside of their own counties, was under discussion, when the following *dictum* fell from the Bench: "It is surely a grievous hardship to send a County Judge among people *totally unused to his law.*"

And yet one further. A County Judge was in the witness box, and the questions put to him were objected to as being leading. A good deal of friction had developed between the objector and the Bench, on account of

several questionable and obnoxious rulings that had proceeded from the latter, and this objection was met with the remark—"There is no occasion for so much astuteness, as the witness is a lawyer." Mr. —— fixed his gimlet eye upon the Bench as he replied: "Pardon me, your Lordship is in error, the witness is a *Judge*,—not a *lawyer*."

At an Assize in a county town, Pat —— had just given his evidence with a great deal of volubility, and Mr. —— was about to open the fire of cross-examination upon him. The learned, and not a little dreaded, Q.C., levelled his eye at the witness, and was slowly advancing towards the witness-box, arranging his gown and clearing his throat. Suddenly it seemed to sweep over the witness what was in store for him, and overcome with apprehension, he turned to the judge and flung out the following: "Yer Honor, ivry word I have been sayin' is the God's truth, and if Mr. —— makes me say anythin' else it'll be a bloody lie."

Beneath Osgoode Hall, in regions subterranean, is a shrine where the profane foot may not penetrate. This sacred spot has been set apart by the Benchers (Rest their souls!) for the offering up of incense to the goddess Nicotina. Such as are compelled to labor in the dry and windy wastes above, find there surcease from toil, and the consolations of tobacco smoke. During the cherished half-hour of the midday adjournment, you may there see and hear, through the shifting blue haze, many things both pleasing and profitable. Here are no privileges, no precedences. Tobacco and clay pipes are common to all, and it is a nice speculation to what extent the cause of the pleasant *camaraderie* that there obtains is atmospheric.

A briefless Junior claims the ear of the assembly with as much confidence as that well-known advocate, his neighbor, who has frayed out a half-dozen of silk gowns in the practice of his profession. Yea, even do their feet repose side by side upon the table.

Save in one respect, every man does as he wills within these four walls. He may sit in sulky silence, join in the pleasant chat that flies around, spin yarns, or listen to them, but otherwise than as the groundwork of a story, he must not touch upon aught that smells of law if he would not pay toll to the Tobacco Fund.

Tales are told, both old and new—the flotsam and jetsam of many an Assize forgotten save for some memorable fragment of an address to a jury, or some spark of wit struck out between counsel and judge.

Here, too, is heard the plaint of him who deems he has received hard usage or scant justice at the hands of judge or jury, or that susurrant murmur at things that be, which the poet speaks of so touchingly as "the moaning of the Bar."

But the hands of the clock advance swiftly, and the Courts wait for no man. Our half-hour in the Barristers' Common-room is over, and I leave you in the timid hope that what passes for humor with *us* may, at least, not draw tears of sorrow to *your* eyes.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

SINCE Lord Dufferin initiated the policy of making the Vice-royalty of Canada a popular link in the silken chain which binds the Dominion and the Mother—land together, we have been singularly fortunate in the distinguished men who have occupied that increasingly important position. In the long range of pro-consuls who have filled great offices abroad, as representatives of the monarch of Great Britain, hardly one can be named who achieved such immense and enduring popularity as the present Marquis of Dufferin. By his eloquence when here, and his speeches upon many occasions since, he has done Canada great and valuable service, besides gaining for himself international renown. Hence the difficulty which faced his successors in office. But Lord Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise did much to promote the sympathetic relations between Great Britain and Canada, which Lord and Lady Dufferin had helped to develop, whilst the Marquis of Lansdowne won wide popularity and a reputation which transferred him eventually to the charge of the vast Indian Empire. And the present Earl of Derby, by his unaffected friendliness and his skilful administration of a by no means easy post, has maintained the best traditions of the order to which he belonged, and the British statesmanship in which he had held a prominent place.

Like his predecessors, the Earl of Aberdeen comes to Canada with some experience in the administration of affairs; with a reputation already made to a certain degree, but still capable of expansion; with the prestige of a great name, a long rent-roll, and considerable wealth. Like them, also, he has voluntarily given up many of the pleasures and privileges enjoyed at home by a British nobleman of high reputation, in order to assume duties which involve many perplexities and which must at times be irksome. Nevertheless, he cannot fail to recognize, as all connected in the past with the Government of Canada, have recognized the greatness and the responsibilities attaching to the position of Governor-General. As the connecting link between the different countries of a world-wide empire, as the symbol of its unity, and as the representative of the sovereign's person, standing high above all partisan considerations and dictation, and holding a position which gives unlimited scope for the promotion of the noblest principles of philanthropy, religion, social progress and moral reform, the Governor-General of Canada possesses functions and opportunities which the best men in the British realm might well be proud to hold. And if we may judge by an extract from His Excellency's reply to the Ottawa Civic Address, on Sept. 18th, Lord Aberdeen fully appreciates the importance of the duties which lie before him:

"If, and because, your Governor-General is in the service of the Crown, he is therefore also in a literal and absolute sense in the service of Canada. In other words, aloof though he be from actual executive responsibility, his attitude must be that of ceaseless and watchful readiness to take part by whatever opportunities may be afforded to him, in the fostering of any influence that will sweeten and elevate public life; to observe, study, and join in making known the resources and development of the country; to vindicate, if required, the rights of the people and the ordinances of the constitution, and lastly, to promote, by all means in his power, without reference to class or creed, every movement and every institution calculated to forward the social, moral and religious welfare of all the inhabitants of the Dominion."

The career of the New Governor-General has been of a nature to well

fit him, from different points of view, for the carrying out of such a programme, while the reputation of the Countess of Aberdeen as a philanthropic co-worker with her husband in many fields is assurance that she will add lustre to the high position of leader in the social world of Canada, which is now hers.

Born in 1847, John Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, s the seventh wearer of the title, and a grandson of "The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen," who ruled Great Britain as Prime Minister during the momentous Crimean period, and whose accomplishments attracted even the admiration of Byron.

He succeeded to the honors and estates of the family in 1870, upon the death of his brother at sea.

Lord Aberdeen was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and University College, Oxford, whence he graduated as M.A. in 1871. Since attaining his majority and a recognized position, the Governor-General has been one of the most active promoters of philanthropic and charitable movements in Great Britain. As an illustration of the disposition which seems to have marked his entire career, it may be said that when in New York recently, on his way to Europe, he is reported to have sent to various Scottish societies cheques amounting to $500, with a list of men to whom money was to be given if work could not be obtained for them. His wife, who is a daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth, has become especially prominent along almost identical lines, and in connection with movements for the elevation and enfranchisement of women, the increase of their influence, and the development of their political knowledge and power. It is therefore easy to see how the work of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen in their separate, yet similar, lines has been made to harmonize and be mutually helpful.

Up to the time when Lord Beaconsfield inaugurated the spirited foreign policy, which resulted in 1878 in the Treaty of Berlin, and "peace with honor," Lord Aberdeen had been a consistent Conservative, and had spoken and voted in the House of Lords for the policy of his party. But between 1876 and 1878, he joined the late Earl of Derby and the Earl of Carnarvon in vigorous protest, and in final withdrawal from the Tory ranks.

Unlike them, however, he never returned in any way to his old allegiance.

Lord Derby in after years became a Liberal Unionist, and Lord Carnarvon was at a later period Conservative Viceroy of Ireland. But Lord Aberdeen remained true to his new leader, and since 1886, when the split in the Liberal party took place, has been a pronounced Gladstonian Liberal. One of the reasons for this allegiance may have been the great personal friendship existing between himself and Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone in recent years have spent many a day with Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and the visits have been frequently returned at Hawarden Castle.

In 1880, Lord Aberdeen was appointed to a minor position in the new Liberal Government, and was also made Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, In the latter post, during a dozen years and more, he has given great satisfaction by an impartial and careful performance of the duties which appertain thereto. In 1881 he was called to the dignified position of High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which he held until 1886. It is more than probable that five years' experience of Holyrood and the head-quarters of Presbyterian society in Scotland, as well as a later experience of Dublin and London society, will enable their Excellencies to gauge the heights and depths of Ottawa social circles, and accommodate themselves to the social functions of Canadian Vice-royalty, in a very short time.

But it was not until 1886 that the Earl of Aberdeen reached that tide in the affairs of men which, in some cases, leads to success, and, not unfrequently, ends in disaster. During the brief Gladstone Ministry of that year, he accepted and held the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was a difficult position at the best, and at that time was rendered unusually so by the political uncertainty over the Home Rule Bill, and the partisan bitterness which seemed to reign supreme from one end of Ireland to the other.

The new Viceroy had to inaugurate a new policy; to conciliate hostile factions; to calm the excited feelings of the hour; and to soothe the intense opposition of sections of the community to the Government of which he was a member. It would be inaccurate to say that he was particularly successful from a party standpoint. There was not time for that. But there was abundant opportunity for the display of tact, geniality, and kindliness, and the cultivation of a popularity which still remains strong throughout the Green Isle. No Lord Lieutenant in recent times has so endeared himself to the people, and when it is remembered that Lord Aberdeen was there only from February to July, the following tribute from a Conservative paper—the *Newcastle Chronicle*, May 13th, 1893—will testify to his possession of some remarkable qualities:

"The immense popularity of Earl Fitzwilliam is not yet forgotten, and when the Earl of Aberdeen left Ireland, nothing like the regret which his departure evoked had been witnessed there since the departure of Earl Fitzwilliam in 1795."

Of course, much of this feeling was due to the popularity of Home Rule as a panacea for all distress, and to Lord Aberdeen, as the representative of that principle. But, as was shown by the comments of papers like the *Times*, when the change of Government relegated him once more to private life, there were other reasons as well for this great popularity. It was not all plain sailing. Before Lord and Lady Aberdeen had been in Dublin a week, strong addresses were presented from two hundred Methodist ministers, from the representatives of the Presbyterian Church, and from other bodies, protesting against Home Rule, and indirectly stigmatising Her Majesty's representative as disloyal. But Lord Aberdeen took, as far as was possible, a non-partisan ground, and before long, though party feeling was not greatly modified, it had ceased to be directed against him in person. As early as March 7th, following their appointment, the Countess of Aberdeen started the movement which has lately been so successfully exemplified at the World's Fair, by writing an open letter, which urged a due representation of Irish industries at the approaching Exhibition in Edinburgh. In the endeavor to promote this and other laudable objects, Lord Aberdeen joined, and during May they were able to take a prolonged tour through Southern Ireland, and were warmly received everywhere. In no place was this reception more enthusiastic than in Cork, where the Lord-Lieutenant was able to speak of "the combination of loyalty and national feeling" which appeared to exist.

Curiously enough, Canada came to the front during this period in connection with the Home Rule question. In April, the Quebec Assembly passed a resolution unanimously in favor of Home Rule, and a little later Hon. Edward Blake failed in carrying one through the Dominion House, an amendment being adopted, however, which expressed the very general and praiseworthy wish that measures be adopted, which, while "preserving the integrity and well-being of the empire, and the rights and status of the minority, would be satisfactory to the people of Ireland, and permanently remove the discontent so long unhappily prevailing in that country."

In July, Mr. Gladstone was defeated upon appealing to the country, and Lord Aberdeen prepared to surrender

his charge. It was then that the feeling of the masses shewed itself. Personal friendliness for the people, known attachment to Mr. Gladstone, devoted attention to charities and industrial objects, Lady Aberdeen's kindly sympathy towards the poor and lowly, coupled with the popularity amongst a large section of the supposed Policy of Conciliation, had created for their Excellencies a very warm place in the hearts of the public. But let the Dublin correspondent of that most Unionist of papers, *The Times*, speak for this phase of their administration (July 18):

"If it were possible, the majority of the people in the country would desire to see the Viceroyalty retained by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who have done more to make the office popular with the masses than any of their predecessors. * * * Their Excellencies have conquered any prejudice which may have been felt respecting them on political grounds, by their unfailing and unbounded kindness and generosity. Their sympathetic help was given freely and liberally wherever there was a good work to be done, without any distinction of creed or party. Their hospitality has been thoughtfully extended to the humblest as well as the higher class, and many inmates of institutions which depend upon the bounty of the public have enjoyed the unwonted pleasure of being their guests at the Vice-regal Lodge."

Such a tribute from a politically hostile source speaks volumes for the brief Irish administration of our present Governor-General. And the farewell demonstration held on the 3rd of August is described by the same authority as the most remarkable expression of public feeling, and tribute of honor, since the days of O'Connell. The whole Nationalist organization of Ireland was employed to make the pageant successful, and it was not unaided by Conservative and Unionist sympathy. The streets of Dublin were thronged with an enthusiastic populace, and the civic address was presented with all state, and responded to by the Lord Lieutenant from a platform draped in scarlet cloth. Lord Aberdeen, in his brief reply, justly referred to the scene as an extraordinary one. It was certainly an unusual one for an Irish Viceroy to witness and share in.

Since his retirement from this important position, the Earl of Aberdeen has devoted himself mainly to the management of his estates, where a system is maintained which, if pursued in Ireland during the past century, would have prevented the possibility of serious agrarian discontent or agitation. He is one of the kindest landlords of the time, and Haddo House, the Scottish home and estate of their Excellencies, is a model in respect of management. And Lady Aberdeen has done much to make it so. The Onward and Upward Association, which now has a membership of 8,281, looks to her as its founder and President, and has for its object the presentation of a higher ideal of life to the working women of the country and the forming of a closer bond of union between them and their mistresses. Originating in a desire to better the condition of her own servants, Lady Aberdeen's idea has expanded into application to the relations of thousands of employers and employed. It was, therefore, little wonder that the Association refused to accept the resignation of their President on her departure for Canada, and referred, in the course of an Address, to her "great kindness, courtesy, hospitality, and unwearying labors." A magazine is published in connection with the Society, to which Lady Aberdeen has made numerous contributions—recent ones taking the shape of descriptions of scenes and occurrences in Canada, which have been republished in book form. Meantime, events had made the Aberdeens leaders in the Liberal society of London, while inclination made them continue to take a foremost part in the social and philanthropic movements of the time. General Booth and the Salvation Army found in them warm and sympathetic friends, and Lord Aberdeen was one of the first subscribers to the "Submerged Tenth" scheme. And in many other

ways they continued to win general esteem and popularity.

But in 1891 a new direction and impetus was given to the activities of the present occupants of Rideau Hall, and one upon which Canadians may be congratulated. In that year Lord Aberdeen came out to Canada for the summer months, and selected Hamilton as a place of residence. There he duly established himself with his family, and soon made a most favorable impression in such opportunities as offered for the performance of public functions. At the opening of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, his Lordship, after performing the usual ceremony, delivered an address which proved how thoroughly in touch he was with the best principles of British unity. He plainly and logically advocated Imperial Federation as the noble and honorable solution of any difficulties which might, and must, come to the surface from time to time in our vast empire. At the Ottawa Fair he purchased a span of Canadian horses, for which $1,000 was paid, and shipped them to his estates in Scotland. In another way he had already given an even more practical proof of his interest in the Dominion by purchasing a ranche of 500 acres in the beautiful valley of Lake Okanagan, in British Columbia. And so pleased was he after visiting it at this time that he purchased an additional 16,000 acres, and started fruit farming on a large scale. Last year the ranche or farm had 200 acres in grain, 50 acres in root crops, and 130 acres in fruits; while in the part devoted to stock-raising were 2,000 head of cattle, besides a large acreage devoted to grain. In view, therefore, of these manifold objects of interest in Canada, it was not surprising that upon Mr. Gladstone's return to power the name of Lord Aberdeen was everywhere heard as that of the future Governor-General of the Dominion. And when it was seen that the Viceroyalty of Ireland, to which he appeared to have a prescriptive right, went to Lord Houghton, the supposition became almost a certainty.

Meanwhile, and during the year following this six months' residence in Canada, Lady Aberdeen had added to her multifarious duties the labor of establishing an Irish village typical and illustrative of Irish industries, at the World's Fair in Chicago. It was nothing more than a continuation of the work she had been doing for years as President of the Irish Industries' Association, but it entailed an immense amount of extra labor, not the least of which was the visiting of towns, districts and villages all over Ireland, the encouragement of local work, the selection of suitable exhibits, and the choice of persons fitted to take them in charge. Then when all was done and the "Irish village" duly established, it had to be popularized and advertised. Success, however, has followed, and thousands of pounds sterling have found their way into the pockets of home-working Irish artizans.

A little later and Lady Aberdeen became President of the World's Congress of Women at Chicago, and not long before leaving England for Canada accepted (in succession to Mrs. Gladstone) the Presidency of the National Women's Liberal Federation.

In June of the present year it was definitely announced that Lord and Lady Derby would be succeeded by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Speaking shortly afterwards, at the Dominion Day dinner in London, the Governor-General designate stated that he should "hold himself absolutely aloof from anything approaching an indication of political predilection," and unless the acceptance of a partisan office in Great Britain by Lady Aberdeen can be construed otherwise, his Excellency has most ably lived up to this wise principle of his predecessors.

Prior to leaving home the new Governor-General and the Countess were

entertained in the town of Aberdeen, on August 3rd, at a banquet attended by some 200 people representative of all political opinions, and characterized by unstinted laudation of the guests of the evening. Lord Aberdeen made an eloquent speech, in which he referred to the brilliant enterprise of Canadians, the grand and romantic natural features of the Dominion, and its splendid scope for development in trade and agriculture. He also spoke of the advantage of its slower, but none the less sure, growth over that of the neighboring country, where stability was apt to be sacrificed to speed. In the middle of September their Excellencies arrived at Quebec, accompanied by their children and suite. After being sworn into office, the first duty of the Governor-General —and the principal one for the succeeding month—was the reception of addresses. It is neither correct nor wise to sneer at those manifestations of loyalty. No doubt, they become very monotonous to the Queen's representative. No doubt, also, there is a certain sameness about them, and a lack of spontaneity about the replies. But, none the less, the custom brings the different elements and organizations of our population into touch—and, we may hope, sympathetic and loyal communication—with the Governor-General, while the speeches delivered by him, especially when presented in the pleasing style which has marked those of Lord Aberdeen, cannot but do good. No amount of repetition, for instance, in different parts of the country, can take the point from His Excellency's appeal at Quebec—repeated in Toronto—for "the co-operation of all races upon a common ground, for a common cause, in the confirmation and extension of Canada's influence and resources."

Warmly welcomed at the Ancient Capital, at Ottawa, at Hamilton, at London, at Montreal, and at Toronto, Lord and Lady Aberdeen have already made an excellent impression upon the public. Unaffected in manner and sincere in style, they have laid the foundations of a marked degree of popularity. The Governor-General has said some things worthy even of his eloquent predecessor, Lord Dufferin. For example, his definition of Canadian loyalty well merits public recollection:

> "That intelligent kind of loyalty which, mingled with and strengthened, as it is, by personal regard and affection towards the illustrious occupant of the throne, is based, also, upon the definite recognition of the constitutional principles and constitutional securities with which this sentiment is essentially connected and associated."

At the opening of the Montreal Board of Trade building, His Excellency delighted the French-Canadians by speaking fluently in French, as well as in English, and told the audience before him, and incidentally the country as a whole, that "what we need more than unity of language, is unity of purpose." In Quebec a little later, he urged the German immigrants, who had just landed, "above all things, not to forget the religion in which they had been brought up, and to thank God, who had brought them safely to this God-fearing country, where all may practise their religion without fear of molestation." At a dinner, given by the Toronto Club, His Excellency referred to the British constitution as "giving the fullest scope for the development of popular and democratic institutions," and speaking at McGill University on Oct. 31st, referred to the fact that "a Canadian student, author, poet, scientist or theologian, who rises to eminence, does so as a Canadian, and brings fame to his country as such, because of the happy combination of Canadian nationality and patriotism with attachment to the mother country and her constitution."

Such pointed and eloquent phrases cannot but establish Lord Aberdeen in reputation and in popularity amongst Canadians everywhere. And Lady Aberdeen has made an equally favorable impression. So far as the work-

ers in the various women's societies of the Dominion are concerned, she has captured them entirely, and Her Excellency's acceptance of the post of President in the National Council of Women for Canada, at their recent meeting in Toronto, strengthened this influence. The speech delivered by her upon that occasion was remarkable. Its keynote may be found in this paragraph:

"Do we value our responsibilities as mothers, as sisters, as friends, as the makers or marrers of home life, of social life?"

Unity of organization was what she wanted, though the objects of the individual societies might be different. Increased strength would then come to the central body and be diffused throughout all its limbs no matter how diverse the ends in view. In this plea Her Excellency was successful. But to reach the hearts of Canadian women as a whole, public bodies, however strong, are not sufficient, because the majority do not take a marked interest in them. That will have to be left to time and to the qualities portrayed by a lady member of the Chicago *Herald's* staff a few weeks since:

"Lady Aberdeen is a beautiful woman in the best sense of the word. Her frank face, her sunny smile, her cordial manner, and her quiet dignity all bespeak the perfect gentlewoman."

Such is a brief sketch of our new Governor-General and his wife. His Excellency has a great future before him, in Canada and elsewhere. His ability in saying the right thing in the right place, his reputation for tact, and his high personal character will be powerful factors in that direction.

There may be one difficulty to overcome. Writers, like W. T. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, who never have a good word for Canada, and who never cease prating about that unity of sentiment between England and America, which residents in the United States find so much difficulty in discovering, already speak of the "magnificent opportunities" now lying before Lord and Lady Aberdeen for "the promotion of an Anglo-American entente." Such utterances overlook the vital fact that Canada does not exist for the sole purpose of unifying British and American sentiment, and that the Governor-General of Canada is not here as an ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, but as a representative upon Canadian soil of the sovereign of our own Empire. The great interest so generously taken by Lord and Lady Aberdeen in the Chicago fair has led, in certain quarters, to this strange misconception of their duties. But time, as in many other things, will prove the error—and in this case it may well be expected, place the new occupants of Rideau Hall high in the roll of Canadian fame, and leave for the Earl of Aberdeen a reputation and a popularity which will compare with that of even his most distinguished predecessor.

DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MACKENZIE.

*3200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.**

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

IV.

FORT MCPHERSON stands on a high bank of gravel and slate, on the east side of the Peel River, about fourteen miles above the point where it divides and joins the Mackenzie delta, which is common to both rivers. The height of this bank rapidly decreases towards the mouth of the river, where it almost entirely disappears. The country surrounding has evidently at one time been a part of the Arctic Ocean which has been gradually filled up with alluvial deposits brought down by the two rivers.

On this rich soil, the timber, mostly spruce, with some tamarac, birch and poplar, is, for the latitude, very large. As far as I could learn, no attempt at cultivating cereals or roots has been made at Fort McPherson, but considering the prevailing temperatures during the growing months, the period of vegetation, and the duration of sunshine at this northern point, it seems evident that Fort McPherson has all the essential elements for the successful cultivation of most cereals and vegetables. There are twenty-four hours sunshine each day from about the 1st of June to the 15th of July; and during the four growing months, May, June, July and August, the sun is below the horizon altogether only a little over three hundred hours, or about one-tenth of the time. When the temperature is suitable, vegetation, under these conditions, thrives to an almost incredible degree. When I arrived at Fort McPherson, on the 20th of June, the new buds on the trees were just perceptible, and on the evening of the 22nd, when I left, the trees were almost fully in leaf.

The following table, which I have computed, showing comprehensively the different durations of sunlight for the latitudes of Ottawa, Forts Chipewyan, Simpson, Good Hope and McPherson, may not be uninteresting :—

	OTTAWA.	CHIPEWYAN	SIMPSON.	GOOD HOPE.	MCPHERSON.
LATITUDE.....	45° 26′	58° 43′	61° 52′	66° 16′	67° 26′
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Hours sunlight, May 1...	14 08	15 34	16 05	17 06	17 30
" " June 1...	15 16	17 36	18 39	21 04	24 00
" " June 21...	15 30	18 44	19 14	22 48	24 00
" " July 1. .	15 24	18 36	19 02	22 04	24 00
" " Aug. 1...	14 32	16 16	16 56	18 16	19 24
" " Aug. 31....	13 08	13 52	14 08	14 36	14 44
	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.
Hours sunlight in May.....	456	514	538	592	706
" " June...	462	549	570	662	720
" " July.....	464	530	558	625	684
" " August..	423	467	481	519	527
Totals.....	1,805 or 75 days 5 hrs.	2,060, or 85 dys. 20 hrs.	2,147, or 89 dys. 11 hrs.	2,398, or 99 dys. 22 hrs.	2,637, or 109 days 21 hours.

* Several of the illustrations accompanying the present article are from photographs taken by the French traveller, Le Compte de Sainville, and kindly loaned by His Honor Lieut.-Governor Schultz, of Manitoba. The other illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Ogilvie.

The number of hours of sunlight in each month has been obtained from the mean of the numbers at the beginning and ending of the month, neglecting the want of uniformity in the rate of change of the sun's declination. Were the light of each day in the period separately computed, the totals would show even more difference in favor of the North. In the foregoing table refraction has not been taken into account, except in the case of Fort McPherson. Allowance for refraction would increase the duration of sunlight at all the other places, but much more in the North than in the South.

During my stay at the fort I had the pleasure of being entertained by Chief Robert of the Loucheux Indians, who gave a grand dinner in my honor. The Hudson's Bay Company's officers, chiefs of neighboring tribes, and others, were invited to the banquet, which consisted simply of boiled meat and tea. This was partaken of, however, with much dignity and decorum. Chief Robert made me and my party a formal address of welcome, which was translated for us by the interpreter. He said that his fare was simple and frugal, and he knew that it was not such cheer as his white brother from the far distant south was accustomed to, but to such as it was we were heartily welcome. Of course, I had to make a suitable reply, thanking him for his hospitality and expressing my feelings of friendship, and those of the great white queen who had sent me into this land of great mountains and mighty rivers, where, though the summer might be short and uncertain, and the winter long and cold, I had found that the love of my red brothers was constant and their hearts always warm and true. At the conclusion of my little speech I distributed some provisions, and a few small articles, as presents among them.

After dinner we were treated to an exhibition of step-dancing. A villainous looking kit was produced which, in the hands of a stalwart son of the forest, screeched as if all the demons in pandemonium were tearing at its insides.

PROTESTANT MISSION AT FORT MCPHERSON.

"*Nunc pede libero, pulsanda tellus.*"

The louder it screeched the higher the dusky heels flew, some of the noble red men displaying a surprising degree of agility and proving themselves to be proficient in the terpsichorean art.

Their national dance, however, is a very different affair, consisting of a series of monotonous, jerky movements, performed with swaying and rocking bodies and accompanied by much dismal chanting or howling and vigorous beating of tom-toms, which, at night particularly, and around a flickering camp fire, has a weird and gruesome effect. After the dancing, games of various kinds were indulged in. One in particular, which I had never seen before, in some respects analogous to

our children's game of snap-dragon, afforded considerable amusement. A pot of dried meat is put on to boil, and when it is done the sport begins. The boys having collected from all sides, an Indian seizes the pot and runs hither and thither at full speed through the camp with it, the boys making frantic dives for the pot as its smoking savory contents are whisked past them. Unfortunately, the runner, in this case, though fleet, was not sure of foot, and, stumbling against a little mound, he sent the pot flying, and himself went heels over head, with the whole pack of boys writhing, struggling and kicking on top of him. The dogs, in the melee, quick to seize the opportuniiy of a life time, pounced upon and secured the lion's share of the meat. But, alas! they had bolted it blazing hot, and then howls of anguish, rising and falling through all the varied gamut of canine vocal expression, could be heard for long after our departure.

The greater part of two days was spent in making preparations to resume the micrometer survey and carry it from this point to Fort Chipewyan, there to connect with my micrometer survey of the Athabasca and the Peace rivers. I tried to take some observations for latitude, but as the sun never set, I could get only a couple of meridian altitudes of first magnitude stars, in addition to that of the sun. The instrument used was faulty, so that the result, 67° 26', cannot be accepted with much confidence, as it may be in error a minute or more. I observed the sun, east and west, for azimuth, and that night did what I think no other Dominion Land Surveyor has ever done,—I took the sun's lower or mid-

BLACK MOUNTAIN, BELOW PEEL RIVER.

night transit across the meridian, for time. On the 22nd of June I took a set of magnetic observations, and all the necessary preparations for the survey being completed, started the work at six o'clock that evening, completing about seven miles.

Between Peel river and the Mackenzie about two-thirds of the channel in the delta averages more than a quarter of a mile wide; the remainder about one hundred yards. All of it was deep when I passed through, and the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Wrigley*,

drawing five feet of water, finds no difficulty in navigating it. The banks do not rise more than ten or fifteen feet above the water, and the current is continually wearing away the soft deposit and carrying it down to the lower part of the delta and to the Arctic ocean.

Where we enter the Mackenzie proper, the channel is three-fourths of a mile wide, but it is only one of four, there being three large islands at this point. The whole width of the river cannot be less than three or four miles. Looking northward, down the westerly channel, the view is bounded by the sky, and widens in the distance so that one can fancy he is looking out to sea. This can hardly be so, but from the altitude of the bank where I stood, added to my own height, the horizon must have been six miles away, and a bank in the channel of equal height would have been visible twice that distance. Now, if the supposed bank was timbered, as was that on which I stood, it would be visible ten or twelve miles farther, but none was in sight.

A north wind raises quite a swell here, and the salty odor of the sea air is plainly perceptible above the delta. The banks continue low, and the country flat on both sides of the river, for some nine or ten miles above the islands. The shore on the east side is sloping, while that on the west is generally perpendicular, showing the action of the current, which is wearing into and carrying away portions of it. This form of bank changes into steep shale rock on both sides, gradually increasing in height as far as the Narrows, where they are probably one hundred and fifty feet above the water.

On the Mackenzie I did not stay long enough to learn much about the Indians in the district, nor did I see many of them. While we were in the delta, nine large boats loaded with Esquimaux from the coast passed us on their way up to Fort McPherson to do their trading for the season, in one of which I noticed a young woman devouring a raw musk-rat with evident relish. These people come up from the coast in skin boats, called oumiaks, made, it is said, of whale skin put round a wood frame. These boats present a very neat appearance, and are capable of carrying about two tons each. Whale oil is one of the principal articles which they bring in for sale.

STEAMER WRIGLEY, BELOW THE BANK ON PEEL RIVER.

The Esquimaux are reputed to be great thieves, and to require close watching. For this reason they were not encouraged to remain when they called at our camp. Moreover, as they are not very cleanly in person, their presence is not desirable. They were formerly very aggressive toward the Indians on the lower part of the river, frequently coming up and robbing, and, sometimes, killing them. Many years ago they received a severe chastisement for this from the combined whites and Indians, and since that have been guilty of no very ag-

gressive act, though they are inclined to be overbearing when they have the advantage in numbers. It is said that murders are frequent among themselves; and, as in most savage tribes, retribution is the prerogative of the kin of the murdered. Missionaries have tried to do something toward their moral improvement, but, hitherto, without very much effect.

Recalling the description of the much-dreaded Nahones, given to me by the Indians of the Porcupine,—their fierceness, and warlike nature, eating their food raw, and so on,—the idea has occurred to me that this agrees closely with the character of the Esquimaux,

CAPTAIN BELL, STEAMER WRIGLEY.

and that, possibly, these have been mistaken by the Indians for the redoubtable Nahones. This seems more probable, also, when it is remembered that the Esquimaux formerly used to make frequent long incursions inland, in the course of some of which they must inevitably have encountered the Indians of the Porcupine.

A few miles above the Narrows the banks change from rock to clay and gravel, and continue generally steep and high as far as Fort Good Hope. In a few places the bank recedes from the river for a short distance, forming a low flat, on which generally grows some fair spruce timber. I noticed that these flats are being eaten away by the action of the current and waves. The greatest extent of level ground I saw is opposite the site of Fort Good Hope. For a distance of about eighty miles up from the delta the river is clear of bars and islands; it then widens to two miles or more, and scattered bars and small islands occur. The current is uniform, as one would expect in such an immense volume of water, and never exceeds four miles an hour. There are many places where, looking up and down the valley, the view is bounded by a water horizon.

No rivers of importance flow into the Mackenzie between Red and Hare Indian Rivers. Sixty miles above Red River, a stream one hundred yards wide enters from the north-east. I think this is a river which an old man at Fort Good Hope described to me as one up which a Hudson's Bay Company's officer went, many years ago, to its source, which he found to be not far from the head waters of Anderson River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean. It would appear from the old man's statement that several trips up it have since been made; but his information was vague, and I afterwards met no one who could give me a reliable account of this river.

One hundred and thirty miles further on, Loon River enters from the east, and, twenty miles above this Hare Indian River also enters from the same side. The Indians report that Hare Indian River rises in a range of hills on the north-west side of Great Bear Lake, but about its navigability I could learn nothing. There was an old Indian at Fort Good Hope, who had been up to the head waters of this river several times, from whom I had hoped to obtain some reliable information; but because he saw me taking an observation in daylight, and learned that I could see the stars at that time, he would tell me nothing, saying: "A man who could

see stars in daylight did not need to be told anything about the river, as he could just as easily see the whole of it for himself."

A few days before reaching Good Hope, a cow moose and calf were noticed crossing the river. Although we were not in need of meat at the time, the love of sport was so great that the forward boat, with Sparks, Gladman, and a Fort Good Hope Indian, whom we had picked up at Fort McPherson, at once gave chase. We had heard stories of the fierceness of the female moose when protecting its young, and the men determined now to put these yarns to the proof by attempting to separate the mother from the calf. This proved to be most dangerous sport, and had they not been expert canoemen, it would certainly have resulted in disaster. The moose kept herself between the calf and the canoe, and whenever the latter came too close, she would turn and charge, making three or four frantic bounds through the water at a terrific rate of speed. A couple of swift strokes of the paddle would send the canoe out of danger, and the mother would return to the calf, whose bellowing could be heard for miles around, and, placing her breast against his side, push against him as hard as she could. The attack on the calf would then be repeated from the other side, and with the same result. In this way, the canoe making sudden dashes at the calf, the mother furiously charging back, and the calf bellowing as if his life depended on it, the shore was reached. Here the moose might easily have made off at once, but this she refused to do, still keeping her body between the calf and danger, until he had reached a point of safety far up the bank.

Now, whatever the Indian's ideas of all this had been, he certainly never dreamt that the white men intended the moose to escape. Such an idea never entered his mind. When, therefore, he saw the poor animal turn to follow the calf up the bank, his excitement reached a climax, and, seizing a rifle, he levelled it at the faithful creature. Gladman, however, who had no intention of seeing the panting victor, after such a hard-fought battle and such a magnificent display of courage, stricken down in the moment of her triumph in that dastardly manner, leaped upon him and wrested the rifle from him. To any one who is familiar with the Indian character, and particularly with his propensity to slaughter every wild animal he comes across, it is needless for me to attempt to describe the bewildered amazement of this particular Indian. He sulked for three days, and would not speak a word to any member of the party; at first he would hardly eat his food. When we arrived at Good Hope he relieved his mind by telling everybody that we were lunatics, which statement, I have no doubt, he himself firmly believed.

R. C. CHURCH AND DWELLING HOUSE AT GOOD HOPE.

We reached Fort Good Hope on Saturday, the 24th of July, and remained over Sunday.

The Fort is built on the east side of the Mackenzie, about two miles above

Hare Indian River, and two below the "Ramparts." It was originally about one hundred and twenty miles down the river from this point, but was subsequently removed to the Upper Manitou Island, whence it was swept by a flood in 1836. It was then built on its present site. The Hudson's Bay Company has quite a large establishment at this point, consisting of half-a-dozen houses and some stables. The Roman Catholic Church has a flourishing mission here, and the church is said to possess one of the best finished interiors in the country.

GREAT SLAVE RIVER. STR. GRAHAME AT SMITH'S LANDING.

Two miles above the Fort we enter what is known in the vicinity as the "Ramparts," though in the more south-westerly part of the country it would be called the "Cañon." Here, for a distance of seven miles, the river runs between perpendicular and occasionally overhanging walls of rock. At the lower end they rise one hundred and fifty feet above the water, but their height decreases as we near the upper end, at which point they are not more than fifty or sixty feet. The river, at the lower end of the "Ramparts," is nearly a mile wide, but its walls gradually converge until, about three miles up, the width is not more than half a mile, and this continues to the upper end. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, when passing through, sounded at its upper end, and found three hundred feet of water, which accounts for the fact that although the Canon is so narrow the current is not perceptibly increased.

When Mackenzie dicovered and explored this river in 1789, he met some Indians a short distance above this place. After confidence had been established by means of presents, he prepared to start onward; and, although his newly-made friends told him there was great danger ahead in the form of a rapid or cataract which would swallow him and his party without fail, he continued, the Indians following and warning him of his danger. He advanced cautiously into the "Ramparts," but could hear or see nothing to vertify their statements. At last, when through, they admitted that the only bad water to be encountered was now passed, but that behind the island just below was a bad spirit or monster which would devour the whole party; failing there, the next island below would surely reveal him. From this incident the two islands have received the names of Upper and Lower Manitou, respectively.

Mackenzie's experience with these Indians all along the river is identical with that of nearly every traveller through regions previously unexplored. Everywhere he came in contact with them, they manifested, at first, dread of himself and party, and, when friendship and confidence had been established, they nearly always tried to detain him by representing the people in the

direction he was going as unnaturally bloodthirsty and cruel, sometimes asserting the existence of monsters with supernatural powers, as in the present case. The people, too, on a very large river far to the west of the Mackenzie, probably the Yukon, they described to him as monsters in size, power and cruelty.

In our own time, after all the intercourse that there has been between them and the whites, more than a suspicion of such unknown, cruel people lurks in the minds of many of the Indians. It would be futile for me to try to ascribe an origin for these fears, my knowledge of their language and idiosyncrasies being so limited.

In the fall of 1887 a whale made its way up the river to the "Ramparts," remaining there the whole season, and, before the river froze over, it was often seen blowing. At first the Indians were afraid, but they soon became accustomed to the sight, and shot at the whale whenever it approached the shore. In the spring its dead body was beached by the ice on the west shore, seven or eight miles below Fort Good Hope, and the Indians used part of it for dog food. I enquired its dimensions from several who had seen it. They described it as about twice as long as one of their canoes and thicker through than their own height. This would mean a length of from twenty-five to twenty-eight feet. I have often heard it stated that all the channels of the Mackenzie delta are shallow, but the presence of this whale assures us that one of them, at least, is over six feet deep.

Forty-eight miles from Fort Good Hope, Sans Sault Rapid is reached. This, like the rapid at the head of the "Ramparts," is all on one side of the river, which is here a mile and a quarter wide. As I went up the west side, and the rapid is on the other, extending but little more than a third of the way across, I cannot say that I saw anything of it. I heard the roar plainly enough, but saw nothing except a swift current. It is caused by a ledge of rocks extending partially across the river.

A ridge of hills here extend beyond the river from the Rocky Mountains, occasional glimpses of which can be caught from the water.

Just above this the Mackenzie turns sharply to the east from its southerly direction, and skirts the base of the mountains for six miles. Its course then curves a little to the south, when, what might be termed a cañon, is entered, which extends for nine or ten miles. The river here averages a mile in width, and is walled on both sides by perpendicular limestone cliffs, rising from one to two hundred feet above the water. On the south side, this wall terminates in what is known as "Wolverine Rock," which rises perpendicularly from the water to a height of about three hundred feet. The formation is limestone, the strata of which stand almost on edge, and the water has worn through them in several places, so that one can sail underneath. Above this point the mountains again approach the river for a few miles, when they suddenly drop almost to the level of the plain. The banks here are clay and gravel, with an average height of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.

Six and one-half miles above Sans Sault Rapids, Carcajou River empties its waters into the Mackenzie from the west. This river, I believe to be the largest tributary of the Mackenzie below the Liard. An Indian with me stated that this stream was very large and very long, and that they had ascended it for great distances through the mountains. He pointed out the direction of the valley for some distance above the mouth, and it appeared to run parallel to the Mackenzie; turning sharply to the west, it was lost among the hills.

Creeping around a bend in the river, close to shore—to avoid the floating logs and driftwood, which filled it on the afternoon of the 21st of July—about

INDIAN CAMP BELOW GOOD HOPE, SHOWING METHOD OF DRYING FISH.

one hundred miles above Fort Good Hope, we met the Hudson's Bay Company's little steamer "Wrigley" on her way down to Fort McPherson. As she was overdue at Good Hope, we had been expecting to meet her, but the suddenness with which she dawned upon our view in that region of loneliness and desolation, startled us. Parker was in advance with the line, but it did not need his excited shout of "steamer ahead" to focus all eyes upon her. There she was, puffing away, about half a mile out in the current. Would she pass without seeing us?

The thought was appalling. It flashed through all minds at once. Parker let a series of yells out of him that would have done credit to a Comanche chief on the warpath. I have said that nothing ever excited Gladman, but I make a notable exception of this case. Seizing his rifle, he fired a signal shot, and waited breathlessly, vowing with flashing eyes that he would shoot *into her* if she passed us. Morrison caught up one of the signal flags and waved it excitedly. In anxious suspense we waited several minutes, which seemed like hours. Would she pass?

A lump rose in my throat as I saw the little prow turn slowly towards the shore and I knew that we were seen, while an answering shout assured us that we were recognized as "Ogilvie's party." This incident reads only like an ordinary occurrence here, but to me, it was no ordinary event—to me that little boat, slowly steaming towards us, with the grand old flag aloft, was *home*, and all that the word implies, and thus only can I explain the frenzy and excitement that possessed the whole party. For fourteen months we had been wandering in this dreary wilderness, unknowing and unknown, and now in the form of that small boat, home burst upon our view. I have somewhere heard or read, that Payne, who wrote "Home Sweet Home," was himself a homeless wanderer. Be that true or not, as a fact, I can believe the idea is true, and that only one who had felt the aching void that nothing but home can fill, could compose such a song, or infuse so much feeling into so few words. It may seem strange, but my emotion at the moment completely overmastered me, and I could not restrain my tears. On board the steamer were Bishop Bompas, who is in charge of the diocese of Mackenzie River for the Church Missionary Society of England, Lord Lonsdale and party on a holiday excursion, Mr. Camsill, Chief Factor of

the district for the Hudson's Bay Company, and others, and from them I heard the first news from the outside world since May in the previous year.

Opposite where I met the steamer is a large island in the river, which the officers of the boat and Mr. Camsill named "Ogilvie's Island," requesting me to so mark it on my map, as henceforth it would be known by that name throughout the district.

Four hundred and forty-four miles from Fort McPherson brought us to Fort Norman, which is situated on the east bank of the Mackenzie, just above the entrance of Great Bear River. I arrived here on Saturday, the 28th of July.

At Fort McPherson I had expected to get letters from home, and I was sorely disappointed to find that though every letter was plainly marked, "*To be kept at Fort McPherson till called for,*" my mail had all been sent on to Rampart House on the Porcupine, on the supposition that I was coming through that way, the only known route, and in the hope that I would thus get it so much earlier. When I learned this, an Indian courier was at once despatched to Rampart House for it, and I left McPherson with instructions for it to be sent on after me.

It was while I was here at Fort Norman, delayed by two day's rain, that it overtook me, brought up by the steamer "Wrigley," and, though the dates of the letters were all many months old, the contents came with all the welcome freshness of the morning newspaper.

As these letters had travelled over two thousand two hundred miles by dog team, a word of explanation here with regard to the Hudson's Bay Company's postal arrangements in the far north may not be out of place.

The northern winter "Packet" now starts by dog teams from points along the Canadian Pacific Railway sometime about Christmas. A few years ago, before the railway was built, the general starting point was, of course, at Winnipeg. The packet consists entirely of mail matter. No goods or provisions of any kind are carried with it, and as the first requisite is speed, its bulk and weight are reduced as much as possible, and it is carried by relays of the fastest dog teams from post to post.

The parcels for the different posts are made up separately, and packed in boxes and loaded on the sleds, so that there is nothing to do at each post but to open the proper box, take out the parcel and nail up the box again. The rapidity with which this is done is surprising.

The arrival of the Packet at a post is an event not likely to be forgotten by one who has witnessed it. A keen rivalry exists among the different posts in sending on the Packet with the least possible delay. Everything else must give way to it for the time. For days before its arrival it is hourly expected, and the anxiety if the Packet does not arrive at the proper date is very much like the feverish excitement with which an overdue ocean steamer is awaited. Dogs, drivers and sleds are prepared long beforehand, and ready to start at a moment's notice. The excitement is so great as to interfere with all other work, and all ears are strained night and day to catch the first tinkle of the approaching bells.

On one occasion, while I was at a post in the Hudson's Bay district, the Packet was expected, and for two days the officer who was in charge of the post, a young French-Canadian, never took off his clothes, nor lay down to sleep. At intervals he would spring up and listen, and then sit down again, or resume his walk up and down the room. At length, about three o'clock on the morning of the third day, the Packet, which had been delayed by heavy snowstorms, arrived. For a few minutes a lively scene ensued. A kick in the ribs brought Pierre, the teamster, ready dressed, to his feet. The fresh team was harnessed while the load was being unstrapped and the parcel

for the post taken out. The load was quickly shifted and made secure, and, with a snap of the long whip and a "Hoop-la!" Pierre was off into the darkness of the night, leaving behind the worn-out driver and the tired dogs standing in the welcome ruddy glow of the open doorway.

At Fort Norman, the Hudson's Bay Company had a garden, with turnips, potatoes and other vegetables. The potato vines were from six to ten inches long, and did not promise a good yield. The Roman Catholic Mission had about an acre under cultivation, the soil being of better quality, and the potato vines nearly covering the ground. The Anglican missionary had planted a smaller piece of ground near the river, on a sheltered bench below the top of the bank and facing south. Here the growth was much stronger than at either of the other places. Some barley had been sown in it, and was well-grown, the stalks averaging from two to two and a half feet high, and the heads being long and just beginning to fill. The growth of grass on this flat is luxuriant. Near the edge of the woods, wild vetches grow as long and as vigorously as near Edmonton. Every one complained of the cold, wet weather which prevailed during the summer and much retarded vegetation. The Roman Catholic missionary told me that in twenty years' residence at the place, he did not recollect such a cool, damp, cloudy summer.

H. B. CO.'S RESIDENCE AND STORE, FT. SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER.

On the east side of the river, two miles below Fort Norman, a limestone ridge, known as "Bear Rock," rises one thousand five hundred feet above the water, and maintains this height for some distance northward from the Mackenzie. All along the river here, the main range of the Rocky Mountains was occasionally in sight. I tried to locate the most prominent peaks by triangulation, but, on account of continuous wet weather during the whole summer, I did not succeed as well as I wished, although I continued this work to within a few miles of Fort Simpson. The data thus collected, when placed on my map, will permit an approximate location of the main range for the future maps of the district. In most cases, the angular altitudes of the peaks were noted, so that their heights and positions can both be given. At Fort Norman, the mountains are not more than twenty miles distant, but, just south of that point, they turn away from the river, and are not visible for some distance.

In 1844, Fort Norman stood twenty-three miles above its present site, on the west bank, but when that fort was built I could not learn. During the occupation of that site, one evening the occupants of the fort observed that the water in the river was falling very rapidly. They, however, retired to sleep, not expecting any danger. Early in the morning they were aroused by finding the water in their houses floating them out of bed.

They escaped by means of boats, but all their cattle and other property was carried away. It was afterwards discovered that the fall in the water had been caused by an immense landslide damming the waters of the south branch of the Liard River, and the flood by their release. The fort was then removed to its present site. Just above the point where this incident occurred, the river expands into what might be called a lake, only that it is filled with islands, and all the waterways together, probably, do not amount to much more than a mile in breadth. This expansion is six miles long and four wide. Above this the current is very swift, part of it running fully eight miles an hour. In this portion the current washes the base of a high clay bank on the west side, and is continually undermining it, so that it is unsafe to either walk along the bank, or sail close to it in a small boat.

About three and a half miles above Fort Norman, on the east bank of the river, two extensive exposures of lignite occur. The upper one is overlaid by about fifty feet of clay and a few feet of friable sandstone, and is about fifteen feet thick. The other seam is of about the same thickness, and probably forty feet lower. When I was there, it was nearly all under water.

The upper seam *has been on fire for over a hundred years*, as it was burning when Sir Alexander Mackenzie passed in 1789, and, according to Indian tradition, it must have been burning much longer. The place is locally known as "Le Boucan," from the fact that the Indians hereabout smoke and cook large quantities of meat or fish in these convenient fire pits. The fire extends at present about two miles along the river, not continuously, but at intervals; when I passed, it was burning in three or four places. After it has burned a certain distance into the seam, the overlying mass of clay falls in, and, to some extent, suppresses the fire. This clay is, in time, baked into a red colored rock, in which are found innumerable impressions of leaves of plants. Some specimens of these I brought home. Traces of this red rock were noticed on the bank some distance below Fort Norman; but no trace of lignite was seen near it, the lignite having probably been all burned.

The burning seam appears to be of poor quality, containing much shale and sand, which is converted by the heat into scoriæ. It did not appear to me that it would be difficult to cut off all the burning places, and thus stop the further advance of the fire, which is destroying what yet may be of use. In order to find whether the combustion could be checked, I took a shovel at one place and soon had all the burning coal for a short distance completely cut off, so that the fire ceased for a time at that spot. It is a pity that at least an attempt to put out the fire is not made. Many persons in the district have an idea that it is subterraneous, and that the seat of it cannot be reached. This is a mistake, as at the point mentioned I cleared the fire off from the face of the seam to its base, and found underneath no trace of burning. The lower seam appears to be of better quality, there being no shale or sand mixed with it, as far as I could see.

Heavy rain detained us here for two days, and we burned a good deal of lignite from the lower seam, as we could not reach the top of the bank to procure wood, and could find only a log or two of driftwood. The coal burned well in the open air, and threw out a much stronger heat than a wood fire. These seams are visible at frequent intervals for eight or ten miles, and appear, from the reports of travellers, to extend up Great Bear River for a considerable distance. No other traces of coal were observed on the river.

About a hundred miles above Fort Norman, on the west side, a river discharges a large volume of clear, black

water, which rushes bodily half-way across the Mackenzie, and preserves its distinctive character for several miles before it mingles with the main stream. The name applied to this river by the people at Fort Wrigley was "*La rivière du vieux grand lac.*" It is said to flow out of a lake of considerable extent, lying not far from the Mackenzie. Many peaks can be seen up its valley.

Six hundred and twenty-four miles from Fort McPherson brings us to Fort Wrigley. This post was formerly known as "Little Rapid," but has received the name it now bears in honor of Chief Commissioner Wrigley, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Just above the fort there is a swift rush of water over some limestone rock which appears to extend across the river. On the west side two small islands confine a part of the stream in a funnel-like channel, which, being shallow, causes a slight rapid, and gives rise to the former name of the post.

At Fort Wrigley, some slight attempts had been made at cultivation, but I do not consider them a fair test of the capabilities of the place. When I was there, the people were gathering blueberries, then fully ripe, and as large and well-flavored as they are in Ontario. Ripe strawberries were found on the 9th August ninety miles below this, and a few raspberries soon afterwards. Above Fort Wrigley, wild gooseberries, and both red and black currants were found in abundance, some of the islands being literally covered with the bushes. The gooseberries were large and well-flavored, and the currants would compare favorably with the same fruit as cultivated in the vicinity of Ottawa, the black currants being especially large and mellow. This was in the middle of August, in latitude 63°.

For about sixty miles below Fort Wrigley a range of mountains runs parallel to the river on its east side. They are in many places so close to it that the foot-hills come down to the water, especially near the fort; but just above this point they turn away eastward. Above Fort Wrigley the east bank is generally low and swampy, but the west (although low near the river) gradually rises to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. Fifty-eight miles above Fort Wrigley this hill terminates in a bold, high point, and the ridge turns off to the south-west, enclosing a deep, wide valley between it and the mountains, which here approach the river. This range continues south-eastward out of sight. The positions and heights of some of the peaks were determined by triangulation. One of them was found to rise 4,675 feet above the river.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FORT SIMPSON.
Bishop's Residence in Back-ground.

We arrived at Fort Simpson on Friday, the 24th of August, and remained until the following Tuesday. The Hudson's Bay Company has here a large plot of ground, planted with potatoes, turnips, onions, and other

garden produce, such as is generally grown without artificial means in Ontario. The growing vegetables looked almost as good as the same kinds seen on the Ottawa market at the same date. Lettuce, particularly, was very large and fine. There was also a large area of barley, which looked well and promised an abundant return, if allowed to ripen. The grain was then full and plump, and just beginning to harden, but fears were entertained that a frost might come and spoil it. The people there claimed that the prevailing cool, cloudy weather had retarded its growth, as otherwise it would then have been out of danger from frost. This cereal has been grown with success at Fort Simpson for many years. The garden altogether presented an appearance hardly to be expected at a point 1,150 miles further north than Ottawa.

The fort is situated on an island just below the junction of the Mackenzie and the Liard Rivers, and the presence of the large body of water may moderate the climate and account for the fine appearance of the garden.

The arrival of a party at a post, it is needless to say, is not an event of everyday occurrence, and hence it is frequently made the occasion of some sort of demonstration or jollification. This was the case at Fort Simpson, where an impromptu dance was got up in our special honor.

During the evening an incident occurred which furnished unbounded amusement. There was at the fort a snobbish young employé of the company, named Miller, whose insufferable conceit appears to have offended the male portion of the little community to such an extent that it was determined on this occasion to give him a lesson which he would not easily forget. Accordingly, when Miller made his appearance, and stepped jauntily into the ring to dance, word was quietly passed around among the men to *let him dance*. All went well for a while, and he continued to have it all his own way. At length he began to show signs of fatigue, but no one stepped in to relieve him. His partners had heen cut out several times, but, whenever he looked around, the men were all steadfastly contemplating the floor. Now, by the etiquette of the dance, it is considered a disgrace to discontinue until relieved, and as it was a warm August night, poor Miller began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. Throwing off his coat, he danced away in his shirtsleeves, the perspiration rolling down his face. The fiddler, seeing the fun, kept up a breakneck pace, and poor Miller's vest, collar, and cravat were soon keeping company with his coat on the floor. Finally, seeing that it was all of no use, his whole body steaming, and his face livid with suppressed anger and wounded conceit, he stopped abruptly, and burst out with, "Well, say! I'm not going to do all this blasted dancing!" A roar of laughter greeted this statement, amid which poor Miller, quite crestfallen, picked up his things and disappeared.

A short distance above the confluence, the Mackenzie narrows to an average width of little over half-a-mile, with a generally swift current. This continues for seventy-five miles above Fort Simpson, and causes this part of the river to be called the "Line," from the fact that large boats cannot be rowed against the current, but have to be hauled by a line attached to them and pulled by men on shore. This is the common mode of navigation on all the northern rivers where there are no steamers, as it is less laborious than rowing against a current.

The season of 1888 was unusually wet, and the water in the rivers and lakes correspondingly high. The flat shores above the Line were all submerged, sometimes for several hundred yards into the woods, so that I found it impossible to carry on the survey in the ordinary manner. I spent two days experimenting, to find if I could not

continue the accurate instrumental survey by some other method than that heretofore used, but failed. There are no hills in the vicinity of the river, so that a triangulation was impossible, nor could I find any spots on the shore where cutting trees would enable me to continue the micrometer survey.

R. C. MISSION, FORT SIMPSON.

I was compelled above this point to abandon the instrumental survey, and carry on a mere track survey, taking compass courses and obtaining the distances from point to point by the time and estimated rate of travel. I intended to resume the micrometer survey as soon as the height of the water permitted, expecting to find suitable conditions a short distance up. I found the general state of the shores, however, the same all the way to Great Slave Lake, and along it to the mouth of Great Slave River. I was compelled to continue the compass survey to that river and up it several miles before the banks were high enough to permit a continuous micrometer survey. Even then much of the instrumental work was done in mud so soft that frequently one could not stand without sticks under his feet to prevent sticking.

We arrived at Fort Providence on Saturday, the 8th of September. Wild gooseberries and currants were plentiful along the banks, but at this season somewhat over-ripe. At the fort, where we remained over Sunday, the usual collection of buildings at a Hudson Bay Company's post is to be found. The Roman Catholic church has also a mission here. Wheat has been grown here for many years by the Hudson Bay Company, generally being fairly ripe before it is touched by frost, and sometimes escaping altogether. The wheat is ground in a small handmill, and the flour is used by the people of the fort. While here I ground a few pounsd of the crop of 1887, and had the flour made into a cake, which, though not as good as that made from quadruple X flour, was palatable, and would probably sustain life as effectually as any other.

A few miles above Fort Providence a small black object was noticed in the river, which did not appear to be moving with the current. An examination with the glass proved it to be a bear leisurely crossing the river. Both canoes put after him at once and drove him towards the shore. Whenever the canoes would come too close he would turn and snort defiance at us, then turn and resume his course. Gladman claimed the honor of the shot —which was accorded on condition that he would not shoot until bruin began to rise out of the water, or at say twenty or thirty yards from the shore. When within two hundred yards of the shore, however, Gladman begged to be allowed to shoot, and I consented, warning him, however, that we ran more risk of losing him in that way than by waiting. Parker and Sparks lay down in the *Mackenzie* to steady her, while Gladman knelt in the bow. Preparing ourselves for a spurt forward with the *Yukon*, Morrison and I waited the

shot. A sharp report, and the bear's extended nose settled level with the water and in a moment more his head had disappeared beneath the surface. Dashing the paddles into the water, the little *Yukon* swept over the spot, and plunging my arm down after the disappearing head I caught and held it by the shaggy hair until the others came up. Catching him by the ears, we towed him to shore between the canoes. He was an enormous fellow, one of the largest of his kind I have ever seen. The skin, exchanged at Fort Resolution, brought us four pounds of tea, of which we were in need.

Forty-six miles from Fort Providence we enter Great Slave Lake. The south shore of the lake, between the Mackenzie and Great Slave Rivers, is so low and flat that most of it was submerged when I passed. Around the mouth of Buffalo River is a prairie some forty or fifty acres in extent, on which the Indians have built a house and erected racks for drying fish.

At Fort Resolution the Hudson's Bay Company were growing potatoes, turnips and barley. The Anglican Missionary also had a garden in which were potatoes, cabbage, cauliflowers, turnips, onions and peas, the latter still green on the 21st of September. The Roman Catholic Church also had, when I passed, a mission on an island in the lake, about two miles from the fort, which has since been removed to the mainland. At the fort I took magnetic observations, as well as star transits, to determine the error of my chronometer. I then resumed the micrometer survey; but, after working seven miles from the fort I found the shore around the delta of Great Slave River so low and muddy that I was forced to desist, and I had to go up the stream some distance before I found ground dry enough to land on. In this place I was unable to get even compass bearings, as the channels of the delta are very narrow and crooked. When I reached a point probably seven or eight miles from the lake I resumed the instrumental survey, this time to carry it through without a break to my station at Fort Chipewyan, connecting there with my survey of the Athabasca River.

As we approach Fort Smith, the banks of the river begin to rise, until at that point a height of one hundred and sixty feet is reached. At the fort the drift, composed of clay, gravel and sand, lies on top of granite rock, which for sixteen miles up causes many rapids in the river. This is the head of the run of the steamer *Wrigley*. The distance from Fort McPherson is twelve hundred and seventy-three miles.

On the evening of the 19th of October I had completed the survey almost to Lake Athabasca, and was confident of reaching Fort Chipewyan with it during the next day, when the ice which had formed along the shores of the lake was blown out of the bays and carried down the river by the current in such quantities that evening that I became alarmed at the prospect of being closed in before morning, and therefore at once started for the lake. When I arrived there about nine o'clock, there was a furious snow storm raging, so that I had to remain on the shore until the next morning, when I proceeded to the fort. The weather moderated in a day or two, and I completed the survey on Thursday, the 24th of October.

More than one hundred guests crowded the large room of the fort at my levee, and a more miscellaneous collection of human beings it would be impossible to imagine. They came from near and far; within a radius of twenty miles no one was forgotten. Such a brilliant assemblage, it has seldom been my privilege to meet. They came in silks and satins, and in ribbons and laces which defy my powers of description. The half-breed is inordinately fond of color and fine clothes; he will give his last dollar cheerfully to rig out himself, or his squaw, in the most gorgeous attire his money will buy, and when he is so

dressed you may depend upon it that he is fully conscious of his own superiority and importance. This was certainly true in the case of Jimmy Flett, a half-breed fiddler and general beau, whom I must attempt to describe, for "thereby hangs a tale."

He had on an immaculate white shirt, collar and flaming necktie, trousers of the finest blue broadcloth the Hudson's Bay Company imports for the use of its officers, moccasins embroidered with silk and beads in all the colors of the rainbow, a jaunty yellow cap with ribbons streaming from it, and, to crown all, a bright vermilion plush vest. Jimmy wore no coat, because that would have hidden the gorgeous vest. The general effect of this outfit was indescribably stunning. At the far end of the rooms, squatted on the floor, and enveloped in an immense green blanket, I noticed an old squaw, who went by the name of Mother Cowley,—a well-known character about the fort, who gleaned a scanty livelihood from the meagre charity of the little community. How old Cowley came to be there I do not know, nor did I stop to enquire. The idea of doing her a good turn and at the same time having some fun at the expense of the radiant Jimmy took possession of me. Crossing quietly over to her I offered her a pound of candies if she would get up and "cut out" the girl who was dancing with Jimmy Flett. It was a great temptation—but she was afraid of offending Jimmy, of whom she stood somewhat in awe. The offer of a loaf of bread in addition to the candies, however, brought her to her feet, and, seeing that she still hesitated, I threw in, as an additional bribe, a plug of the best Myrtle Navy tobacco. This had the desired effect. With her blanket extended in both hands like an enormous bird, she made a sudden swoop in front of the girl, and commenced a series of the most extraordinary leapings and gyrations imaginable. At the sight of this grotesque figure, Jimmy stopped, paralyzed with astonishment; the fiddler also stopped, but the old woman continued to wave her arms and to bounce up and down as if her body were balanced on steel springs instead of legs. Cries of "Go on! go on!" to the fiddler, started the jig again: mechanically Jimmy's feet began to move, and amid roars of laughter Sparks rushed in and cut Jimmy out. Then Morrison took a hand, and imitating the antics of the old woman, began to bounce up and down with extended arms. This was the signal for a general uproar of merriment such as I have never heard equalled.

FORT MCMURRAY, ATHABASCA RIVER.

It was generally conceded that this ball eclipsed any social event which had taken place at Chipewyan within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

As soon as the ice on the river was strong enough and the snow sufficiently deep, I took my departure from Fort Chipewyan for Edmonton. We left the fort between three and four o'clock in the dark of the early morning of the 27th of November, travelling by way of Quatre Fourches channel and Lake Mammewa. The ice on the lake was still so thin and frail that we had to proceed with the utmost caution. It was seven o'clock before we had made one mile from the fort on our

homeward journey. In spite of the utmost caution, however, Morrison, who was in advance, was unfortunate enough to break through the ice and had a narrow escape from drowning. By lying down on the ice and reaching a snowshoe to him, Parker and I succeeded with some difficulty in pulling him out.

On the way I made a rough survey of the channels and Lake Mammewa, which will enable me to lay them down on our maps more correctly than has heretofore been done.

Although I had left the two Peterboro' canoes, which had seen such good service, and also some baggage, at Chipewyan, in order to reach Fort McMurray I was obliged to take three dog teams with me as far as Point Brulé on the Athabasca River, from which place I sent one of them back.

The dogs are great eaters, and the chief inconvenience of this mode of travel is in the amount of dog fish which has to be carried. At starting, the sleds were so heavily loaded that they could barely creep along, but as they were lightened by dogs and men at the rate of about fifty pounds a day, it was not long before the load was sufficiently reduced to be carried by two teams.

Fish are numerous in the Mackenzie. The principal species is that known as the "inconnu." Those caught in the lower river are very good eating, much resembling salmon in taste, being also firm and juicy. The flesh is a light pink in color, but as they ascend the river and become poor, this tint turns white and the flesh gets soft and unpalatable. They average ten or twelve pounds in weight, but have often been caught weighing thirty or forty. They ascend as far as the rapids on Great Slave River, where they are taken in the fall in great numbers for dog feed, being then so thin that they are considered unfit for human food. This fish is not fed to working dogs, unless scarcity of other fish compels it. There is a small fish locally known as the "herring," somewhat resembling the "inconnu" in appearance, and which does not grow larger than a pound or two in weight. The staple fish of the district, and, for that matter, of the whole north-west, is the whitefish. It abounds in many parts of the river but especially in all the lakes discharging into it, and it forms the principal article of diet during the greater part of the year, as very little food is brought into the country. This fish is caught in large numbers everywhere. At Fort Chipewyan the Hudson's Bay Company required a winter supply of thirty-six thousand for the use of the post; the Roman Catholic Mission, twelve thousand; and the rest of the population at least thirty thousand more. Most of these were caught while I was there. Sometimes they are numerous in one place, and sometimes in another, so that long journeys are often necessary from the place where they are caught to where they are to be used. This necessitates a large number of dogs to haul them home, which is a very poor method, though the only one in use. To overcome this inconvenience, Mr. McDougall, at Chipewyan, has built an ice-boat, but has, so far, met with indifferent success, the ice having been unusually rough during both of the preceding two falls.

Our daily programme during this last section of our long journey was as follows: We would turn out at three o'clock, have breakfast, break camp and be ready to start at four. The sun rose at about nine o'clock and set at about three in the afternoon. Dinner was eaten at sunrise, then we pushed ahead till sunset or as long after as there was twilight enough to see to pitch our camp.

In the morning, after leaving Fort Chipewyan, while running down a steep hill in the woods in the dark, I was unfortunate enough to strike my boot against a sharp stump partly covered by snow, and burst the nail completely from my great toe so that

it hung only by the skin. A somewhat similar accident happened to Gladman. Though little would have been thought of this at another time, we had now before us, four hundred miles of walking, with feet in that condition, so that this trivial accident for a time assumed serious proportions. It was impossible to stop, as we had just provisions for six days, or sufficient to take us to Fort McMurray. It was equally impossible to ride, as the sleds were carrying every pound the dogs could draw. We were impatient to proceed, and the thought of turning back to Chipewyan and prolonging our stay there was repellant. Chafing with vexation and suffering intolerable pain, there was nothing for it but to hobble along as best we could to McMurray. The agony of walking under such circumstances was so great that we made slow progress. By the time we reached McMurray, however, on the

INDIAN CAMP AT FORT CHIPEWYAN.

3rd of December, the inflammation had subsided so that we were able to proceed on the 5th, though walking was still painful, taking the Hudson's Bay Company's winter trail to White Fish Lake, and having the assistance of two of the Company's dog teams which were going across to the Long Portage. From White Fish Lake, my track out was south-easterly over an Indian trail never before travelled by white men, to Heart Lake; thence to Lac la Biche, and thence by horses and sleighs to Victoria, on the Saskatchewan River. On the way from Fort McMurray to Lac la Biche, I kept up a survey of my track, rough, it is true; but on plotting it I find that it agrees with the latitudes of the terminal points within three or four miles, though these latitudes are uncertain. This will fill a gap in our maps, as heretofore nothing certain was known of that region. I arrived at Edmonton on the evening of the twenty-third of December, and after transacting some business there, I left by wagon for Calgary, the nearest railroad station on the Canadian Pacific Railway on Christmas morning.

I reached Calgary on the morning of the twenty-ninth of December, and Ottawa a few days later. It would be ungrateful in me to close this narrative without acknowledging the kindness and attention of all with whom I came in contact on my travels. On the coast, the United States officers shewed me personally every possible attention, and did all in their power to assist me. In the interior, the miners were not less considerate and thoughtful, and the traders, Messrs. Harper and McQuestion, were more than kind; giving me much valuable advice, often when it was against their own pecuniary interest to do so, and aiding me in my dealings with the natives to the best of their power. To the missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic,

on the Mackenzie River, I owe much for their hospitality and disinterested advice and assistance. To the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, both myself personally, and the party generally, owe much for their readiness everywhere to assist us. I can truthfully say that their kindness and assistance were disinterested and genuine, if aiding me, often without being asked, and certainly with no pecuniary profit to themselves or the Company, be any proof of it.

To the four men who accompanied me through the whole journey, I would here return thanks for their cordial co-operation, and spirited readiness to do their duty at all times and in all places. They were called on to toil for long hours, and under conditions more disagreeable and hazardous than fall to the lot of many; yet they never flinched, even when their lives were in danger.

The total result of the expedition has been, in round numbers, nearly nineteen hundred miles of accurate instrumental survey, and a very close approximate determination of the position of the International Boundary Line on the Pelly-Yukon and Forty Mile Rivers. In addition to this, about eight hundred miles of partially instrumental survey was made, which, when plotted, proves more accurate than I had expected. Of this, between five and six hundred miles was over country previously unknown and untravelled by white men. The knowledge gathered by this expedition will enable us to almost complete the map of the extreme north-western portion of the Dominion, as it will serve as a sketch on which to adjust aright the mass of disjointed information we already possess.

A WILLOW AT GRAND PRE.

The fitful rustle of thy sea-green leaves
Tells of the homeward tide, and free-blown air
Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share,—
A silvery foam, thy bosom, as it heaves!
O slender fronds, pale as a moonbeam weaves,
Some grief through you is telling unaware!
O, peasant tree, the regal tide doth bare,
Like thee, its breast to ebbs and floods,—and grieves!

Willow of Normandy, say, do the birds
Of motherland plain in thy sea-chant low,
Or voice of those who brought thee in the ships
To tidal vales of Acadie, or words
Heavy with heart-ache whence sad Gaspereau
Bore on its flood the fleet with iron lips?

Theodore H. Rand.

McMaster University.

GABLE ENDS.

TWILIGHT.

O Twilight hour of faint, mysterious light,
When long-forgotten voices of the past
Float back and chant, like spirits of the night,
In low, sad monotone, until, at last,
The night wind bears them far beyond the sea ;
And shadows fall across the fading land
As shadows fall upon the heart of me,
When earth's sun sinks beyond the stretch of sand,
Beside the sea.

An unseen bird clear carols from the gloom,
Amid the murm'rous reminiscent pines,
Whose huge black line of shadows darkly loom
Against the west, where wan the sunlight shines ;
And wild and sweet the song rings thro' the hush,
Yet with a sound of unsung sorrow, bid,
As evening star is hid in sunset's blush,
And seems but sleeping with a twinkling lid,
Like violets lush.

One swallow swerves along the river's rim,
Then soars aloft thro' golden, glowing air,
And flees into the sunset faint and dim ;
The mists come stealing from their unfound lair,
And float upon the argent river's breast ;
The rustling reeds are murmuring low and sad,
And dying day lies in the arms of night,
While soft he rocks the maid, until a glad,
Sweet smile of hers illumes the fading light,
Then onward flight !

The red, wan sunset, like a sea, afar,
Doth stretch until it melts in golden mist
Away beyond the lights of farthest star,
To where, on blessed isles, the angels list
To low, soft wash of infinite, far seas ;
And from those unknown isles I half expect
One, one lost soul to flutter o'er the leas,
Borne rustling back with pale, pure light redecked—
Lost love now wrecked.

O, silent hour, dreamlike, and sad, and dim,
When long-forgotten voices of the past
Sing to the soul their old, old memoried hymn,
When toll of unheard Angelus is cast
Across the dusk and sinks beyond the sea ;
Oh may that dark, dull hour, when death appears,
Be lulled with those sweet twilight sounds, and be
As soft, yet sweet and sad, when sunset nears,
And night of years.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

OUR AIN COUNTREE.

Each man dreams of what the future may hold—of what it ought to be—and, disappointments notwithstanding, dreams on resolutely. Waking, he presses on perseveringly towards the goal of his ambition—a world-wide brotherhood of nations; a social state worthy of its name, where all shall dwell in unity, and where political, social, and religious freedom unfold in each man the highest attributes of humanity. Obstacles and difficulties have met him at all points; enemies within and without; folly, ignorance, and inexperience; divided interests rivalries, and competitions;—all these have made waste where the energies used among them should have gone to help to make the strength of the whole. But, if sometimes faltering, the race has worked on. There come to us times when something arrests the attention; a trivial thing, may be—an anniversary, a fête, a death, or the demolition of some old building, making way for a new one. In the pause arise questions. Where are we? How far have we progressed? And to each must be the same answer: The end is not yet. To us in Canada, if some important rights have yet to be claimed and won, the present question is—What use shall we make of the rights already acquired? Any given form of government is not necessarily a guarantee of progress or safety; that guarantee is to be found alone in the hearts of the people, in the possession of pure and fixed ideals, and in the culture of heart and soul as well as of mind. Man stripped of his ideal is a poor thing:

> "Unless, above himself he can
> Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man."

That love of country is one of the most beautiful ideals, has been sung in prose and verse in every language, civilized and barbaric, and in all earnestness it may be asked: First, granting that the Press is the every-day educator of the masses, how, in this Canada of ours, do we at the present moment plant, foster, and develop this loveliest of ideals in our children? If, on the one hand, we read articles almost foolish in their over zeal, for one of this class there are a half-dozen where comparisons injurious to home are drawn, and where, instead of a wise imitation of neighboring institutions being advised, there is an almost undisguised motion towards the extinction of our national individuality. If we trace the various steps by which this young Dominion has advanced in the path of progress and improvement from the time Jacques Cartier planted the lilies of France at Gaspè, to the memorable 13th of September, when upon the Plains of Abraham, the standard of England replaced them, and down to the last 1st of July, the twenty-seventh anniversary of our Dominionhood, we shall see that to be a significant part of that glorious British Empire, whose morning drum-beat girdles the earth, and whose language is destined to become the universal tongue, is no mean destiny.

It is somewhat difficult to be truly interested in, or proud of, the things of which we are to a great extent ignorant. Our schools teach Canadian History, and every child is now thoroughly at home in the leading points which go to make up what may be termed our Constitutional History; but that mass of historic detail which gives piquancy to the story as a whole, has as yet been collected after a hap-hazard fashion; and when well done, as it has been in some cases, has not received recognition in our schools by being made familiar to the scholars. In the Province of Quebec, the stereotyped method of bestowing foreign books as prizes, has, since 1873, under M. Ouimet, as Minister of Public Instruction, been superseded by the bestowal of books of fancy, history, or criticism, which deal in Canadian matters. Since Confederation, our annals and social circumstances must be of interest to all enquiring minds in the different provinces. Quebec and Nova Scotia can furnish works elaborating the rich stores of literary lore to be found there, and if in the Province of Ontario, the mines equally rich have not been equally well worked, Scadding, Dent, Canniff, and others, have been pioneers whose works deserve wider acknowledgment; and the widest would be to put them in the hands of our young people. "Give me the children, and you may have the people."

Some time ago, in an American paper, there appeared, from the pen of a well-known critic and writer, a list and eulo-

gistic notice of Canadian writers and writings. Of the men on that list two have found their home in England, and the remainder, with two exceptions, in the United States. Men must live, and will ever go where they find a market for their wares, but it is contended here that if there were the lively interest among Canadians in Canadian subjects which the latter deserve, these writers would not have had to go so far afield for an audience. To enlist the sympathies of our young in the lives and trials of our forbears, in the scenery and legends of our country, would be to make the past the background of the present; its contrast an inspiration to stimulate the thought, fancy and literary ambition, and, invest every neighborhood, hitherto devoid of past interest, with an interest born of knowledge.

The power in the hands of a writer is great, if his pen be used aright. The majority of us, for example, date a good deal from the time that "the race accursed of God and man" lost power; but while Sir Walter Scott is read, interest in the Stuarts will never die, and the halo which his pen drew about them will be found to have been written in indelible ink. If among us ever arises such an one, Niagara will not be a place mentally dedicated to brides and tourists; but looking at it, in their commonplace stead, will appear the loveliest maiden of the tribes, who, dressed in white, and in a white canoe laden with fruit and flowers, was sent over the Horseshoe, as an offering to the Spirit of the Waters; and with her, all the lore of ante and post-Colonial days.

Fr Holt.

KOOTENAY.

There are treasures in the mountains
Hemming in the Kootenay,
But the forest, close embracing,
Hid them from the light of day.
Ages, they the secret kept; but the torrents downward crept,
And a portion stole away
For the roaring, rushing, leaping, treasure-keeping Kootenay.

Through the forest growth of ages,
Man, the fell destroyer, came
Searching for the hidden treasure,—
Wreathing all the woods in flame.
As he neared the secret hoard, rose in fury—madly roared—
Striving his advance to stay
With a flood of waters turbid, the uncurbèd Kootenay.

From the lake where rests the river
Like a giant in his sleep,
Down the tossing waters hastened,
There the awful tryst to keep;
Where the smoking waters fall, and the roaring rapids call,
Plunging, leaping, flecked with spray,—
Floods of waters downward hurling—raced the swirling Kootenay.

Impotently raged the river,
And, when 'twas low once more,
Man despoiled it of the riches
Scattered all along the shore.
Eagerly he sought to trace where might be the secret place,
Where concealed the treasure lay,
'Midst the mountains grimly scowling on hoarse-growling Kootenay.

Where the streams, like fairy lacework,
Trickle down the walls of rock,
That defiant yield no passage,
And the climbers' efforts mock,
Toiling up the pathless steep that the wolf and grizzly keep,
Nothing could his progress stay:
Startled, screamed the eagles soaring over roaring Kootenay.

Long they searched the ancient mountains—
Strove with precipice and snow;
Great the trouble and privation,
But at last the place they know.
Now the mountains' sides they tear, and they lay the treasures bare,
Bringing to the light of day
All the riches they were keeping—fiercely weeping Kootenay!

Vain thy fury, foaming river!
Thou shalt feel the tyrant's chain;
Man shall harness thee to serve him,
Shall enslave thee for his gain;
Make thee help him as he wills to defraud the ancient hills,
Till he has torn away
All the mountains' hidden treasure, for his pleasure, Kootenay!

VANCOUVER, B. C. —G. F. MONCKTON.

HOPE ON!

Wir heissen euch hoffen.—GOETHE.

"WE bid you hope," the poet saith,
And in the darkest hour to trust:
The light shall come because it must,
And life be victor over death.

Dark clouds may cover all the sky,
The snow may hide the barren plain,
But sun and spring-time rule again,
For storms and winters pass and die.

When trials come and friends grow cold,
Though life may seem one web of ill
Where warp and weft but sorrows fill,
O lose thou not Hope's thread of gold!

Virtue not Vice is monarch here
And no revolt of Sin can last:
The transient tumult soon is passed,
The sun of Right again shines clear.

The higher judgment calmly wait,
Nor faint 'neath scorn of human minds,
It may be that the Great Judge finds
Thy neighbor's small, thy action great.

No Truth of God can fail or fall,
In His design there is no flaw,
No accident, but only Law
And Justice sovereign over all.

Despair not, thou, though crushed by Sin ;
Forgiving at the Eternal Gates
The tender Shepherd eager waits
To let the weary wanderer in.

A. F. Chamberlain, M.A., Ph. D.

LOST AT SEA.

Over the stout pier the wild sea leaps,
Over the brown rocks the white spray sweeps,
On the horizon a far lone sail
Drifts, grey and ghostlike, before the gale.

Black is the north as with clouds of night,
Ploughed is the sea into furrows white ;
Over the harbor the sea-gulls wheel,
Wildly the tall masts rock and reel.

Boats at their moorings creak and strain,
Sharp as a whip lash beats the rain ;
Fishermen look from the sheltered lee —
God help men out in such a sea !

Over the grey pier the wild sea leaps,
Over the harbor the white spray sweeps ;
But God only knoweth upon what shore,
Love waits for the sail that shall come no more

Jessie Kerr Lawson.

RUSTY STREAKS.

In portions of the West, during hot seasons, non-alkaline water is so scarce that men get up in the middle of the night and lick the dew off the grass to get a drink.

Fogs are so thick in the water on the north shore of Lake Superior, that you have to alight from the train with a dark lantern to find the semaphore, and having found it, have as much trouble in retracing your steps to the train.

Sorrow sours hearts, but brightens minds.

Love sometimes takes a man to prison.

The man who sits on loose boards is sure to get pinched, sooner or later.

Half of art is knowing when to stop.

FAME.

Would man give virtue, or honor for a name ?
To have it writ on the tablature of fame ;
For all men feel of fame begins and ends
With satirical foes and piratical friends.

GENIUS.

All men of money do compute
The man of genius but a brute ;
All men of genius are but fools,
When monied men make them their tools.

One winter recently two Englishmen, wishing to have a cutter ride, repaired to Benson's livery, Winnipeg. While in the office waiting for the sleigh, they overheard Mr. Benson say, "George, it's very cold to-day, bring out a couple of buffa-

loes." One of the Englishmen poked out his head from the window, and remarked: "No use, chappy, to 'itch 'em up; we cannot drive your blooming buffalo; don't know how, you know."

A little fellow four years old observed his grandfather sleeping on the sofa. He ran to his uncle, laughingly remarking: "Do tum until Dak, and 'ou'il hear ganpa purr like anysing." One day when taken to a hippodrome, where there were two rings, he cried out, "'ou teap 'ou eyes on dat one; me teap mi eyes on dis one, an' an' 'ou and me 'ill see the whole ting 'tween us." His uncle was a famous story-teller, and one day the little fellow held up puss in the corner with both hands. "Don't doe 'way Tom; Fed want to tell Tom 'tory; it is a tu (true) 'tory; Mama told Fed 'tory, and not uncle Dak."

J. A. RADFORD.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In a Berlin, Ont., cemetery is the following curious epitaph over the grave of an old lady:

"Dear friends, go home, don't shed no tear,
For in the grave I must lie here;
I must lie here till Christ do come,
I hope I'll have a happy home."

In a Galt cemetery, above the grave of a railway man who was killed in an accident in or near the town, is the simple inscription:

"When the whistle blew, he had to go."—M.

THROUGH MY WINDOW.

By day, a sultry arch of changeless blue,
With sordid house-roofs, and with dusty trees
Breaking its line. Night, the Magician, flew
Just by, and all is changed—one sees
A sky that shades from crimson into rose
Through delicate gradations—paling thro'
Faint rose to gold, through gold that warmly glows
And melts in green—that, into deepening blue,
Wherein one pale star trembles, half afraid
To be the first to come. The roof and trees
Are magically touched, in this soft shade,
By some strange charm, at once to pain and please;
Pencilled against the evening sky they stand
Clearly defined by Night's transforming hand.

—LEE WYNDHAM.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

There is now running in *Popular Astronomy* (Prof. Payne, Northfield, Minnesota), a series of articles by Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., of England, on "Shooting Stars, How to Observe Them, and What They Teach Us." It would be difficult to imagine how such an interesting subject could be treated in a more instructive, and, at the same time, entertaining manner. The articles are also beautifully illustrated.

Mercury should be visible to the naked eye before sunrise during the middle of December. His place will be R. A. 16h. 04m., and South Declination 18° 38'. Venus reaches her greatest elongation east during the afternoon of December 6th. Mars may soon be seen in the early morning, rising about 4.30 o'clock on the morning of the 6th of December. Mars and Uranus will be in nearly the same telescopic field, the distance between them at conjunction being only eight minutes of arc. During the same day, Mars will pass within eleven minutes of arc of Alpha Libræ, the well-known double-star. During December, Jupiter will continue to be the most noteworthy planetary object in the skies. Saturn is gradually getting into good position for observation in the early morning hours. His ring-system is opening out and becoming very interesting again. At the end of December, the angle of the plane of the ring to the line of sight will be 14 degrees. Uranus is near Alpha Libræ. On the 1st of December, Neptune may be found on a line between Iota and Epsilon Tauri, and about one-third of the distance from Iota.

BOOK NOTICES.

Doctor Bruno's Wife: A Toronto Society Story. By Mrs. J. Kerr Lawson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. Anstruther: Charles D. Russell. Crown 8vo, 208 pp.

Mrs. Lawson is well-known in Canada, and her pen has given us some of the richest and raciest humor that has appeared in our literature. Her recent sojourn in Europe has been marked by much activity in the production of novels, and as a novelist she has made a very favorable impression. The present novel is of a highly meritorious order. The plot is one of the best in recent fiction. The handling of it is exceedingly skilful. Nowhere does the interest flag, and the reader is kept on the tiptoe of expectation from beginning to end, and is being constantly surprised by unexpected developments which are yet thoroughly natural. The story is very well told; the characters are drawn with faithfulness to nature, and a rich vein of humor sparkles in every page. Altogether the story is one of the best presented to the public in recent years.

Stories from Canadian History, based upon "Stories of New France." By Miss Machar and T. G. Marquis. Edited by T. G. Marquis, B.A. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 96 pp.

This little work deserves a place in the school and home. The stories, which are all of some of the most interesting periods and most thrilling events in Canadian history, are selected with good judgment, and are told in a graphic, lucid and accurate style that reflects much credit on the authors and the editor. Many of the stories are such as will tend to make English-speaking Canadians proud of much in the history of New France, and the heroism that characterized the French-Canadians in their arduous early struggles in the wilderness. Several very interesting events of the British period are also narrated. The work is likely, wherever known, to instil a patriotic feeling in the youth of Canada.

Patriotic Recitations and Arbor Day Exercises. By Geo. W. Ross, LL.D, Minister of Education, Ontario. Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter. Crown octavo, 374 pp.

It is not a compulsory text book that the Hon. Mr. Ross has given to the teachers and schools of Ontario and Canada in this admirable volume, but a work that is almost certain to secure a large circulation, because it so well fills the demand which has been so marked of late years for literature calculated to develop patriotic feeling. The scope of the work is comprehensive. A brief section is devoted to acquainting the pupils, by exercises in which they can engage, with the constitution of the country, and the methods of conducting public business in parliamentary and municipal bodies. With considerable adroitness, the Minister of Education has introduced a sample meeting—it is to be feared, not the average meeting—of a board of school trustees, for the purpose of selecting a teacher. From the character of the sentiments expressed in the model, it is only a natural inference that the country boys who take part in the mock meeting will, when they become school trustees themselves, do much to raise the standard of salary for the rural teachers. The second, and greatest, part of the book is filled with patriotic selections in poetry and prose from the poets and public men of Canada. The selections are made with good taste and judgment, and besides stimulating the patriotism of Canadian youth, serve the additional purpose of bringing about a better knowledge of the treasures of Canadian literature. These selectives, which appear for the first time for purposes of school recitation, are truly representative of our patriotic and distinctly Canadian poems and speeches. No partiality in regard to politics is evidenced; but the endeavor is made to have our youth respect the great men of Canada, irrespective of partizan prejudices. The third part of the volume embraces, under the head of "universal patriotism," many of the best patriotic poems of the last few centuries. This collection is admirable. In the last part, relating to Arbor Day, an effort is made by a, perhaps, too brief essay on trees, and by suitable poems on trees, to develop that love of beauty which, perhaps, owing to the recent emergence of the world from the semi-barbarism of the middle ages, has been one of the lacks of our modern civilization. The Philistinism which leaves so many of our substantial farm houses bald and naked, without verandah or trees, and so many, even yet, of our school houses, ungraced by surrounding foliage, and that in our cities seeks to fill up and level to a dull monotonous ugliness every ravine and beautiful variation of level, requires a strong effort to conquer, and this instalment of effort in that direction will be welcomed by many. It is worthy of note, in connection with this volume, that, notwithstanding its size, good paper and printing, it is sold for only one dollar, the author receiving no part of the profits.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, as an essayist, ranks in some respects above either Macaulay or Addison, and his productions are amongst the very best reading English essay literature affords. His new volume of essays on public questions, which appears simultaneously from the press of Macmillan & Co., Boston, and Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd., of Toronto, will be widely read.

A SPANKING BREEZE.

FROM BRUCE'S COLLECTION.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NOVA SCOTIA, while a small province, both in point of geography and population, has always been notable for its clever men. Joseph Howe, Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick,") Sir John Inglis, Sir Fenwick Williams, S. G. W. Archibald, James B. Uniacke, James W. Johnston, Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, the Youngs, Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Sir Adams Archibald, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, and many others who could be named form quite a galaxy. There was a time, some years before confederation, when such men as Howe, S. G. W. Archibald, Haliburton, Uniacke, Johnston, Young, Doyle and Wilkins all occupied seats in the Provincial Assembly, and there were bright ebullitions of wit and many incidents worth relating.

In the political field, Howe was the central figure. He is not as widely known as Sam Slick, who was more industrious in the literary field; but his versatility was unsurpassed, his humor inexhaustible. He had a touch of nature and his imagination could always throw the glowing beams of humor upon every incident of life. The real character of men can be most accurately judged by certain incidents in their career which reveal the essence of their nature. It is not from great speeches nor elaborate literary productions that the true disposition and type of a man is gathered, but from touches of nature which flash out in connection with the lighter affairs of life. Some great men have no humor, but most have, and humor is the truest index of the lineaments of the soul. Though ostracised, for most of his life, from the highest social circles in a city where the social life was, and is, the most attractive in Canada, he was, nevertheless, the soul of a dinner table and the life of a party.

Howe's career, for the first ten or fifteen years of his public life, was entirely unique. He was determined that there should be an end to the system of personal government by the Lieutenant-Governor, and that the people should have absolute control over the affairs of the province. Since the Governor in those days was the social centre, the source of power, and had around him the Bishop, the Chief Justice and other Judges, the Attorney-General, the Colonial Secretary, the Speaker, and all the dignitaries of the place, and was fortified and upheld by a favored clique in each of the county towns, who held all the offices and enjoyed all the favors of the Government, it can readily be seen that in attacking this system Mr. Howe would call down upon his devoted head the whole phalanx whose privi-

leges were assailed and whose vested rights were in danger. The contest which he maintained for years with the Governor and all the dignitaries of the day was one of matchless interest. He was intensely loyal, and, therefore, never dreamed of violence, like William Lyon Mackenzie, or Papineau, but without murmur, he shut himself out from all the sweets of social life which were most congenial to him, and where he could above all others shine, and maintained a long and bitter warfare, appealing straight from the dignitaries to the people. As he had a large stock of personal vanity, there were many features in this contest which were agreeable to Mr. Howe—especially the idolatry he received from the masses as he travelled over the province, attending picnics, dinners, and public gatherings of all kinds.

The last Governor of Nova Scotia who made a struggle to preserve the prerogative, and drive back the rising tide of popular government, was Lord Faulkland—a proud, handsome, and vain man. Between this nobleman and his Cabinet and Howe there was waged perpetual war, which culminated in Howe's triumph and Lord Faulkland's departure.

It would require a volume to record the incidents of this warfare. Howe was editor of the *Nova Scotian*, since become the *Morning Chronicle*, then, as now, the Liberal organ of the province. In this he peppered the Governor with pasquinades, and rolled out an inexhaustible fund of ridicule, humor and satire, prose and poetical, which set the whole province laughing, and made every Tory magnate grind his teeth with rage. He would, perhaps, be open to the charge of descending to unfair and indelicate methods if the lampooning had been all on one side; but it was well known that the Governor directly inspired his Tory adherents to berate and abuse Howe, and retaliation was thus amply justified. The only difficulty was that the Governor and his allies got badly worsted, and then began to upbraid Howe for indecent attacks upon the representative of the Crown.

Lord Faulkland exhibited little judgment in his methods of governing Nova Scotia, and betrayed a sorry lack of appreciation of the constitutional limitations of his office, and, as a consequence, he included in his official despatches to the Colonial Secretary gross attacks upon Howe and his political associates. His idea was manifestly to taboo from public and social life everyone who dared ally himself with Howe.

On one occasion a despatch was brought down to the House in which the Governor had referred to a company, of which Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Young and his brother George were members, in terms of a very insulting character. They were said to be the associates of "reckless and insolvent men."

The Youngs, both members of the House, were quite stunned by the reading of the despatch, which was altogether false and unwarranted. There was at the time a profound regard for the gubernatorial office, and the incident would have passed without reference in the House if Howe had not been there. But the occasion was too tempting to him. He rose, and said in substance as follows:—

"I should but ill discharge my duty to the House or to the country if I did not, on the instant, enter my protest against the infamous system pursued (a system of which I can speak more freely now that the case is not my own), by which the names of respectable colonists are libelled in despatches sent to the colonial office, to be afterwards published here, and by which any brand or stigma may be placed upon them without their having any means of redress. If that system is continued, some colonist will, by and by, or I am mistaken, *hire a black fellow to horsewhip a Lieutenant-Governor.*"

Of course there was a great *furore* in the House. A majority at that time was linked with the governing party. The galleries were cleared, and a vote of censure was passed upon Howe. But he was as happy as a lark, and wrote a letter to his constituents, which was infinitely more cutting in its refined sarcasm and galling pleasantry than the original utterance. One paragraph of this characteristic letter will suffice :—

"But, I think I hear some one say : 'After all, friend Howe, was not the suppositious case you anticipated might occur, somewhat quaint, eccentric and startling?' It was, because I wanted to startle, to rouse, to flash the light of truth over every hideous feature of the system. The fire-bell startles at night; but, if it rings not, the town may be burned; and wise men seldom vote him an incendiary who pulls the rope, and who could not give the alarm and avert the calamity, unless he made a noise. The prophet's style was quaint and picturesque, when he compared the great King to a sheep-stealer; but the object was not to insult the King. It was to make him think, to rouse him, to let him see by the light of poetic fancy the gulf to which he was descending, that he might thereafter love mercy, walk humbly, and, controlling his passions, keep untarnished the lustre of the Crown. David let other men's wives alone after that flight of Nathan's imagination, and I will venture to say that whenever, hereafter, our rulers desire to grill a political opponent in an official despatch, they will recall my homely picture, and borrow wisdom from the past."

During the period of this contest, Howe used to ride over the province on horseback, addressing meetings and stirring up the people to an appreciation of the value of popular government. On these occasions, there was no limit to the arts by which he inflamed the popular imagination and awakened the sympathy of the masses. Women always attended his political picnics, and, recognising their power in political affairs, he was unceasing in his gallant devotions. In Cornwallis, at a monster picnic, referring to the presence of ladies, he remarked :—

"Sculptors and painters of old stole from many forms their lines of beauty, and from many faces their harmonies of feature and sweetness of expression, but from the groups around him individual forms and single faces might be selected to which nothing could be added, without marring a work, that, if faithfully copied, would stamp divinity upon the marble or immortality on the canvas."

The world will scarcely need to be told that in the general election which followed, Howe was entirely successful, and the next assembly established a Liberal Government.

Johnston, who was the able and eloquent leader of the Tory forces at this period, never indulged in humor. He was stately, and his periods were impassioned, but he never understood the gems of wit which sparkled about him. One of his associates, however, Mr. Martin J. Wilkins was a most grim humorist, and local tradition is rich with his jests. On one occasion Mr. Johnston introduced a Prohibitory liquor law. Wilkins, who was fond of his wine, made a most humorous speech against it. He was proceeding to say that water had caused more devastation and destroyed more lives and property than ever rum had done.

"Prove it, sir," exclaimed Johnston in his most serious and impressive manner. "Give us the proof!"

Wilkins turned solemnly to Johnston and answered with the utmost impressiveness :—

"*The Flood!*"

This grotesque retort produced an outburst of laughter, and as the House was recovering from the explosion, Wilkins added :—

"And even here we see a touch of human nature, for Noah, who had been long drifting on an endless ex-

panse of water, the very moment he struck dry land, like any other old salt, bore for the first rum shop he could find and got gloriously drunk."

Howe delivered a most brilliant sophistical speech on this occasion. One extract will illustrate his style.

"The world has come down to the present day from the most remote antiquity with the wine cup in its hand. David, the man after God's own heart, drank wine; Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and human beings, drank wine; our Saviour not only drank it but commanded Christians to drink it 'in remembrance of him.' In strong contrast with our divine Redeemer's life and practice, we hear of the Scribes and Pharisees, who drank it not—who reviled our Saviour as a 'wine bibber,' and the 'companion of publicans and sinners,' who would have voted for the Maine liquor law as unanimously as they cried, 'crucify him!'"

When Howe was carrying on his crusade against the Tory dignitaries, his shafts lighted upon the head of the Chief Justice, Sir Brenton Halliburton (no relation of "Sam Slick"), who, in addition to being head of the judiciary, was, in those days of the family compact, also a member of the legislative council and of the executive government. His son, John C. Halliburton, resented Howe's attack upon his father and challenged him to a duel. Such meetings were not uncommon in those days. Howe realized that if it were possible for his enemies to charge him with cowardice or anything that would injure his prestige, his influence with the people might be seriously impaired, so he accepted the challenge.

The place of meeting was near the old tower which stands in Point Pleasant Park. The time was early morning. Howe's second was his political associate and warm personal friend, Herbert Huntington of Yarmouth.

Halliburton fired first and missed. Howe carelessly fired his pistol in the air. The affair was over, honor was satisfied, and Howe took Huntington to his own house to breakfast. Of course both were considerably affected by the stirring incidents of the morning, which might have had a tragic termination, and neither exhibited his accustomed vivacity at the meal. Mrs. Howe was so impressed with this unusual solemnity that she remarked:—

"What is the matter with you this morning? You are as solemn as if you had been at a funeral."

She was then told for the first time of the affair in the park, and Howe remarked that they had perhaps been nearer a funeral that she thought.

One time when Howe was in power one of the members deserted him and went over to the other side—not actuated, it was generally thought, by any very lofty considerations. It was a dangerous thing at that time for a member to "rat," for party feeling was high. While the member was making a speech vehemently defending his course in leaving his party, a little terrier dog, by accident got upon the floor of the House, and suddenly set up a most furious barking. The Speaker (William Young), with great severity called upon the sergeant-at arms to "remove that dog."

"Oh, let him alone, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, with the sweetest of smiles, "he only '*smells a rat!*'"

A word about Lawrence O'Connor Doyle. He was a brilliant and cultivated Irish gentleman, who represented Halifax in the Assembly, To use Howe's own description, he was "too convivial to be industrious, and too much sought after in early life to be ever alone; his usefulness was to some extent impaired by the very excess of his good qualities." Howe used to declare that he was the wittiest man he had ever heard or read of. So much of the flavor of humor is dependent upon the occasion and the personal magnetism which produces the contagion that any reproduction falls far behind the indescribable impression of the moment.

"Did you hear," said a friend, one day, "that Street, the tailor, has been found in a well in Argyle-street?"

"Yes," was Doyle's answer; "but did you hear how they made the discovery? An old woman, after drinking her tea, *got a stitch in her side*, and she swore there must be *a tailor in the well*."

One day, in the House, the subject of pickled fish was being discussed, and ultimately degenerated into a mere squabble about unessentials, which became unprofitable and monotonous. To put an end to it, Doyle rose, and declared that all the pickle had leaked out of the discussion, and there was nothing left but *tongues* and *sounds*.

Some wag, about this time, had wickedly inserted an extra B into the label over the door of the Barrister's room in the Halifax Court House. The original sign was "Robing Room." After this mutilation it read "*Robbing Room*," and there was great indignation among the members of the bar.

Doyle was commenting on the incident among his brother lawyers, and innocently remarked that "*the sting was in the other B*."

On one occasion, in the House, some member had made a most furious personal attack upon Howe. The member was of such small account, and his attack so ribald and witless, that Howe found it difficult to notice him in terms sufficiently contemptuous. But it happened that the member was excessively foppish in appearance, and was especially proud of his whiskers, which he had adjusted in the most elaborate style. When Howe came to refer to his speech, he said the honorable gentleman reminded him of a story he had heard of a man who had died in some eastern country where it was the law that no person should receive religious burial according to the rites of the country unless some one would come forward and bear testimony to his possession of some good quality. This unfortunate lay dead, and no person seemed disposed to offer any testimony to a single virtue. It was becoming very awkward for the authorities, when, at last, a barber was brought, who testified that the departed had "*a fine beard to shave*."

James B. Uniacke was one of the conspicuous figures in the pre-confederation days. He was a gentleman of distinguished presence, of education, culture, and fine professional training. He was naturally identified with the party of privilege at the beginning, but being possessed of a broad mind and a generous heart, he ultimately became associated with Howe in the struggle for Constitutional rights. It is to be noted that although belonging to one of the oldest and best families in Halifax, and always regarded as a most agreeable and brilliant social figure, he was for a long time socially ostracised from the instant he left the Tory party and associated himself with Howe in the work of securing popular government.

Mr. Uniacke was Attorney-General and Premier of the first Liberal Government, formed in Nova Scotia in 1848. Several anecdotes have come down to us in connection with Mr. Uniacke. One of the best is associated with John Young, the author of the celebrated letters which appeared in the *Acadian Recorder* in 1818 and subsequent years, signed "Agricola," and which first stirred the people to an active interest in agricultural matters. He was himself a practical farmer, and the father of William and George R. Young, both of whom were distinguished personages in the political life of the Province. The former was for quite a time leader of the Liberal party, and became Chief Justice in 1861, and was knighted ten years later, and died in 1887.

Mr. John Young had imported some thoroughbred cattle from England, and a discussion took place in the House of Assembly on the subject of fancy stock. Mr. Uniacke made some remarks in regard to Young's imported cattle. He said they were very ugly

and scrubby looking, and expressed the belief that they would not be generally introduced among the people. Now, it happened that Mr. Uniacke had married a lady, not very beautiful, but having a good deal of wealth, and Mr. Young, in reply, said that he had selected his cattle like some of his honorable friends selected their wives —not so much for their beauty as for their *Sterling worth.* This pointed retort was very much enjoyed at the time, and has been ofttimes told since.

Mr. George R. Young had once delivered a paper before the old Mechanic's Institute in Halifax, and, after the paper was read, a general discussion followed. Howe was present, and made a rollicking sort of speech, criticizing the paper very freely. Young was rather nettled with Howe's observations, and in reply said, among other things, he did not come to such meetings with a lot of stock jokes bottled up in his pocket. Howe retorted that no one could say whether his friend carried humor bottled up in his pocket, but every one could testify that if such were the case *he never drew the cork.*

Mr. James B. Uniacke died in 1858, and by this time Dr. Charles Tupper—now Sir Charles—was in the House, and had just assumed the position of Provincial Secretary in Johnston's administration, formed in 1857. Tupper had made an attack upon Uniacke just before his death, and when references were made to his death in the House, Howe paid a splendid tribute to his memory, and in the course of his speech referred to Tupper's attack in the scathing terms of which he was such a consummate master. His trenchant style can be judged from the extract which follows:—

"Sir, a more honorable and distinguished man never graced the floors of this assembly than my late lamented friend, James Boyle Uniacke. His noble form, easy deportment, graceful manners and ready flow of language are familiar to many who listen to me to-day. No man who ever grappled with him, as I did in the early part of my life, would underestimate his powers. A mind ever fruitful, a tongue ever eloquent, humor inexhaustible, and pathos that few could resist, were among the gifts or attainments of my honorable friend. His colloquial powers were even more marvellous then his forensic or parliamentary displays. He charmed the Senate by his eloquence; but how delightful was he when surrounded by a knot of friends beneath the gallery, or seated at his own hospitable board. How often have I thought, when meeting abroad the choice spirits of both continents, how rare it was to find a man in all respects a match for James Boyle Uniacke. But he was distinguished not only as a legislator. His means and his intellect were embarked in every enterprise which promised the advancement of the common interest, or the growth of public spirit.

"Such was the man, sir, to whom, and to the management of whose department foul language has been applied by the members of the Government. * * * * * * * * * What need be said? We all knew him and we know them, A serpent may crawl over the statue of Apollo, but the beautiful proportion of the marble will yet be seen beneath the slime. That my friend may have had his errors, I am not here to deny; but I rejoice that, whatever they were, God, in His infinite mercy, and not man, in his malignity, is hereafter to be the judge."

Space forbids a fuller recital of incidents in connection with the public life of these distinguished men. The foundation of our national life and the shaping of our political institutions are derived from the character of the men who took part in the early political struggles of those provinces which now form Canada, and whatever there was of worth and interest in their career we ought not willingly let die.

NEGLECTED AND FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

BY J. J. KELSO.

Provincial Superintendent of Neglected Children.

In this latter part of the nineteenth century, more attention is being paid to the causes and sources of crime than ever before. Every day it is becoming more evident that in the past, much effort has been wasted in dealing with effects rather than causes, and the most advanced thinkers now fully acknowledge that to effectively grapple with crime and vice, thought and effort must be concentrated on the children of the poor. The governing power must come to regard the child as a future citizen, and must see that it has opportunities for education and for development along the lines of industry and morality. A child's education begins from its earliest infancy, and the State has a right to insist that its training shall be such as to fit it ultimately for the proper discharge of its duties and responsibilities. We all know the difficulties experienced in influencing for good the inmates of reformatories and penal institutions, the years of labor that have been exhausted in seeking to break the chains that bind the drunkard. How much more hopeful the outlook when we deal at once and directly with the little children, and implant in their young minds aims and aspirations that shall carry them safely through life!

J. J. KELSO.

Very little thought has been given to these children. They have been neglected by parents, neglected by lawmakers, neglected by school boards, and only thought of by the faithful mission-worker, who, in the absence of suitable laws, and the lack of public recognition, could accomplish but little of a permanent character. It would not be too much to say that seventy-five per cent. of the criminals of to-day were made such in early childhood. It is true that occasionally a young man of good family and occupying a position of trust gives way to temptation and falls to the criminal ranks, but he seldom remains there, usually returning after a short time to law-abiding citizenship.

The habitual criminal is made such in childhood, and he continues to live by crime, not voluntarily so much as necessarily. His actions indicate the early training working to its logical conclusion. There are children on our streets at this moment who will almost surely be criminals. It is their hard and cruel fate. They are consigned to it by neglectful and vicious parents, and by the indifference and shortsightedness of the community, through its authorized representatives.

Are we justified in expecting other-

wise than that evil training shall bear evil fruit?

Consider the case of a child born of drunken and degraded parents, growing up in a hot-bed of vice; hearing nothing but profanity and obscenity; learning nothing of the difference between right and wrong; no prayer whispered over its cradle; no pure thoughts of a better life instilled into its budding mind; its playground the street; its companions equally benighted with itself. It cannot attend school; it has no clothes; it is not kept clean; the mother would not take the trouble to send it, and school boards are not always sufficiently interested to provide accommodation and enforce attendance. Growing up untrained, except in evil and sharp cunning ways, the child at seven or eight years of age is sent out to sell papers or to beg, sometimes to steal, on the streets constantly, and with companions older in vice than himself. The boy learns rapidly, until at fifteen or sixteen he becomes a thief when opportunity offers, and trusts to luck to escape detection and retain freedom.

With the girl the downward course is somewhat different, though the result is essentially the same. Escape from the family quarrels and squalor is sought on the streets, where vice is easily learned, and the road to comfort and luxury made to appear comparatively easy, until by stages she sinks into a common outcast, unpitied and unloved.

Thus are the ranks of the criminal classes supplemented, and thus is perpetuated the curse of evil that stands as a constant menace to life and property, and continues to hold over every community a sense of insecurity. And where, we may well ask, lies the blame for this state of things? Not with the helpless victim of untoward circumstances, but with the parents, and with the community which failed to step in when the parents proved false to their duty.

In proposing a remedy, the first essential is education. Not education in the narrow sense of mere intellectual instruction; but education which cultivates the heart and the moral nature, which inculcates truthfulness and gentleness and modesty and calls out the purest and noblest instincts of humanity. In providing such an education it may, and often will, be necessary to remove the child from its natural parents. In this enlightened age, it is a recognized principle that no man or woman has a right to train a child in vice, or debar it from opportunities for acquiring pure and honest habits; and if parents are not doing justly by their children, they forfeit their right to continued guardianship. This principle is now a legal enactment in almost every Christian land, and it is only in the careful yet unfaltering use of this power, that we can hope for a noticeable reduction in our prison population. It is a duty we owe to ourselves; it is far more a duty we owe to the children who are thus unfortunately placed. Every resource of the law should be exercised to compel such parents to pay for the education of the children removed from their control.

For the protection of the child the removal is made; for the protection of the community, the unworthy parent should be compelled to pay to the last farthing. For all such children real homes should be sought, where they may develop naturally, and grow up in common with all other children. An institution is not a home, and never can be made such, though it may be useful as a temporary abode in which to prepare the little one for the family circle. No child should be kept permanently in an institution, however good, and this is something that cannot be too frequently pointed out, since there are orphanages that retain children for periods of from five to ten years.

While there are these cases in which the only hope of the child lies in its complete removal from improper

guardianship, there are also many children who, without removal from their home, need a little supervision and as many good influences as can be brought to bear upon them. Families, for instance, where the mother is employed during the day, or where the children, living in poor neighborhoods, are in danger of evil companionship. To help to tide such children over the trying period of childhood, and get them safely started in life's work, there are many useful aids, some of which, with some evils which are to be avoided, might be mentioned, as follows:—

The mission kindergarten.—As a preventive agency nothing but a mother's own good teaching can surpass the mission kindergarten. In this work the teacher is usually chosen because of special qualification and zeal. Little ones from three or four years up to seven are gathered from the streets and alleys, and taught to use both their fingers and their minds. In many instances they are saved from acquiring evil and untidy habits, and are given a suitable preparation for the common schools.

Mission classes and entertainments.—In every poor neighborhood mission work, especially among children, is productive of much greater result than usually appears on the surface. The love that is freely poured out in their service sinks deep into young hearts, and is almost sure to bear fruit in the later life. No mission worker among children should ever be discouraged.

Boys' clubs.—For growing and active boys of twelve to fifteen years of age there is room for many clubs, independent, or carried on in connection with churches and missions. Boys must be doing something, and if not induced to belong to some evening organization will learn much on the streets that is evil and hurtful. These clubs should not be strictly religious, but should lend books, teach topical songs, provide games and gymnastics if possible, and generally seek to win the boy's interest by catering to his reasonable desires. The membership may be anywhere from ten to forty, and the founder may be any young man or woman interested in the best welfare of the growing boys of our country.

Day industrial schools.—In every large city there should be one or more day industrial schools. To these would be sent truants, or children unfit for the common schools, children getting beyond parental control, or those guilty of first offences. To this school the child goes in the morning at eight o'clock and remains until six o'clock in the evening, being provided with meals, and engaging in manual as well as intellectual work. Such schools would do away with the necessity for sending so many children to reside permanently in industrial reform schools at large expense to the country.

Police stations.—No child should be taken to a police station except in a very extreme case. The fear of such a place is the best deterrent, and the child who has once been confined there is likely to lose its dread of punishment, and to return again in a short time. The same argument applies with even greater force in the case of the police cell or the gaol.

Police court.—The trial of children and young girls in the open police court, can only be regarded as a barbarous proceeding, in almost every case confirming and hardening the offender. It is false economy; it is the greatest cruelty to the child; it is disastrous to the community in the end.

Punishments—.In meting out punishment to children for petty offences it will often be found that the fault lies with the parent. If it is the parent's neglect that causes the offence, then steps should be taken to protect the child. In other cases the speediest and most salutary punishment would be a birching sufficient to call forth tears and promises of repentance.

The business in which so many boys are engaged—that of selling news-

papers on the streets—is hurtful in many ways. Besides tending to make boys cunning and unscrupulous, it is an occupation of a temporary character, leaving a youth at sixteen or seventeen years of age without a trade and altogether unfitted for any vocation which requires steadiness, punctuality, obedience or manual labor. With expensive tastes and a love of freedom, many boys of this class take to pilfering to keep up their decreasing revenue from the newspaper business. It would be very desirable to have open-air news-stands located on the leading thoroughfares in charge of old men, and limit the number of boys now running the streets as news-vendors.

All successful work on behalf of neglected children must be through personal contact and sympathy. The child must feel and know by many acts and words of encouragement and kindness that he or she has at least one true friend. For this reason large classes are to be avoided, the economy that appears on the surface being really a loss and hindrance. In this thought there should be much encouragement for those earnest workers who have nothing but their services to offer. They may gather little bands around them at trifling expense, and experience the great joy of turning aimless young lives into spheres of usefulness and happiness. And surely there can be no greater service for God or humanity than in calling forth in young hearts, aspirations and hopes that lie dormant, and in removing from their path the obstacles that prevent them from achieving all that is best in their nature! Hope and joy may be brought back to crushed little hearts by love and sympathy, and if, through the reading of this article, some friendless child is gladdened and aided along life's journey, it will not have been written in vain.

SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight! far, far, and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,—
On, anywhere! he must not die—
Swifter the flight!

—G. H. Clarke.

COMMON TELESCOPES AND WHAT THEY WILL SHOW.

BY G. E. LUMSDEN.

THE opening years of the Seventeenth Century found the world without a telescope, or, at least, an optical instrument adapted for astronomical work. It is true that Arabian and some other eastern astronomers, for the purpose, possibly, of enabling them to single out and to concentrate their gaze upon celestial objects, used a long cylinder without glasses of any kind and open at both ends. For magnifying purposes, however, this tube was of no value. Still it must have been of some service, else the first telescopes, as constructed by the spectacle makers, who had stumbled upon the principle involved, were exceedingly sorry affairs, for soon after their introduction, the illustrious Kepler, in his work on Optics, recommended the employment of plain apertures, without lenses, because they were, in his opinion, superior to the telescope, being free from the color-fringes around images, due to refraction.

But the philosophers were not long in appreciating, at something like its true value, the accidental discovery that lenses could be so arranged as to appear, by magnifying them, to bring distant objects nearer to the eye. They saw the possibilities, as it were, that underlay this novel principle, if rightly applied in the field of astronomy, and they labored to improve the new "Optick tube," which soon ceased to be regarded as a toy. Galilei worked as hard in developing the telescope as if he had been its inventor, and, long before his death, he succeeded not only in making a convert of Kepler, but in constructing glasses with which he made discoveries that have rendered his name immortal. Yet his best telescope did not magnify much above thirty times, or, in other words, not so well as some of the spy-glasses, one inch and one-quarter in aperture, that can be purchased now-a-days in the shops of the opticians. With one of these small telescopes, one can see the moons of Jupiter, some of the larger spots on the sun, the phases of Venus, the stellar composition of the Milky Way, the "seas," the valleys, the mountains, and, when in bold relief upon the terminator, even some of the craters and cones of the moon. These practically comprise the list of objects seen in a more or less satisfactory manner by Galilei; but the spy-glass, if it be a very good one and armed with an astronomical eye-piece of some power, will show something more, for it will not only split a number of pretty double-stars, but will reveal a considerable portion of the Great Nebula in Orion, and enough of the Saturnian system to enable one to appreciate its beauty and to understand its mechanism, though it must be admitted that these results would be mainly due to the fact that observers now know what to look for—a great advantage in astronomical work, and one not always possessed by Galilei.

For nearly one hundred and fifty years, telescopes labored under one serious difficulty. The images formed in them were more or less confused, and were rendered indistinct by certain rainbow tints due to the unequal bending or refracting of the rays of light as they passed downwards through the object-glass, or great lens, which was made in a single piece. To overcome this obstacle to clear vision, and also to secure magnification, the focal lengths of the instruments were greatly extended. Telescopes 38, 50, 78, 130, 160, 210, 400, and even 600 feet long were con-

structed. Yet with these unwieldy and ungainly telescopes, nearly always defining badly, wonders were accomplished by the painstaking and indomitable observers of the time.

In 1658, Huyghens, using a telescope twenty-three feet long, and two and one-third inches in clear aperture, armed with a power of 100, discovered the complex character of the Saturnian system, which had resisted all of Galilei's efforts, as well as his own with a shorter instrument, though he had discovered Titan, Saturn's largest moon, and fixed correctly its period of revolution. One of the regrets of scientific men is that Galilei died in ignorance of the true construction of Saturn's ring-system. Many a weary night he expended in trying to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the most extraordinary and unaccountable phenomena presented from year to year by that planet. Its behavior was to him so erratic, that, annoyed beyond measure, he finally desisted from observing it. Would that before he died the old hero in the cause of Science could have possessed a telescope powerful enough to solve the mystery!

In 1673, Ball, with a telescope thirty-eight feet long, detected, for the first time, the principal division in Saturn's rings. Ten years later, Cassini, with an instrument twenty feet long, and an object-glass two and one-half inches in diameter, re-discovered the division, which was thenceforth named after him, rather than after Ball, who had taken no pains to make widely known his discovery, which, in the meantime had been forgotten. Though we have no record, there is little doubt that the lamented Horrocks and Crabtree, in England, in 1639, with glasses no better than these, watched, with exultant emotions, the first transit of Venus ever seen by human eyes. In 1722, Bradley, with a telescope 223¼ feet long, succeeded in measuring the diameter of the same planet.

In all ages, astronomers have been remarkable for assiduous application, and for perseverance even under the most discouraging circumstances. The astronomer of to-day can form but an inadequate conception of the difficulties with which the astronomers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries had to struggle. When, at the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, it became possible to construct good refracting telescopes of larger aperture, and giving sharper definition, the industry of these observers had been such that, on the authority of Grant, we are assured they had discovered everything that could have been discovered with the optical means at their command.

Toward the middle of the Eighteenth Century, eminent men having, as they thought, decisively proved that refracting telescopes could not be brought to the state of perfection necessary for satisfactory astronomical work, turned their attention to the development of the reflecting telescope, which was constructed upon a different principle, and did not require that the light-rays should pass through a glass medium before being brought to a focus for examination in the eye-piece. This development, especially in the hands of the patient Herschel, was rapid, but just at the moment the refractor was in danger of total eclipse, Dollond, experimenting along lines not unknown to, but insufficiently followed up many years before by, Hall, found that by making the great lens, or the object-glass at the end of the tube, of two or three pieces of glass of different densities, and, therefore, of different refractive powers, the color aberration of the refracting telescope could be very perfectly corrected. Dollond's invention was of immense value, but, unfortunately for him and it, it was not possible, immediately at least, to manufacture of flint-glass, the color-correcting medium, discs sufficiently large to use with the lenses of crown-glass; the latter could be made of six, seven, and even of eight inches in

diameter, but the limit for the former was about two and one-half inches. However, about the opening of the Nineteenth Century, Guinand, a Swiss, discovered a process of making masses of optical flint-glass large enough to admit of the construction from them, of excellent three-inch lenses. The making of three-inch objectives, achromatic, or free from color, and of short focus, wrought a revolution in telescopes, and renewed the demand for refractors, though prices, as compared with those of the present day, were very great. The long telescopes were gladly discarded, because the new ones not only performed vastly better than they did, but were much more convenient in every way. Their length did not exceed five or six feet, which enabled the observer to house them in a building called an "observatory," and to work with a degree of comfort previously unknown.

Improvement succeeded improvement. Larger and still larger compound objectives were made, yet progress was so slow as to justify Grant, in 1852, in declaring that the presentation, about 1838, to Greenwich Observatory, of a six and seven-tenths object-glass, unmounted, was a "magnificent gift," and so it was esteemed by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal. Improvement is still the order of the day, and, as a result of keen competition, very excellent telescopes, of small aperture, can be purchased at reasonable prices. Great refractors are enormously expensive, and will probably be so until they, in turn, are relegated to the lumber room by some simple invention, which shall give us an instrument as superior to them as they are to the "mighty" telescopes, which, from time to time, caused such sensations in the days of Galilei, Cassini, Huyghens, Bradley, Dollond, and those who came after them.

In several respects, giant telescopes have served Science well, but nearly all the really useful work has been done by instruments of less than twelve inches in diameter. Indeed, it may be safely asserted that most of this work must be credited to instruments of six inches, or less, in aperture. After referring with some detail to this point, Denning tells us that "nearly all the comets, planetoids, double-stars, etc., owe their detection to small instruments; that our knowledge of sun-spots, lunar and planetary features, is also very largely derived from similar sources; that there is no department which is not indebted to the services of small telescopes, and that, of some thousands of drawings of celestial objects, made by observers employing instruments from three to seventy-two inches in diameter, a careful inspection shows that the smaller instruments have not been outdone in this interesting field of observation, owing to their excellent defining powers and the facility with which they are used." Aperture for aperture, the record is more glorious for the "common telescope" than for its great rivals. The term, "common telescope," is to be understood here as descriptive of good refractors, with object-glasses not exceeding three, or three and one-half inches in diameter. In some works on the subject, telescopes as large as five inches, or even five and one-half inches, are included in the description of "common," but instruments of such apertures are not so frequently met with in this country as to justify the classing of them with smaller ones, and, perhaps, for the purposes of this article, it is well that such is the fact, for the expense connected with the purchase of first-rate telescopes increases very rapidly in proportion to the size of the object-glass, and soon becomes a serious matter.

In his unrivalled book, "Celestial Objects for the Common Telescope," Webb declares that his observations were chiefly made with a telescope five and one-half feet long, carrying an object-glass three and seven-tenths inches in diameter. The instrument was of "fair defining quality," and

one has but to read Webb's delightful pages to form an idea of the countless pleasures he derived from observing with it. Speaking of it, he says that smaller ones will, of course, do less, especially with faint objects, but are often very perfect and distinct, and that even diminutive glasses, if good, will, at least, show something never seen without them. He adds: "I have a little hand-telescope twenty-two and one-quarter inches long, when fully drawn out, with a focus of about fourteen inches, and one and one-third inches aperture; this, with an astronomical eye-piece, will show the *existence* of sun spots, the mountains in the moon, Jupiter's satellites, and Saturn's ring." In another place, speaking of the sun, he says an object-glass of only two inches will exhibit a curdled or marbled appearance over the whole solar disc, caused by the intermixture of spaces of different brightness. In this connection, it is instructive to note that Dawes recommended a small aperture for sun-work, including spectroscopic examination, he, himself, like Miller of Toronto, preferring to use, for that purpose, a four-inch refractor.

The North Star is a most beautiful double. Its companion is of the ninth order of magnitude, that is, three magnitudes less than the smallest star visible to the naked eye on a dark night. There was a time when Polaris, as a double, was regarded as an excellent test for a good three-inch telescope; that is, any three-inch instrument in which the companion could be seen, separated from its primary, was pronounced to be first-class. But so persistently have instruments of small aperture been improved that the Pole Star is no longer an absolute test for three-inch objectives of fine quality, or, indeed, for any first-rate objective exceeding two inches, for which Dawes proposed it as a standard of excellence, he having found that if the eye and telescope be good, the companion may be seen with such an aperture armed with a power of 80. As a matter of fact, Dawes, who was, like Burnham, blessed with most acute vision, saw the companion with an instrument no larger than an ordinary spy-glass, that is, one inch and three-tenths in diameter. Ward saw it with an inch and one-quarter objective, and Dawson with so small an aperture as one inch. T. T. Smith has seen it with a reflector stopped down to one inch and one-quarter, while in the instrument still known as the "great Dorpat reflector," having been regarded as gigantic in proportions when it was manufactured, it has been seen in broad daylight. This historic telescope has a twelve-inch object-glass, but the difficulty of seeing, in sunshine, so minute a star is such that the fact may fairly be mentioned here.

Another interesting feature is this: Celestial objects once discovered, and thought to be visible in large telescopes only, may often be seen in much smaller ones, when the observer knows what he is looking for. The first Herschel said truly that less optical power will show an object than was required for its discovery. The rifts, or canals, in the Great Nebula in Andromeda, form a case in point, but two better illustrations may be taken from the planets. Though Saturn was for many years subjected to most careful scrutiny by skilled astronomers using the most powerful telescopes in existence in their day, the crape-ring eluded discovery until November, 1850, when it was independently seen by Dawes, in England, and Bond, in the United States. Both were capital observers, and employed excellent instruments of large aperture, and it was naturally presumed that only such instruments could show the novel Saturnian feature. Not so. Once brought to the attention of astronomers, Webb saw the new ring with his three and seven-tenths telescope, and Ross saw it with an aperture not exceeding three and three-eighths in diameter, while Elvins, of Toronto, was able to make

drawings of it at a three-inch refractor. With a two-inch objective, Grover not only saw the crape-ring, but Saturn's belts, as well, and the shadow cast by the ball of the planet upon its system of rings. In a telescope, Titan, Saturn's largest moon, is merely a point of light, as compared with the planet, yet it has been seen, so it is said, with a one-inch glass. The shadow of this satellite, while crossing the face of Saturn, has been observed by Banks with a two and seven-eighths objective. By hiding the glare of the planet behind an occulting-bar, some of Saturn's smallest moons were seen by Kitchener with a two and seven-tenths aperture, and by Capron with a two and three-fourths one. Banks saw four of them with a three and seven-eighths telescope, Grover two of them with a three and three-quarter inch, and four inches of aperture will show five of them—so Webb says. Rhea, Dione and Tethys are more minute than Japetus, yet Cassini, with his inferior means, discerned them and calculated their periods. Take the instance of Mars next. It was long believed that Mars had no satellites. But, in 1877, during one of the highly-favorable oppositions of that planet which occur once in about sixteen years, Hall, using the great 26-inch refractor at Washington, discovered two tiny moons which had never before been seen by man. One of these, called Deimos, is about twenty miles in diameter, the other, named Phobos, is only about twenty-two, and both are exceedingly close to the primary, and in rapid revolution. No wonder these minute objects—seldom, if ever, nearer to us than about thirty millions of miles—are difficult to see at all. Newcomb and Holden tell us that they are invisible save at the sixteen-year periods referred to, when it happens that the earth and Mars, in their respective orbits, approach each other more nearly than at any other time. But once discovered, the rule held good even in the case of the satellites of Mars. Pratt has seen Deimos, the outermost moon, with an eight and one-seventh inch telescope; Erck has seen it with a seven and one-third inch achromatic; Trouvellot, the innermost one, with a six and three-tenths glass, while Common believes that anyone who can make out Enceladus, one of Saturn's smallest moons, can see those of Mars by hiding the planet behind an occulting bar at or near the elongations, and that even our own moonlight does not prevent these lunar observations being made.

Webb says that "common telescopes," with somewhat high powers, will reveal stars down to the eleventh magnitude. The interesting celestial objects more conspicuous than stars of that magnitude are sufficiently numerous to exhaust much more time than any amateur can give to observing. Indeed, the lot of the amateur astronomer is a happy one. With a good, though small, telescope, he may have as subjects for investigation, the sun with his spots, his faculæ, his prominences and spectra; the moon, a superb object in nearly every optical instrument, with her mountains, valleys, seas, craters, cones, and ever-changing aspects renewed every month, her occultations of stars, and eclipses of the sun; the planets, some with phases, and others with markings, belts, rings and moons, with scores of occultations, eclipses and transits due to their easily observed rotation around their primaries; the nebulæ; the double, triple and multiple stars with sometimes beautifully contrasted colors. Nature has opened in the heavens as interesting a volume as she has opened on the earth, and with but little trouble any one may learn to read in it.

These are the palmiest days in the eventful history of physical and observational astronomy. Along the whole line of professional and amateur observation, substantial progress is being made; but in certain new directions, and in some old ones, too, the advance is very rapid. As never before, public interest is alive to the at-

tractions and value of the work of astronomers. The Science itself now appeals to a constituency of students and readers daily increasing in numbers and importance. Evidence of this gratifying fact is easily obtained. There is at the libraries an ever-growing demand for standard astronomical works, some of them by no means intended to be of a purely popular character. Some of the most influential and conservative magazines on both sides of the Atlantic now find it to be in their interest to devote pages of space to the careful discussion of new theories, or to the results of the latest work of professional observers. Even the daily press in some cities has caught the infection, if infection it may be called. There are in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and other centres of population on this continent leading newspapers which, every week or so, publish columns of original matter contributed by writers evidently able to place before their readers in an attractive form articles dealing accurately, and yet in a popular vein, with the many-sided subject of astronomy.

Readers and thinkers, may, no doubt, be numbered by thousands. So far, however, as astronomy is concerned, the majority of readers and thinkers is composed of non-observers, most of whom believe they must be content with studying the theoretical side of the subject only. They labor under the false impression that unless they have telescopes of large aperture and other costly apparatus, the pleasures attaching to practical work are denied them. The great observatories, to which every intelligent eye is directed, are, in a measure, though innocently enough, responsible for this. Anticipation is ever on tiptoe. People are naturally awaiting the latest news from the giant refracting and reflecting telescopes of the day. Under these circumstances, it may be that the services rendered, and capable of being rendered, to Science by smaller apertures may be overlooked; and, therefore, this article has been written for the purpose of putting in a modest plea for the "common telescope."

The writer trusts it has been shown that expensive telescopes are not necessarily required for practical work. His advice to an intending purchaser would be to put into the objective for a refractor, or into the mirror for a reflector, all the money he feels warranted in spending, leaving the mounting to be done in the cheapest possible manner consistent with accuracy of adjustment, because it is in the objective, or in the mirror, that the *value* of the telescope almost wholly resides. On this subject, the writer consulted Mr. S. W. Burnham, then of Lick Observatory, the most eminent of all discoverers of double-stars, an observer who, even as an amateur, made a glorious reputation by the work done with his favorite six-inch telescope. Mr. Burnham in reply, kindly wrote: "You will certainly have no difficulty in making out a strong case in favor of the use of small telescopes in many departments of important astronomical work. Most of the early telescopic work was done with instruments which would now be considered as inferior to modern instruments, in quality as well as in size. You are doubtless familiar with much of the amateur work in this country and elsewhere done with comparatively small apertures. The most important condition is to have the refractor, whatever the size may be, of the highest optical perfection, and then the rest will depend on the zeal and industry of the observer."

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that much most interesting work may be done even with an opera-glass, as a few minutes' systematic observation on any fine night will prove. Newcomb and Holden assert that "if Hipparchus had had even such an optical instrument, mankind need not have waited two thousand years to know the nature of the Milky Way, nor

would it have required a Galilei to discover the phases of Venus or the spots on the sun." To amplify the thought. If that mighty geometer and observer and some of his contemporaries had possessed but the "common telescope," is it not probable that, in the science of astronomy, the world would be to-day two thousand years in advance of its present position?

REQUITAL.

Down floating through the rosy morning light
The Days come one by one in long array,
God's radiant Messengers to Man are they,
Bearing His blessings earthward in their flight,—
Contentment, Peace, fair Love, and Pleasures bright;
And some bring Pain, but whisper as they lay
The burden on our hearts:—"Another Day
Shall lift thy sorrow; first shall come the night."
Yet soon, their shining raiment stained and dim,
Our gentle guests in Folly's thraldom sigh,
Till sunset signals call them home to Him,
With trailing wings that sweep the twilight sky.
Oh, night! fall fast to hide the wounds they bear,—
Sin, crimson-dyed,—grey Doubt, and dark Despair!

VANCOUVER, B.C. L. A. LEFEVRE.

VIGNETTES FROM ST. PILGRIM'S ISLE.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

I.

NIGHT.

"And this was in the night, most glorious night!"
—Byron..

THE night is stooping above the headlands of Arran and Cantire, and the grey veil of the gloaming has already been dropped over the distance beyond—the magical distance which holds within its potential womb the, as yet, but dimly outlined shores of that

" —— Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

sung of by Scott, and loved and admired by all who have had the privilege to be associated with the land of the tartan and the heather.

The great, gaunt Leviathan, with towering hull, breath of smoke, and throb of iron heart, responsive in its regularity to the rhythmial beatings of six hundred other hearts within, steals on, under the uncertain light, like the spectral monster of a dream, past headland and islet, bluff and cape, encountering, ever and anon, some fellow-spectre, huge or diminutive, that, with flaring eye and sepulchral voice, glides by into the murk and mist we have left. Their heads are to the sea, the unquiet vast of heaving waters and uncertain morrows, but ours points to the nearing shore, homeward, where waits for many no such uncertain destiny, but blazing hearth and cheery welcome of home, sweet home!

We stand on the upper deck long after the usual hour for retiring, and muse of many things. 'Tis our last night on board, and to-morrow we part, this frame of iron and fume, these frames of flesh and spirit.

The great messenger which has borne

us safely over the dread of billows, under the scowl of the tempest, and through the terror of night and fog, will, to-morrow, lie quietly asleep at its moorings, its fires extinguished, its breathing hushed, its motion expended; while we, the living freight, tossed as ever on the waves of time and action, will still be seeking each his earthly quest, his distant port, his eternal haven.

The night grows blacker and blacker, for the sky has been overcast all the afternoon. Even while lying at Moville, the grey curtain descended, and with it the breeze freshened, piping shrilly through the taut shrouds, and making the foam fly and the boats dance to its inspiriting promptings.

But now the breeze in a measure has dropped as we near the opposite shore, and only the cloud remains. Would that it might lift too, to accord us a glimpse of the panorama beyond, under the mystic light of the moon.

Presto! Scarce has our wish been framed when, as if in response to some Aladdin's touch, the heavy, grey festoons that have been wreathing the coast-line on our port side lift for a moment, or rather split and sever, leaving a great rift of palpitating ashen pallor in the slate-colored expanse overhead, and in a moment the waters underneath, responsive to the movement above, chameleon-like, take upon themselves, in part, another complexion, a mellow radiance, that flows like a stream of darkly-molten silver between banks of unquiet, indigo opaqueness.

The light strengthens above, although at no time is the moon fully visible, and at no time does the illuminated space below extend for more than a limited distance along the underlying shores and accompanying sea-line; but, while it lasts, the effect is weirdly singular and imposingly beautiful in the highest degree.

There is just a band of lucent, pallid opal in the sky, edged by the sombre skirts of the night, and directly underneath, a corresponding zone of light, sharply outlined in the ebon flow of the waters, a softly gleaming, pearl-grey shimmering, touched here and there with a brighter tremor, a more pronounced pulsation of luminous motion.

But, by-and-bye, little by little, they fade out, and pale away into the gloom and the black again. So have we seen, in far-away Canada, the Aurora Borealis play itself asleep from a luminous zenith, back into the cradle of its Arctic being.

To right and left the great beacons shine out, some single, some double or multiple, of various colors, some stationary, many more revolving, while in the extreme distance, on our starboard side, as though behind that stretch of sea and shore, of beacon-lamp and gloom itself, quivers and pulsates the fiery glow of what appears to be distant furnaces, some workshops of Vulcan, where, sleepless and many-armed, the iron-toilers, with iron hands and iron hearts, deal in their fellow-ore, fashioning, moulding, and smiting forth their adamantine creations for the service of universal man.

A hoarse challenge, a pair of blazing orbs, one red, one green, a feeling of might and motion in the air around, a sense of heaving in the liquid floor beneath, and stealthy, stately, silent, mysterious in her dimly outlined vastness, magnificent in her loneliness and her power, shrouded in night and gloom, a huge steamer forges by, blinks at us a moment with her hundred eyes, that burst into being upon a nearer approach.

"As tho' by the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"

and vanishes from our sight into the Estuary behind, a phantom-form of strength and purpose, a dream-being peopled with dream-souls, passengers, many of them, to a dream-shore that lies beyond the heaving and the gloom, the magic vistas of the morning and the morrow.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife;
Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck!"

We had hoped to make the Clyde in daylight, we had heard so much of the beauty and the freshness of its shores. We had so longed to feast our eyes upon the luxuriance of grove and pasture that we felt assured would greet our expectant vision. We had desired to feel the fascination of the prospect grow upon us, approach us, as it were, from afar and gradually, rather than that it should burst upon us all at once, in the full plenitude of its loveliness, to dazzle our newly awakened senses.

There is something more romantic and satisfactory withal to behold the thing we love grow with our desire, mount with our aspiration, and finally expand in all its profusion of beauty and wealth, power and pathos, to the gratified sense of having seen it all, been partakers with it all, knowing that nothing has been missed, nothing neglected or misinterpreted.

But it was not to be. We are assured that the mouth or narrowing of the Clyde, at any rate, is to be for us as sealed a book as ever, for we cannot possibly delay our progress, but must forge ahead, and be at our berth alongside Glasgow quays by 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning.

So we stand about the deck in little knots, refusing the solace of sleep, and preferring the upper breeze, desultory conversation, and intermittent strollings from point to point, as the night ages and the sea-air becomes more chilly.

Throb, throb, throb,—more gently now that it is nearing its quest. *Throb, throb, throb,*—how often had we heard the loud and vigorous beat above the responsive beatings of adverse billows and tumultuous winds. Bold iron heart that had throbbed us across the deep! Thy music had indeed become a very part of ourselves, and whenever for a moment it hushed, the effect was strange, almost uncanny, so accustomed had we become to its familiar rhythm! But, to-night, the beatings are softer and lower. There is nothing of struggle or daring in the refrain. They are the quietly regular pulsations of a heart that knows it is upon a friendly tide, nearing the haven where it will soon be at rest, its labors over, its mission accomplished.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we listen to these last measured notes. "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," they seem to say. Yes, to-morrow she will have ended her voyage, and we —— ?

We are getting sleepy at last, looking over the side at the gently flowing current astern, feeling the quiet influence of these monotonous pulsations, with the blinking lights in the distance, and the sigh of the night-breeze overhead. We are beginning to drowse in sober earnest, so renounce our prematurely formed intention of waiting for the dawn on deck, alert and vigilant.

We descend the companion-ladder, yawning as we go, and, with closing eyelids, throw ourselves half-dressed in our berth.

"Call us at daybreak, Steward, directly the shores are visible. Don't forget, mind!"

"All right, sir, I won't forget. I'll be sure to call you."

Throb, throb, throb! How gently we glide. Throb—throb—throb! She —is — stopping—surely. Throb.... throb.... throb! She .... is....

The night has fallen indeed, and the last light goes out beyond the misty headlands of dreamless slumber.

II.

DAWN.

"For my Love goeth forth, and her robes are white,
White like the clouds at the break of the dawn,
Fair, fair, and a madness doth burn in my sight,
Lest the vision shall be withdrawn."
—Robert Burns Wilson.

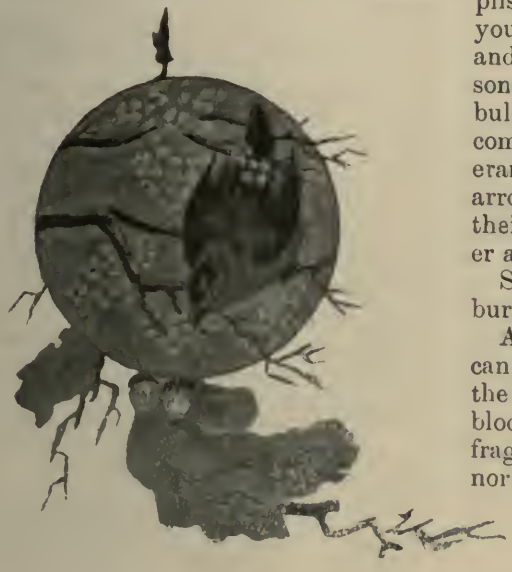
The dawning of a new phase of life is like the dawning of a new day; both are as yet white, unwritten pages of being, faint flushed with the rosy red of youngling promise.

First days of such a phase of life are, indeed, the very dawn of a new existence, in which everything is re-

fashioned, purified, sublimated, rejuvenated, inspired, as by a second and more enchanting lease of youth and desire.

So we thought, as we stood in the white light of the dawning on the deck of the ocean-greyhound, now coursing swiftly yet stealthily to her quarry by the river-shore.

So we thought, as we watched the lush green meadows, filmed in dew and



DAWN.

shadowed by the early mist, slip away on either hand in gently undulating stretches of park-like expanse, dotted or fringed with leafage, under which the lazy cows chewed their cud and the sheep grazed, to the refrain of the rooks in the elm tops and the, sleepy swash of the current that lapped the rush-strewn banks.

So we thought, as we inhaled the first fragrance of the inland air, redolent of herbage, of early primroses and nodding buttercups and cowslips. It was all a dream, nay, more, a dream within a dream, that panorama of mist and meadow, of flood and fell, with its wealth of grassy verdure and arborescence of oak and elm, its mystery of shimmering light and purpling shadow, its music of tinkling bell and bleat or low of kine, and, amidst it all, and part of it all, the silent messenger from afar, alive with souls, still breathing its rhythmic refrain to the pulsing of their anxious hearts.

So we thought, as we hailed the river masts with their maze of cordage, spar and fluttering pennon. Taut and trim they stood in their serried ranks, like silent sentinels ready to accomplish their commanders' bidding; these, young and stately and strong to do and dare; those older and more seasoned, as shown by weather-beaten bulwark and frayed or bleached accompaniment, yet serviceable too, veterans more worldly-wise than these arrogant youngsters, mere recruits in their almost untried assurance of power and speed.

So we thought, as the great city burst upon our sight for the first time.

Ah! For the first time! Words that can never be uttered again this side of the Valley of the Shadow. For the bloom is only once upon the peach, the fragrance in the rose; nor kiss of sun nor sense of man can place them there again, for ever.

Up they rose like giant finger-posts, monitors of earth and time pointing to space and eternity; spire and dome, cupola and monument, roof-tree and chimney, ever, ever, ever up, aspiring memorials of aspiring souls, grubbing through the cark and ashes of care and moil for the treasure-trove buried at the rainbow-feet of a divine hope and longing.

"And it passed like a glorious roll of drums
Through the triumph of his dream."

So we thought, as we stood, days afterward, by the abbey-ruins of Lincluden; we, who for sixteen years had been a tenant of those vast realms of youth and labor beyond the dancing waves of the Atlantic, the land that had but lately been rescued from the void and forgetfulness of oblivion by the daring, aggressive spirit of the adventurer. There were nothing like these over there, dead memorial-stones

of eight hundred years ago, wreathed with the fragrance of blossoming dog-roses and milk-white hawthorn blossoms, blossoms laid by the loving hands of to-day upon the clay cold forms of many departed yesterdays!

It was an unreality, a revelation, a vision of old, that had been partly forgotten in the strong, self-assertive, active, young existence over there, yet now called up again, a memory, in the white dawn-light of a new-fledged earthly being.

So we thought, as we followed the silver Nith between its daisied banks to the bridge of Dumfries, and stood by the mausoleum of him who sang of the "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower," as only a true poet can sing. Gathering the starred meeknesses from that grassy spot of hallowed associations, and placing them tenderly in our bosom, it all seemed more like an unreality than ever. Yesterday—there, 3,000 miles away, with the charred trunk of the settler's clearing, and the echo of the woodman's axe in our ears; to-day,—here, standing by the dust of Burns and the dead of generations!

> *"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand*
> *Around us, and a dying glory smiles*
> *O'er the far times——"*

So we thought, as retracing our steps from St. Michael's Churchyard, where the Ayrshire bard sleeps his quiet sleep in the soil he loved—happy destiny!—we sought again the banks of Nith, and, looking out in the white morning-light beyond the purling flood, above whose ripples the sea-gulls stretched their snowy pinions and piped plaintively to one another, we caught sight of bank and brae, and many a bonny glimpse of copse and field and elm-crowned slope, to where the mountain mass of giant Criffel lifted his sullen crest to the gray mists above, that stooping, caressed him, and wreathed soft arms about his lonely head, as though wooing him from the flower-spread plains of earth to the unexplored regions of the sun.

So we thought, as we wandered by lane and hedgerow, and ever and anon caught again a whiff of half-remembered, by-gone days in the perfume of the wild flower and the twitter of the nesting bird, strolling by hawthorn banks and weaving daisy-chains again in the sunshine, veritable flower-echoes of the long-ago, the loved and lost of "auld lang syne."

All came back to us in its beautiful pristine reality. Dead eyes looked out to us from the flower faces, dead voices spake to us in the lilt and lullaby of the scented breeze, and dead hopes, that had long been buried,—Ah, me! How long!—came trooping from the graves of Time and Change, and Titania-like swung themselves outwards upon the nodding grass-plumes, or nestled in pink pyramids of blossoming fox-glove, shaking forth sweet music the while, that was not all of earth or memory either, but that held in its happy cadence something of the joy-bells of immortality, something of endless youth and deathless benisons.

> *"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,*
> *The soul that rises with us, our life's star,*
> *Hath had elsewhere its setting,*
> *And cometh from afar;*
> *Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness,*
> *But trailing clouds of glory do we come*
> *From God, who is our home."*

III.

NOON.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life.—Byron.

The hot life of London is upon us. Its maze of motion is in the air. The whirl of its wheels, the throb of its myriad hearts, the hum of its converse, the frenzy of its hurried day, the stealthy tread of its never-silent night is everywhere, permeating everything, actuating everything, filling everything. There is nothing else in the world, above the world, beneath the world, only London, London, London! the London of Tom Pinch and little Ruth, of Miss Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit—fit contrasting children of romance—the white offspring of content and love, the black serflings of infamy and greed!

Centuries, ages, millenniums of human beings—they stream by in the dusty sunlight, on the dusty thoroughfares, arteries of sentient receptivity, running red with the life-blood of struggling, aspiring, successful, disappointed, opulent, beggared millions!

They loll over their emblazoned panels, or stretch themselves full-length in the open spaces of the parks; these, almost too degenerate to know that they are human; those, too inflated by pride of wealth and place to deem themselves aught but divine.

NOON.

Flow on human tide to the close! Already the hoarse boom of the ocean is in thine ears. What will it be, the placid languor of the calm, or the threatening trumpetings of the storm?

Remember Tyre! Remember Sidon!

"A syria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since.—Their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage."

It is noon, high noon, by the clock and by the ages. And we stand on the highway, to watch the tide of emmets, and moralize by its ceaseless flow.

How busy they are, each with his burden! Do these emmets ever rest?

Look at the palaces! The emmets have built them. Brick by brick, story by story, as the coral reef from Australian seas, so have grown to the touch of life these wondrous structures that are the wealth and pride of earth.

Look at the monuments! Obedient chisels, at the prompting of cunning brains and deft fingers have smitten out these things of beauty to be a wonder and joy for ever to the generations to come. Of a certainty, if Greece fell, we have the ruins of her Parthenon and the torsos of her sculptors. Rome is dead, but not Michael Angelo,—and these, too, will live. So! —'Tis well! What matter the body if the soul survive!

Look at the art galleries! There, over acres of once barren wall, have blossomed forth universes of being and beauty, as eloquent of light and life as the universe itself, only silent. Better so. The creative touch of genius has given us glimpses of Paradise again, but the voice of the serpent is unheard in its vistas. The fruit that hangs pendent from its boughs is innocuous. Here

"Some flowers of Eden we still inherit."

but, thank God!

"The trail of the serpent is (not) over them all."

Look at the Libraries! Therein are the conserved souls of men, voiceless divinities, ever uttering their wisdom, their counsel and their plaint. How eloquent a teacher is silence! surely, the grave cannot be so very gruesome a place after all! Here is a book upon a shelf. Its author, they say, is dead. What mockery in words! Why, 'tis but his noisy, chattering tongue that has perished. Here is his life and his eternity. Over there is a grave, and upon it is a blade of grass, wet with the morning's moisture. The one that was laid beneath died, they say. What impotence in syllables! Why,'twas but his skeleton that crumbled and dissolved, yet, touched

by vitality eternal, behold, is restored in the twinkling of an eye to the sunlight and the fostering dew!

Look at the churches! How they swarm! Beneath these grey Abbey spires of Westminster, that vast monumental dome of St. Paul's, daily the organ rolls its splendid thunder to the ears of thousands, and sweet voices of boy-choristers wing their flight upward, to lose themselves in the intricate traceries of the gloom above. The dead are here, look you—the mighty dead, that rise and troop down the aisles in solemn procession with every service, what time that great organ rolls its sullen plaint or lifts its triumphant pæan, and the boy-voices mount and soar, and the worshippers worship at the shrines of their fathers' fathers. And all is very grand, and very stately, and very imposing, and very good. Christian temples presided over by Christian ministers, and filled to overflowing with crowds of respectable Christian men and women.

It is still noon, high noon, by the clock and by the ages. And we stand apart from the highway to watch those other emmets and moralize by their almost death-like repose.

How quiescent they are, each in his slumber! Do these emmets ever wake?

The hot sun strikes down and many a wistful face looks up.

They are lying there by hundreds, thousands, as they have been lying there all the morning, God knows! all the night, perchance, many of them. We have seen the human tide in its restless flow, by palace, monument, art-gallery, library, and church. This is the tide at rest, or that part of it which is habitually quiescent, that knows naught of palace or monument or art-gallery or library or church; that hear no minister but the great exhorter, hunger; that listens to no educator save the stern teacher, want.

It is one of the city parks and it is full. But the echo of hurrying feet is silent, and it might be a veritable city of the dead, so voiceless and so motionless are its denizens. Under the trees, along the seats and benches, on the open stretches of turf, here, there, everywhere, unkempt, ragged, dirty, portionless, forgotten, they lie, noon after noon, day after day; how and why they live, a mystery, when and where they die, an enigma to the many; utterly purposeless, utterly destitute, utterly forsaken, thousands of neglected waifs within hearing of the voice of piety, the chime of bells, the wheel of pride, the eternal flow of the clinking, golden current that glitters so bravely in the sunshine beyond.

Has God, too, forgotten them? He alone knows. As for us, we can but realize for the moment that they lie here as ones forgotten, and wait.

Shine down, sun of noon, on the wealth, the bustle, the struggle, and the want.

"There are more things, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

And, truly, the philosophy of abject penury and vice and woe, in so close proximity to opulence and virtue and joy, is one of the obstrusest that ever engaged the mind of sage or seer, and ends but at the blank wall of mystery, in whatsoever direction his errant, contemplative, inquisitive, well-intentioned surmisings stray.

IV.

DUSK.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."
Gray.

A purple haze is beginning to fall over the distant landscape, like a film, scarfing the eye of the drowsy day. The meadows in the far perspective, with their neatly trimmed hedges, are taking upon themselves vague and misty outlines, a strange, solemn stillness is settling over everything, broken only now and then by far away call or whistle, the faintly sounding low of kine or bleat of sheep, the short, sharp bark of the shepherd's dog, and nearer, over head, the intermittent caw of

rooks, that slowly wend their aerial way, a sombre brotherhood, back to the shelter of their "immemorial elms," that stand, like branched and surpliced silences, guarding the resting-places of the dead.

They circle and hover round the old ivy-mantled tower, and chatter and flutter, and sink out of sight, one by one, into the umbrageous shade beneath them, while the purple haze steals nearer and nearer, the distant prospect becomes more and more indistinct, and the sounds of day fall yet fainter and more intermittently upon the listening ear.

DUSK.

'Tis the hour when for the Macbeths of earth,

> *"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,*
> *While Night's black agents to their prey do rouse."*

Yet not so, nor now, nor here, in this hallowed spot.

Only this morning had the Windsor express dropped us at the little village of Slough, the same dear, old Slough of our boyhood, and had gone on its fiery way, panting and puffing, towards the not distant royal burgh.

We had had a busy day, and had revisited many an old scene. We had been both rejoiced and disappointed, as who is not, when revisiting the scenes of youth. Luckily, in the country districts of England, things change more slowly than in the newly-settled colonies. We had found many old landmarks vanished, but enough remained to flavor the prosaic acreage of middle life with something of the fragrance and savor of the by-gone.

A wing of the old school had been demolished, been utterly levelled; but the site was there—that, the irreverent iconoclasts of reminiscence could not remove. Some would, if they could, and advertise it to the agricultural public as best fertiliser, rich with the phosphates of feeling from crumbled bones of memories; and, across the road — the broad, white road that ran away to the feet of the rainbow and Utopia beyond—the old sign still swung under the gnarled and twisted tree, that bore upon its face the legend of a way-side inn where good accommodation is provided for man and beast.

We had sauntered down the Farnham lane, and revisited the old Farnham church, and had found here many alterations; but some of the graves and tombstones were the same—twenty years make little difference to the dead. We had strolled through the hamlet, looking in at the doors of the old, familiar places; but the faces were gone. We had dawdled away the afternoon in the lanes and by-ways, gathering wild flowers, listening to the leaf-service in the otherwise golden silence of that afternoon, watching the rushes tremble at the kiss of the breeze, and the ripples bridle and coquet at the familiar touch of the

same mild roysterer, and the gloaming had found us at Stoke Pogis, by the gray stone cenotaph, standing in the same open meadow where the daisies of our boyhood had grown and blossomed, and where the meek grasses still bent the same gentle heads to the tread of the returned wanderer's feet.

Beyond the cenotaph was the church. The self-same

"ivy-mantled tower,"

where

"The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign"

Embosomed in elms, and girt by its silent sentinels, the tombstones of the departed, it loomed from out the twilight haze like the face of an old, familiar friend, long dead, now returned.

It was Gray's country-church and churchyard, the scene of his immortal elegy; and, as we stood by the cenotaph erected to his memory, at the outer edge of the meadow, and viewed once again the old ancestral tower, time and space fled. We were again a boy indeed, as young and fresh as then, as —— but something like a great sob, felt rather than heard, rose and choked the memory, as we bared our heart, and worshipped under the sacred hush of the gloaming.

Earlier in the afternoon we had walked about the quiet churchyard, beautiful in its rural surroundings and simple, rustic ornateness. We had stood within the church's portals, sat in the time honored pew of the Penn family, Gray's own favorite seat when attending service, inspected the stained-glass windows, rich and generous gifts, many of them centuries old, held converse with an old, decrepid man, the whilom sexton, now useless—sexton when we were a boy, thirty years agone—a happy, careless schoolboy, almost within sight and sound of this sanctified tower. We had gathered a sprig from the immortal yew, and a few scraps of its bark. We had mused by the poet's grave itself, and now stood again under the gathering gloom by the outside monument to the mighty dead.

It is a classic sarcophagus of gray stone, surmounting an oblong pedestal, or base, on whose four sides are inscribed stanzas from his own undying work.

We stood and gazed and listened to the still, small voice of departed genius.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

What matter the difference, Westminster or some humbler spot?

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,"

where

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

where, too, sleeps he, the great author, as quiet as they, as careless of praise or censure, as silently waiting the great consummation.

How long will it be before the waiter and listener is himself laid to sleep with the sleepers that are sleeping, dreaming, perchance, happy dreams? For, if the dead know anything, it must be happy, because of the past. They know not to-day, nor can they know to-morrow, but only yesterdays, in which every grief has been softened by the tender touch of the consoler, Time, that drapes with moss the most unsightly ruins, yet outlines lovingly with rosy finger, the joys of the some-time, bidding them stand out, very bas-reliefs of sweet content, from forth the mellowed background of our sorrows and our failures.

The dusk deepens into the night. The sounds of day have faded utterly out. The stars twinkle curiously down upon the muser—the same stars, the same muser!—and it is time to go. We breathe a benison as we leave the spot, but at the stile we turn, to

"Cast one longing, lingering look behind."

The night closes over the scene; but it is radiant for ever in memory. And some day, perhaps, we shall return.

A PLEA FOR IRELAND.

BY E. DOWSLEY.

WHAT, another plea for Ireland? Yes, but not a political plea; nor does this plea in any way directly bear upon the political fortunes of that little island. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have already received *gratis* a sufficient quantity of such pleas to fill a good-sized volume, and I have no desire at present to volunteer a single chapter for such a bulky work.

But there are other sources from which Ireland might derive as much benefit as that which falls to her share from a stand-up fight on the floor of the British House of Commons.

When travelling abroad, I was a little surprised to find that a great lack of knowledge prevailed among tourists generally regarding the beauties of Ireland and the natural advantages it has to offer. Probably no country in the world within such easy reach of the travelling public suffers so much from this cause as the Emerald Isle. Many Englishmen who have travelled the world over have never visited its shores, and of the thousands of Americans yearly flocking to Europe, the great majority have never had more than a passing glimpse of the coast. Few, indeed, know that within twenty-four hours easy travel from London lies some of the most beautiful and charming scenery of which this world can boast. And I can say, too, strange as it may seem, that some have heard and even sung of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney and yet do not know that these are to be classed among Ireland's attractions.

Our Canadian friends will say, Why is it not better known if it is so attractive? Well, I cannot tell, unless it be because it is "that unfortunate country;" for in this respect the epithet certainly applies, in spite of some well-written works, notably that from the pen of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—"Ireland: Its Scenery, Character, etc." But it is a well-known fact that not all the books that were ever written can so effectually draw the stream of tourist travel as can the favorable conversation of travellers returned from abroad.

The best of us, however, cannot be expected to know everything, and I am sure our Irish friends will forgive our ignorance. We in Canada are frequently called upon to exercise this spirit, from some of the strange articles appearing in English magazines and newspapers.

But there are other causes operating against a successful flow of tourist travel towards Ireland. Prejudice against the country is nursed to an alarming degree amongst Englishmen, and extends its influence to Canadians and Americans generally. I was talking one day in London with a prominent business man, and having made known my intention of "touring it" in Ireland was surprised to receive the solemn warning, "Don't go there; they will shoot you. We never go there." And many other such complimentary remarks on Irish character may be heard every day.

It is a fact, too, that many of the Americans who do go to Ireland go with minds fully made up to see it in the light of the most bitter prejudice that ever gathered in force against any people. With their eyes spectacled by such glasses, we see them crowded together behind a six-in-hand, dashing across the country, with only sufficient time in their so-called "Rambles" to describe "dirty cities" with filthy markets, "bedraggled women" and

"drunken men," backed up by a good supply of imagination and exaggeration. Yet we find them with time enough, indeed, to write wholesale schemes for the regeneration of the land and people, which, if the British Parliament would only adopt, would save any further trouble with that unhappy country.

It is hard, indeed, to remove from the minds of many the fixed idea that Ireland is not a safe country to travel in. The political troubles which for many years past have distracted the country have, no doubt, contributed largely to this result.

Thus, the beauties of the land are allowed to lie comparatively unknown. Its beautiful walks and drives, and the advantages it offers either for study and research or rest and quiet are passed by for some more favored and better-known resort. The land which gave birth to so many of our illustrious men is treated even with contempt.

All honor to Lord and Lady Aberdeen for their efforts to make better known on this side of the Atlantic the real worth of the dear little Green Isle.

To visit Ireland the traveller from London naturally avails himself of the quick and easy run by rail to Holyhead and steamer to Dublin. From here all points of interest may be easily and comfortably reached by either rail, jaunting car, or cab, and where rest and quiet may be obtained amid scenery that would inspire the heart of any true-born poet—scenery which seems to grow upon one, day by day: and where also the scholar or antiquarian may delight himself amid the endless store of antiquities with which the country abounds.

The visitor to Dublin must not expect to meet with such heavy pounding of business as one finds in London or Glasgow, such magnificent modern buildings as those which grace the streets of Paris or Vienna, nor will he see such linking of arms of old and young as that presented in Edinburgh's quaint *old town* and modern *new town*. But he will find just a fine old homely city, from which much pleasure may be derived. It will serve, also, as an introduction to the people of the country.

A ramble through the city convinced me that Dublin can boast of buildings of which any city in the Empire might be proud. For instance, that fine old pile of Ionic architecture—the Bank of Ireland, associated, too, with the history of the country, where sat, in other days, the representatives of the Irish Parliament. And there, opposite, is Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, which, as a seat of learning, has a world-wide reputation, associated, as it is, with many men of name and fame. To it, indeed, some of the most respected scholars in Canada may point with pride as their *Alma Mater*.

The Custom House, also, is a wonderful structure, erected on the banks of the Liffey at a cost of over £500,000. And there is the beautiful and interesting St. Patrick's Cathedral, restored at the immense cost of £140,000 by that prince of brewers, Sir Benj. Lee Guinness. This edifice, unfortunately, now lies in the midst of one of the dirtiest parts of the city, and is approached by miserable streets, piled up with all sorts of second-hand goods, which probably only a Dickens could describe, and frequented by as wretched a class of people as are to be found in the slums of London or New York.

We in Canada hear a great deal about British soldiers being kept in Ireland to serve as a restraint upon the people. We hear so much of this, indeed, that I was quite prepared to find two separate and distinct classes there, of which the soldiers formed one and the people the other. I saw some of our finest regiments in Dublin, notably the "Seaforth Highlanders" and a portion of the "Black Watch;" but I was much surprised

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

and pleased, while strolling along Sackville Street or other thoroughfares on a quiet evening, to find the "red coats" mingling upon the most friendly and intimate terms with persons of all grades, laughing and talking, or chatting in little groups, in the happiest friendship.

I might write a great deal about old Dublin, but it is the scenery round of which I would like our intending Canadian travellers to have a glimpse, for County Wicklow is generally conceded to be the "Garden of Ireland."

In the immediate vicinity of Dublin is the great Phoenix Park, seven miles in circumference, a drive in which will afford a most delightful outing, as it is generally accorded to be one of the finest parks in Great Britain; and if the visitor wishes to have a jolly time and enjoy the scenery to his heart's content, let him take an "outside jaunting car," for on such a conveyance more than any other does "Pat" become the "anxious to please," talkative, confidential, typical Irishman.

In the Park, near the entrance, is erected a huge obelisk, a memorial to that great Irishman of whom all Britain is proud—the Duke of Wellington. It is certainly not a very ornamental piece of work, and as I did not seem to be very favorably impressed with it, Pat became not a little disturbed, interpreting my silence to mean a lack of knowledge regarding the great soldier; whereupon he imparted to me this astounding information, "You know, sor, that was erected to the grate Dooke, shure it was! The Dooke, you know, sor, was a grate say warrior—a captain on a man-o'-war he was, shure." This information was given honestly and with an air of great pride and satisfaction.

Close by the entrance, also, is that delightful corner called the "People's Gardens," beautifully laid out with much taste and skill, and ornamented with many exquisite flowers and shrubs, trees and rockeries. It is a quiet spot and a pleasant retreat upon an afternoon or evening.

Further down the broad drive is a fine equestrian statue erected to Lord Gough, which Pat, on another serious venture, informed me was moulded from cannon captured from the Zulus. Then there is the Vice-regal Lodge, the summer residence of the Viceroy, nestling homely-like among the fine old trees which surround it. But the bright prospect here is dimmed by unhappy recollections of that most fiendish deed, which shook all Britain with rage, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke fell under the hand of the Invincibles in May, 1882. What a dark blot such an action as this leaves upon the history of Ireland, and how unfortunate it is that the whole country should be made to bear the stigma of the acts of such cowardly ruffians! Having accosted a policeman on duty, he directed me farther along the drive, and going forward I was grieved to find two rude crosses scraped out in the green sward at the roadside, marking the place where the victims fell. These are presided over by an old woman (an orange vendor), who, being provided with a small stock of needed refreshment, is also stored, as a necessary advertising adjunct, with a fund of reminiscences relating to the outrage. I do consider this defacement of public property to be a standing disgrace to the authorities, and whether it be the Corporation of Dublin or the Government that are responsible, should they be unable to see their way clear to mark the spot decently with a stone or tablet, they should, at least, not permit any desecration, especially when it lends such an air of "good deed, well done."

The drive leads on, with many windings and turnings, by the most delightful park land, surrounded with magnificent trees, through which are caught glimpses of quiet, pastoral scenery, bright, open expanse of green lawn and wooded slope, with an occasional glimmer of the waters of the Liffey, as it flows quietly on towards the city.

At certain points along the route are placed seats to mark the spots where Her Majesty the Queen, on her first visit to Ireland, alighted from the carriage the better to view the scenery around. These spots are pointed out with the greatest pride by every Irish car driver; and I venture the remark, that should Her Majesty visit that country again, she would be accorded a reception that would cast to the four winds all those croakings with regard to Irish treason and disloyalty about which we hear so much.

Leaving the park, I continued my drive to the beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery, where looking under a huge round tower, built after the manner of those ancient piles so often seen in Ireland, I saw the coffin wherein lie the remains of the great Daniel O'Connell.

With a desire to feast upon the scenery farther south, in the heart of fair Wicklow, I boarded a train one lovely bright morning and sped away down to the little station of Rathnew, one of the starting-points for jaunting cars, and although the weather is most delightful, I am the one solitary passenger put down at this point. Here, waiting for just such a stray arrival, are some four or five drivers. And then commences the sounds of a perfect pandemonium as to who shall have the "honor" of conducting the "gintleman." "Be aff oot o' that whin o'im talking wid the gintleman," remarked one. "Howld yer blather, ain't oi talking with the gintleman first?" suggested another. But, finally being afforded an opportunity to make my own wishes known, I chose the one I wanted, and away we went leaving the others to bemoan their fate.

A very short but pleasant drive from the station of Rathnew puts one down at the entrance to the "Devil's Glen," a great attraction in this vicinity and one that might be better named. Here it is necessary to walk, as the car must take another route, driving around to await its passengers at the other end.

Having received my directions, I set out. The way immediately plunges under a canopy of magnificent trees, and leads on down into the dark and silent glen, but soon opens out again upon a scene of the most majestic grandeur. The mountains rise on either side, towering up hundreds of feet, clothed to the very top in some parts with trees and shrubs of varied hues of green, while here and there are mighty rocks edging their way to the front, as if to stand guard over the pathway, which winds and turns in and out just a little above the stream which finds its way through the ravine. Traversing this path, the rapidly changing views afford much delight. Now it leads under dark and solemn trees, now out upon some vantage ground or ledge of rock, now stealing through some quiet, shady, restful nook.

passing these momentary stopping-places, the awful quiet seems to doubly reign. The little stream gliding among the rocks at the foot, occasionally rushing against some more intrusive boulder, babbles its humble protest,—the only sound that breaks upon all this vast solitude.

Now and again the sun darts its rays through some opening in the mountain top, and glimmering across to the other side turns the bright green brighter still, until it reaches the shadows further down.

The whole scenery throughout the glen is gloomy and sombre, but is never dull or uninteresting. It fascinates! It thrills! It seems to hold one spell-bound with its wild romantic grandeur! The walk through the glen is about one mile long. I wished that it was double that distance. At the last point is a small waterfall; and climb-

GLENDALLOUGH.

Two gates along the way at separate points bar the path. These, however, are opened without let or hindrance by quiet, polite attendants, and the little cottages close beside are the only signs of habitation around. After

ing up the rocks close beside it, I emerged once again under the beams of "Old Sol," and glancing across the open fields I descried my faithful car-driver contentedly awaiting my arrival.

Taking car once more, we jaunt along again over those fine smooth roads which are a boast of Ireland, free from dust and dirt, and arched overhead with beautiful trees, and bounded on either side with hedge or fence, laden with the clinging ivy and creepers of many kinds, giving to it all the appearance of one vast park, rather than of ordinary country road. And here I must say that this boast of good roads is one of no mean order, for it goes to make up one half the pleasure of either riding, walking or driving, to say nothing of bicycling.

A short distance on we pass the fine old residence of the late Charles Parnell, with its broad avenue of trees, and continue on past numerous cottages and over bridges and by murmuring streams, meeting along the way many a peasant man or woman driving little donkey carts to or from town, and not answering at all to the description we often hear of wretched people, miserable and ill clad.

We journey along for some time in slow and easy fashion, enjoying the scenery, until finally we reach the top of a slight eminence, when suddenly spread out in view lies one of the grandest sights in County Wicklow—the lovely valley of Glendallough, with its quiet lakes, its ruined churches, its magnificent Round Tower, its mountains and rocks, about which are gathered so many legends and fairy-tales.

Here again the scenery partakes of a style of gloomy grandeur, for the mountains hang so close upon the valley that the valley is cast into almost constant shade. In the bosom of the valley nestle two quiet lakes, one about a quarter of a mile and the other a mile in length. The mountains rise sheer up from the water's edge, huge, bold, frowning rocks, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation. In about the centre of the glen rises the noble Round Tower, one hundred and ten feet high. This tower is generally credited with being the finest specimen of those archæological remains in Ireland which have so long been a riddle to antiquarians. For the most part gathered in the vicinity of the tower, lie the seven churches, dating away back upon the centuries, now generally mere, or even meaningless, ruins. They are very small, too, not so large indeed as a good sized room in our days. In the grave-yard, scattered about, are the remains of carved stone crosses and broken columns. And yet, so history tells us, in the early days of the 6th century, upon this spot there thrived a crowded city,—a great seat of learning and religion,—extending its influence to Britain and gathering to itself men of letters whose knowledge snd piety did so much in those days to acquire for Ireland the foremost rank among the learned nations of the western world.

But here comes Dennis Ryan. He is a guide and a typical Irishman of that profession, barefooted and of honest face, producing his credentials in the way of a few cards from American visitors who have happened along that way, and "hired me and paid me well, yer 'oner." There are many others besides Dennis, men and women, old and young, claiming for a like employment, and there would be no use in trying to go quietly about these parts without taking one of them along. Dennis and myself start off in high good humor. He leads the way to the different churches, details all the points of interest about, not forgetting the "Baking Stone of Noah's Ark,"—which he has there, for "shure,"—and passes on to the "Maiden's Waterfall," a small silvery stream falling down in a little nook from a fissure in the rock. Now he calls attention with a great flourish to the "Razor and Strop," high up on the mountain, of the great Fin Mac Cool, the prodigious Irish Giant who amused himself stepping from cliff to cliff. And there, also, close beside us, is the same giant's "Lathering Basin," and very appropriately named—a large, smooth, circular basin hollowed out of

VALE OF CLARA.

the solid rock, and filled to a great depth with clear refreshing water.

Passing out through the "Gates of Eden" we enjoy a row over the calm waters to St. Kevin's Bed, a small cave in the rocky cliff which here rises two thousand feet high. It was from this bed, the legend so runs, that St. Kevin did cast into the lake "Kathleen, with the eyes of most unheavenly blue." Dennis will be sure to point out, too, the very spot where St. Patrick stood when he pitched the "last sarpent" into the lake and rid Ireland, forever, of these evil pests. Indeed, he points out so many places, all the time talking so rapidly, fairly bubbling over with Irish wit and blarney, that very little time is left to think.

It would certainly be well worth while to take a day quietly, and to secretly explore this lovely spot in nature. How easily might weeks slip by in its quiet seclusion, wandering about the walks and drives, clambering the mountain sides, exploring its deep cuts and recesses, or in the more conventional boating and fishing, both of which the lakes supply. A good hotel is close at hand, moderate in charge and easily reached.

Resuming car once more, we proceed along at a brisk pace and soon enter the "Vale of Clara," one of the sweetest spots in Wicklow. How shall I describe sweet Vale of Clara, where all of life's happy thoughts seem gathered in sympathy with quiet, dreamy, restful nature,—its mingled foliage, its silvery streams and picturesque bridges, its lawns and meadow lands, its winding hillside pathways and homely cottages,—"were Eden itself more fair."

The waters of dear "Avonmore" flow through the valley, gliding gently along to join the "Avonbeg"—that "meeting of the waters" immortalized in verse by Moore.

Continuing, we enter the "Vale of Avoca," and for a distance of seven or eight miles, there lies spread out a scene of the most surpassing loveliness. Now we are upon the hill tops overlooking the winding stream, now in the

valley, with the hills rising gracefully on either side, and on through vale and dell, winding and turning amid ever changing scenes, with glimpses of distant mountains and quiet cottages nestling among the hills,—one vast panorama, intoxicating with its wealth of beauty and altogether past description.

But now the jaunt is ended. The little station of Wooden Bridge is reached, where the waters of Avoca and Aughrim unite together. The sun is fast sinking in the west, and evening shadows begin to fall. I am still in dreamy contentment under the influence of nature's companionship; but the engine, puffing and blowing, with its train pulls up to the platform, drawing me from the soothing influence of lovely Wicklow, and reminding me again of the commonplace prose of every day life.

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

The shadows gather, and a beckoning hand
Is ever drawing me, and voices strange
Sound ever in my ears, whilst o'er the range
Of life and thought, the glories of the land
Invisible obscure the present. Near,
Very near, with presence comforting, I feel
The cloud of unseen witnesses, while peal
On peal of praise transcendant greets my ear.
Sweet 'mongst the singers sounds *her* voice to me,
Sweetest of all the heavenly choir, whose strains
Ring through heaven's arches, in a swelling sea
Of melody ineffable. As it drains
The founts of sound, the Lethean shadows creep
So softly o'er me, that I fain would sleep.

Oshawa, Ontario. —MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON.

A CHRISTMAS STORY WITHOUT A PLOT.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

MRS. Julian Ketchum said she did not know how to make ends meet, when she found herself confronted by that most important and embarrassing date in all the year to persons of small means and generous tendencies, to wit, the twenty-fifth of December.

"If there had been no coal to get," said Mrs. K. reflectively, as she sat with her hands folded in her lap for the first time in five days, "and no overshoes and coats and underwear, and I don't know what else besides, for George and Julian, we might be able to celebrate quite like well-off people. But I'm afraid you'll have to get along with very little!" This monologue was addressed to a chubby figure upon the carpet, wee year-old Jock, to whom Mrs. Ketchum bestowed sundry and emphatic nods during her discourse.

"One thing is certain," concluded the maternal philosopher, decisively. "If Julian don't get his December salary by the twenty-fourth, the children won't get anything in their stockings, —except the holes! And even if he does, there's no use their expecting anything very much. So there!"

However, despite this fearful prospect, as painted by the chief of the home division, she had ordered a very jolly looking corpse of a turkey, and had made a couple of plump plum-puddings and some ample pies of the mince order. And what more should children, even those grown up children who have not lost all relish for the joys of childhood nor their digestions, expect or desire, I should like to know? Unless, indeed, it be a thoroughly good appetite to give the aforesaid digestion plenty to do.

It is also my firm belief that there were some snug parcels of nuts and raisins and confections stowed away in the private larder, to which Mrs. K. alone possessed the key, and into which the enquiring George and Mabel endeavored to poke their keen noses so often; to say nothing, as is proper at Christmas time when all good things are kept secret till the golden hour, of a bottle of fine port, and a quart of the innocuous ginger wine, which were as good as bought. So that altogether, and not even comparatively speaking, there was promise of the Ketchums, major and minor, faring very healthily indeed. Would that all the domestic hearths about us bore promise of such a glowing and bountiful Christmastide.

On the day before Christmas day, Mr. Ketchum came in to lunch in apparently good feather; upon which his business-like, and therefore much better half, concluded that Julian had received his December salary.

No, Mr. Ketchum had not. There had been some talk, of course. There always was. But so far nothing had been done. Still, if Mrs. K. needed some money for any little thing, you know—George and Mabel, to whom long skirts, and all faith in the Santa Claus creed had gone out of fashion about the same time, with the precocity peculiar to children of the nineteenth century, here pricked up their ears—why, he could let her have it.

Mr Ketchum made this announcement modestly, and somewhat guardedly, as though not wishing to impress his spouse with an idea that he had been dowered suddenly with a fortune.

"Oh! I'd much rather you didn't borrow it!" cried Mrs. Ketchum with a toss of her head. "I can do well enough."

For to borrow, was, in Mrs. Ketch-

um's opinion, synonymous with placing your head upon the block of financial ruin; and Ketchum, no matter how hard the times might be for the family, always had money—which distressed Mrs. Ketchum. For she could not conceive what K's private sources of revenue could consist of. Once there had been a hint of some horrid "note"—that pecuniary vampire which is the horror of all cash-dealing and thrifty persons—but nothing disastrous had come of it; though Mrs. K. had passed several almost sleepless nights on account of it, the periods when she *did* sleep being occupied with seeing visions of frightful interest—per cent., I mean—and sheriff's sales, and kin horrors.

When Mr. Ketchum came in to dinner in the evening he seemed even more genial than at luncheon; but Mrs. K. asked no questions regarding the December salary. The port and the g. w. had come home; likewise a mysterious brown paper parcel of large dimensions, which Mary, the maid—not of the Inn—had confiscated on its arrival, and deposited under lock and key. From which it must be concluded that Mrs. Ketchum had departed from her determination not to bow to the Christmas eve stocking unless the December salary came to the rescue in time. George informed his father on these points with a triumphant air, that should have entirely annihilated any latent idea that times were not prosperous.

So Mr. Ketchum, who had eaten a good dinner, thought it would do no harm to test the port; considering he would be the only one to drink it next day; as Mrs. K. abominated port, and clung to the g. w. with that entire lack of taste which it is so hard for some men to understand. The head of the family *tested* the port, therefore, and found it good; and presently, to prove its excellence, fell into a *sound* slumber, with his chin on his breast. Meanwhile George and Mabel trotted off to bed, with an eagerness foreign to children at any other date in the year than Christmas eve.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Mr. Ketchum awoke with a start. He stretched his limbs, and looked at his watch.

"I'll take a turn up town, and—see the shops," he said to his wife. "I shan't be late."

"I hope you won't," said Mrs. K. with some asperity. "Jock has not seemed well to-day, and I sent George round for Dr. Bottle, to ask him to drop in and see what was the matter. But he had been called away to see Uncle James."

Mr. K. looked concerned. "I hope there's nothing serious with the old gentleman," he ventured, as he button-up his long ulster. "We shall miss him to-morrow." Uncle James was Mrs. Ketchum's well-to-do relative, and she was his favorite niece; and Mr. K. had long cherished visions of some day coming in for the old gentleman's snug property in the country, where he lived, when he would be able to throw up his city clerkship and go in for farming, and make money. I wonder how many city-bred egotists there are who fondle the belief that they were born to be gentlemen agriculturists?

"Once upon a time," mused Mr. Ketchum as he walked down the street, and drew slowly and lovingly at the choice Havana he had put between his lips when his hall-door had closed upon him—"once upon a time I had as much as that to spend outright on such an occasion as this!" He patted his right-hand trousers pocket as he spoke, and in the faint starlight his face looked melancholy and reminiscent.

"Not that a fellow requires to, of course!" he continued to himself. "It's a fool's policy, this blowing in, as they vulgarly call it. But it's very nice, just the same, to *know* that you've got a fat roll of greenbacks in your purse that you can spend just as you please, *if* you please; instead of having to

fritter it away on a lot of cursed tradesmen's bills; and to know that you don't *owe* anything!"

This last reflection brought something suddenly to the reflector's mind.

"That cursed note for seventy-five comes due on the twenty-eighth!" he muttered. "I had almost forgotten it. They'll have to renew, that's all. They were very nice about it last time. I suppose those fellows can afford to be when they are getting twenty per cent. on their money. I wish *I* had a few hundred out bringing me in twenty per cent. every three months! No, I don't either. It's a low business!"

By this time, Mr. Ketchum had reached a corner of the main street, where he came upon his acquaintance Dobson, who was smoking a very strong briar-root, and also strolling townwards.

Mr. Dobson took the proffered cigar, returning the offensive pipe to his pocket, and said:

"I say, old man, Ranter is on to-night in Julius Cæsar. What do you say to dropping in? We can get in in time to hear the oration over Cæsar. They say Ranter is capital as Mark Antony."

Mr. Ketchum was agreeable; and fifteen minutes later found the pair in the gallery. Ketchum wanted to go in the chairs, but Dobson advocated economy; to such an extent, in fact, that he forgot in a moment of abstraction to pay for his seat, which necessary proceeding Ketchum undertook. They enjoyed the play so much that our friend suggested a steak at Fryer's, over which they could talk on any subject not domestic. Mr. Dobson was not disinclined to either the steak or the barring of home matters in conversation; so they went to Fryer's.

"Because," said Dobson, as they took their seats in one of Mr. Fryer's comfortable little private parlors upstairs, "if there is one thing I hate, it is this perpetual chat, chat, about what we owe, and how we are going to pull out next month, don't you know."

"I agree with you there," said Ketchum," as he sipped his first glass of Burgundy. The private room had been Mr. Dobson's suggestion—to Mr. Ketchum. "It costs a little more, you know, but it's so very much more jolly and secluded," he had said. And the Burgundy had been Mr. Ketchum's suggestion—to the waiter. I trust my reader will not have jumped to the conclusion from the foregoing that Mr. Dobson was what is contemptuously known among men as a sponge. Not for worlds! He was such a jolly, good-natured, chatty, generous-*looking* fellow, bless him! was Dobson.

But there are so many Mr. Dobsons in the world! They are so good-humored and rosy, with a knack of flattering their acquaintances, and always turning up with a good story when someone is treating, which invariably pays their passage across the bar to what is best. They beat their way so smilingly here and there, and borrow as if they were conferring a favor on the lender, always, however, forgetting to pay back; and they do not even buy tobacco, some of them. That is borrowed, too. They borrow your books, they borrow your guns, your boat, anything they can lay their hands on, so they do not have to buy. They go to drives, some of the younger and would-be beaux of this numerous family, to picnics, to any sort of pleasure party to which they can gain entrance, but they are not too proud to let some other fellow pay their share of the expense. In fact, they rather chuckle in private at this ingenious piece of economy. They beat their way into concerts and charity entertainments on deadhead tickets, as friends of the performers, as members of the committee—as any character at all that they can carry off with their unequalled swagger. And only their long-suffering victims know how often they lunch, and dine, and tea out! But they do it all so blandly, and look so artless and frank the while, that we do not think of them as the miserable,

sponging parasites and usurious swaggerers that they are!

"Now, there's my wife," continued Mr. Dobson, angrily, as he filled his glass. "Cross and choppy as a March wind, because I said I was coming up town for an hour. Wanted to know why I couldn't stop in *one* evening in the week! Oh! these women, these wives of ours, eh, Ketchum? But I forget our agreement. I'll change the subject. Do you remember those old nights of ours? Those nights in the seventies—yes, in the eighties, too, when you and I, and Jimmy Bangs, and Jack Graham, and Bob Clark, used to cut up? Bob's got a devil of a shrew for a wife, they say. He don't bully with *her*, I hear! We meet now and then, one or two of us; but it don't seem like the old times! You never come out of your domestic shell now, old man, do you? You are such a home bird! Ah! here's the steak! Devilish nice looking gal that, old fellow! That's one thing I like about Fryer. If he is ugly as the old boy himself, he always has good-looking women to wait!"

"Shall I fill your glass, Dobson?" cried Ketchum. "Ah! there are the bells! Christmas morning! Your health, Dobson, and a Merry Christmas!"

"The same, old man!" replied Mr. Dobson, impressively. "This wine is excellent. I have never found Fryer to keep anything but good liquor. Let me assist you!" Mr. Dobson filled Mr. Ketchum's glass to the brim in his generous, off-hand manner, and began to sing jovially:

"Oh! we'll not go home till morning!" in a cracked voice.

Suddenly the door was thrown rudely open, and half-a-dozen men projected themselves into the room.

"Talk of angels!" cried Mr. Dobson. "Upon my soul! Bangs and Graham—and you too, Bob Clark? Then fall, Dobson! Why this is magnificent!"

Mr. Bob Clark, who appeared to be the leader of the party, a deep-chested man of forty, with a pock-marked face further marred by an unpleasantly aggressive expression, struck a pose; and in a harsh voice, that he evidently intended to be highly humorous, cried:

"Your pardon, gentlemen! But, I say, who'd believe it? Dobson—he's all right! But Ketch, the moral, home-loving Ketchum! Gentlemen, I appeal to you, can we stand by and calmly witness this revelry?"

"By no means, gentlemen!" cried Dobson. "Sit down, all of you!" Mr. Dobson quite felt himself to be the host, the *honorary* host, by this time. "Sit down, and feast and be merry, for to-morrow we—we—what *do* we do to-morrow, Bangs?"

"Dine at home," said Mr. Bangs, sententiously.

"Ah! spoken like a philosopher, Bangs!" cried Dobson.

"Well, we can't live on speeches, even if they are yours, Dobson!" said Mr. Clark, with his grim smile. "We must have something to drink. Shut the door, someone, and ring the bell! What do you fellows say to a little game of cards? I pause for a reply. None? Then cards by all means. You see, we too can quote, Dobson. Ah! here's the boy! Ask these gentlemen what they'll have. And look here—there are some cards and chips downstairs—know what chips are? Bring 'em up. Don't ask Mr. Fryer for them. Ask Billy, the bartender. And—and here's a quarter for you!"

The boy went away, and presently returned with the drinks and cards and chips.

"Where are the cigars?" thundered Mr. Clark.

"You didn't say nothin' about no cigars!"

"I didn't, eh? Well, why didn't you bring 'em, just the same? Bring 'em! You all smoke, gentlemen? Now, Bangs, shut the door like a good fellow. What shall it be? Poker? Did you say poker, Dobson?"

Mr. Dobson intimated that he did not say Poker. But Ketchum, and a

young law student by the appropriate name of Green, said they would take a hand in. Neither of the men liked Clark; but they were both flushed with wine, and wine breeds excitement, and excitement breeds recklessness. None of the others cared to play at the game, saving Mr. Dobson, who had been unwilling enough before, and who had had the wind taken out of his conversational sails, so to speak, by the cyclonic style of Mr. Clark, but who now on a second and persuasive invitation from that gentleman and Ketchum, said he would play. So the four sat down to their game, Mr. Dobson being elected banker, and the party buying ten dollars' worth apiece of his fascinating wares. The balance of the party meanwhile began a stakeless game of whist.

Mr. Clark had barely dealt the cards around when there came a great rapping at the door. Mr. Bangs opened it, and two young men swaggered into the room.

"Well, this *is* nice!" cried one of them, a sallow-faced, loudly dressed fellow not much over five feet high. "A pretty lot, I'm sure, for you and me to fall in with, eh Jack? Bet you fellows you won't guess where *we've* been!"

"Yes we will, Tom," said Clark. "Bangs and I saw you, you sly little cuss, driving that Variety Theatre little girl all over town, and at such a *nice* hour! I wonder if you took her down your avenue so that Mrs. R. could see you from that bay window? What a gay boy you are! Will you join us here? Those old files over there don't pla-ay for money now. Home, sweet home, you know! Ketch and Dobby and our friend Green—know Green? Mr. Green, Mr. Raker—are the only genuine sports. It's the story of the iron hand in the six and a half ladies' kid with those chaps over there!"

"Fryer's kicking up to beat three of a very high kind, down stairs, about your gambling up here," said Raker. "But I guess we'll chime in, eh Jack? Only *low*, Robert, *low!*"

The game began. The stakes were certainly low at first; so low, in fact, that Mr. Green, who held some surprisingly good hands at the outset, as unsophisticated beginners very often do, suggested that they should be increased. They accordingly were. They rose still higher with the mercury of excitement, as the drinks repeated themselves, and the room grew so heavy with smoke that the players could not see the whist men at the other end of the room. Clear-headed and Ben Jonson like, Clark was the only man at the poker table who seemed to thrive mentally and physically in the atmosphere of tobacco and spirits; with the exception, perhaps, of Dobson, who smoked little and drank sparingly.

Our friend Ketchum, to do him justice, had long since wished himself out of it. His head ached under the strain; the pressure being alleviated, nevertheless, by his keen desire to win back at least what he had lost. For he had lost. He had used up the fifteen or twenty dollars he had carried loose in his left hand pocket, and owed the bank some thirty more. For, for reasons best known to himself, he had felt shy about disturbing the equanimity of that fat roll in his right hand pocket; trusting that better luck would intervene to prevent the necessity of his having to touch that precious pocket at all. Mr. Dobson and Clark were practically the only men who had won; and Mr. Dobson being the banker, and Mr. Clark being of an obliging turn, there had been no hesitation on the part of that convenient institution, the bank, in advancing Ketchum what he asked for.

At 2 a.m. Ketchum was out thirty dollars, and held half that amount in chips. This was such a ridiculously small sum, as money in poker goes, that I almost blush to mention it. But to a man on a small salary, to a man with a family, to a man who ought to

meet a note for seventy-five dollars in three days, it was large enough. He looked haggard, and felt savage. But he kept on.

It came to Dobson's deal. Mr. Green, who had lost about the same amount as Ketchum—his month's wages, almost—passed. Mr. Raker passed. So did Mr. Raker's friend, "Jack." Mr. Ketchum said he would stay in. He smiled slightly, for it has been said that a drowning man will catch at a straw. The face of Mr. Clark, who watched Ketchum as the gambler, according to Thackeray, watches his pigeon, was impassive.

Mr. Dobson said he would stay out; and Mr. Clark said he would be so bold as to venture in.

"Only you and I Ketchum," he remarked, with a laugh that jarred strangely upon Ketchum's now sensitive ears. "I expect you are after that ante of mine!"

"Well, it will cost you a dollar more," said Ketchum, still smiling. He felt he might have the laugh on his side presently.

"And that suits me, my dear fellow," said the tranquil Clark. "It will be expensive to you, as I raise you again." Mr. Clark then called, and they discarded, Ketchum one card and Clark two; the former who was endeavoring to appear nonchalant, eyeing his opponent the while. Whether Clark had benefited by his draw or not, *he* had no cause to complain, thought Ketchum to himself. For had *he* not drawn his man?

When the final call was made, and Ketchum had deposited his last chip, the stake stood thirty dollars. "What have you got?" cried Clark, gaily.

"I think I have got *you* this time!" said the other, throwing down his cards with an air of triumph—a pair of queens and three kings.

Mr. Clark laid down *his* cards—four aces. Then he leaned back in his chair and laughed. It was not a soothing laugh. Mr. Dobson whistled softly.

"Do you know, Ketchum?" said the holder of the four aces, "I *thought* it was a game of bluff. But that was a good hand of yours. Hullo! what's the matter?"

Ketchum, on seeing Clark's hand, had leaned back in his seat, too, shoving his hands deep into his trousers' pockets as he did so, and staring at the table. In doing so, his fingers came in contact with the roll of bills in his pocket. He had not touched this money so far, as I have already said. But now his fingers tightened on the roll interrogatively, and he sat up with a start. Then he drew the bills rapidly from his pocket, and as rapidly and nervously counted them. The others watched him curiously.

"I can play no more," he said hoarsely, glaring about the room. "I have lost seventy-five dollars."

"Not at play, old man," said Dobson, quickly and assuringly.

"No, not at play—out of my pocket!" said the other, savagely. "I say I can play no more. I left my house with nearly one hundred dollars, and I have not twenty here!"

"December's hard-earned?" murmured Mr. Bangs, sympathisingly, from the other end of the room.

"Yes, my salary!" replied Ketchum, fiercely. "You are right! Do you understand, Bangs? For once you are not a fool!"

Mr. Bangs' pale face flushed beneath the canopy of tobacco smoke.

"And for the twentieth time, Ketchum," he answered in even tones, "you *are* a fool—a perfect fool!"

Mr. Clark looked interested, and made that faint protest which damns the hope of peace. For he liked the prospect of a row.

"I *have* been," said Ketchum, as he put on his coat; "I think for the last time."

"And what do you mean by that?" said Clark, with an ugly scowl.

Ketchum strode up to the table where Dobson was cashing the chips. "What is it I owe the bank?" he demanded, shortly.

"Thirty dollars, my dear fellow," answered Dobson, smoothly.

"All Mr. Clark's?"

"Yes; but, of course, I——"

"There is no necessity for you to assume any responsibility," snapped Ketchum. "Mr. Clark knows me well enough. I can give you half, Mr. Clark; I must keep enough to pay downstairs. I must ask you to take my I.O.U. for the other fifteen."

But Mr. Clark rose to his feet and blazed out:

"*Your* paper, my fine fellow! I'll take no d——d I.O.U. from you, do you understand? You're right. I know you well enough! Your little story about losing money don't go down with me, do you understand? If Bangs was ready to swallow your brass, *I'm* not! *Your I. O. U.*, by ——! Call in a few of those moss-grown promissories, my friend, from your blood-sucking friends on Bankem-Street before you talk so finely of giving I.O.U.'s!"

There was a general murmur of disapproval at this speech, as the honor of the victim of it had never been called into question. But Mr. Clark, who, as I have said, had risen, and was advancing towards the object of his wrath in a threatening attitude, suddenly found himself laid on his broad back, his head coming in contact with Mr. Fryer's floor, and Mr. Fryer's chair following the downward fortune of its late occupant. Ketchum, six feet high, and with a brow like a thunder-cloud, and looking, in his long ulster, twice his actual size to the amazed and prostrate Clark, stood over the latter with his big hands clenched.

"There's fifteen dollars!" cried Ketchum, striding to the table again; "all I have with me, except enough to pay Fryer. And there's my word for the rest!" He banged the bills and the paper down upon the table, and strode out of the room, nearly annihilating the frail form of Mr. Fryer, who had come rushing up the staircase three steps at a time, at the sound of strife.

"Oh, I say, old man!" began Dobson, feebly; while little Baker and the others sat open-mouthed, or gathered about the prostrate Clark, who was sitting up and trying to look pleasant, as he brushed the dust from his coat.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the *restaurateur*; "I cannot stand this! My house will be ruined, ru-u-uined!"

Ketchum paid his bill for the supper, and rushed out into the street like one possessed of a fiend. Dobson hurried after him.

"I say, old fellow,——" he began again, but the other turned on him sharply.

"Don't bother me, do you hear?" he snapped. "I want to walk home alone."

"Lord!" murmured Dobson, as he gazed after Ketchum's tall retreating figure, "head or conscience touched—which is it? But how he *did* lay out Clark! Bob Clark! Clark—the burly, bullying Clark! Oh, here's Clark. Good morning Clark! Going home, old fellow?"

"Go to the devil!" said Mr. Clark, as he slouched past.

Ketchum strode along fiercely. He did not endeavor very much to mentally locate the lost money. He knew he had lost it, and that was sufficient. Where, he could not guess. He also knew he had lost forty-five at poker, and squandered nearly twenty besides, during the day, to say nothing of that note due on the twenty-eighth. What should he, what *could* he, say to Nellie? There was actually not a solitary copper left for her or the house.

He reached that house at last and let himself in, creeping softly up the stairs. As he passed George's room, he looked in there, and saw the little fellow sleeping soundly, with a happy smile on his rosy face. A pair of very ample stockings, that looked suspiciously like Mrs. Ketchum's, hung from the shining brass knob of the little iron bedstead; and their unsym-

metrical and bulky outlines told plainly that the Santa Claus, whom their present owner despised, had not been unkind. They also reminded Ketchum that it was Christmas morning—something he had almost forgotten. Christmas morning! The thought seemed to sting and mock him.

The sight of the lad's innocent face made his memory flash back to his own boyhood. It did not seem so very long ago that he had cribbed his big sister's stockings to hang up on Christmas eve.

He wondered, too, what this little lad would think, if he could see and understand that father he loved and looked up to so, as that father now saw and understood himself. Smiling cynically, Ketchum passed on to his own room.

There was a light still burning there, the wick turned low. He became uncomfortably aware, as he entered, of a pair of very black eyes gazing steadily at him, set, like jewels, in the centre of the snowy pillow.

Mr. Ketchum braced himself, and sat on the edge of the bed. He felt foolish, but he decided that it would be best to begin himself. He cleared his throat and began. He made a clean breast of it. He kept back nothing, not even that note due on the twenty-eighth.

And Mrs. Ketchum? She did a wise thing, too, bless her! And may all young wives act as wisely in the time of honest and sensible confession, for should not that be the time also of forgiveness? They talked matters softly over for an hour, and it was not an unhappy hour, either, although affairs did look blue. Presently, however, Mrs. K. said :—

"You know, dear, that seventy-five is—is not *lost*. While you were asleep, you talked so about money, and having a good time, that I felt anxious. I thought I would just see whether you *had* got your December money. So I felt in your side pockets—they were so easy to get at, the way you were sitting—and, sure enough, there it was. So I took out all the big bills and just left a good roll of *ones*. Wasn't it for the best, after all? You might have gone on and played, you know. And—and the doctor came in last night, after you had gone out, to see Jock; and he gave Jock a powder, and the little fellow is sleeping splendidly. And—and he said that Uncle James was better, and that he hoped to be with us on New Year's; and that he had sent his love, and—and—" Mrs. Ketchum began to cry softly—"he sent me a cheque for a hundred dollars!"

When Mr. Ketchum awoke on Christmas morning, thanks to the vigorous lungs of George and Ethel and Jock, he saw an envelope lying on the little table beside him, addressed to himself. He looked at it confusedly, for he thought he knew the writing. Mrs. Ketchum was putting hairpins in her hair before the mirror, and she turned, with her mouth half-full of them, and said :—

"That is something which Uncle James sent for you. He said you were to ask no questions, Julian."

Mr. Ketchum opened the envelope and drew something out. He held it up to the light. The Christmas morning sun streamed through the frosted pane upon a note that had been due on the twenty-eighth.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE.

BY THEODORE H. RAND, D.D., LL.D., CHANCELLOR OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

THIS is the day when psychologists are asking us to send in all the facts of experience, especially unusual ones. I venture to publish a lengthy extract from a letter dated 1857, which contains some interesting data for psychological study. The writer of the letter is still living, and is at the present time filling a responsible position in educational work in Canada. The reality of the experience and the trustworthiness of the record are beyond question.

"Jan. 10, 1857.

"I must tell you of a very singular and, to me, wholly inexplicable experience of a few nights ago. I worked at my books somewhat later than usual. J—— was absent, and I was alone. It must have been about twelve o'clock when I retired, for I remember that I did not hear any of the students moving about. You will bear in mind that my room is in the third story, and that the room looks directly upon the hill which slopes upward and away to the south for, perhaps, an eighth of a mile.

"As I put out my light, I sent up the window shade, and noted that the night was overcast and dark. I was in bed but a short time—I had not fallen asleep—when I heard, away to the south, upon the hill as it seemed, a clear, full sound, like the vibrations of a silvery and rich-toned bell, but neither then nor afterwards did I hear anything like the *stroke* of a bell. So distinct and musical was the sound that I rose partly up in bed to listen. The sound grow more clear and rapidly approached. It came from the hill, directly in the line of my bedroom window. As it neared, the body of it was a well-defined centre, or core, palpitating intensely. Finer, clearer, richer, intenser, it came, and, like a living presence, entered through my window (which was shut). For a few moments the core of the sound poised itself midway in the room, humming with the tenfold intensity of a humming-bird and filling the air with a sound of indescribable sweetness. I felt no fear, but my curiosity was at its highest. In fact, I *was awed*, for I felt that there was intelligence at the centre, or heart, of the sound, and, if so, the phenomenon was supernatural. I recall that I thought and felt in this way, and wondered what could be the meaning of it all. The intense musical sound which poured itself forth in such swift palpitations had not slackened in energy for an instant, when the core of it moved from its position, coming directly to my head, and entering like a flood into my ears. At once, I felt as though the surface of my body was pricked with ten thousand needle points. Under these acute sensations, I fell back prone upon the bed. In a little while the core of the sound withdrew to the centre of the room again, and as it did so the prickly sensations left me. This withdrawal was for a few minutes only. Again my ears were deluged with the swift vibratory energy and body of the sound, and again I felt, but with less acuteness, the innumerous needle points. I distinctly remember that my whole mood was that of taut endurance and submission, but also of keen, yet wholly indefinite, expectation. It flashed upon me that I was the subject of paralysis or apoplexy, young as I am. I moved my hands and arms about freely, and rubbed harshly my face. I had no difficulty in doing so, and I found that every

part of my body was sensitive. Soon the core of the sound withdrew from me again, and poised itself midway in the room. There was no diminution in its intensity, and I lay still upon the bed. Suddenly, on the wall at my right, about two-thirds the distance towards the top, appeared a slit of rayless white light, about two feet broad. As I looked, it increased upward, as if a slide were lifted, till the light presented a sharply-defined square surface. I now remember that I did not see the wall, but this did not occur to me at the time. As I lay, I could see through this white light, as though it had been a small window, the blue sky with fleecy clouds, bright with sunlight, the spire of a church some distance away, and the tops of nearer trees in full leaf, among them the acacia. Everything was in true perspective. The sky was exceedingly beautiful, but the light soon faded away. I was now full of expectation that I should see other views, but ten minutes, I should say, passed before I again saw anything. All the while there was no intermission of the sound in all its fine and musical intensity. I then saw, in the same place as before, a slip of white light only, which appeared for a little while and faded out. Presently there was figured in rayless light the lashes of an eye at least double the size of an ox's eye, the eye itself being of liquid softness and clearness, and of the intensest azure in color. As you may well believe, I was, indeed, awed by the sight, and I thought, How imposing and majestic will the face be! But no face appeared. After a little, the eye moved steadily and slowly from what seemed its place on the wall, descending to the middle of the room and resting directly in front of me. It never winked, and I remember that I wondered whether it would or no. I can never forget till my dying hour its expression—full of sweetness and deep peace and reposeful strength. I shall not attempt to tell you what I felt, as it looked its great calm full upon me. So overmastered was I by it that I lost all note of time, which, up to this point, I had mentally heeded. Gradually the eye faded, wide open, into the gloom, without changing its position. The wonderful sound continued for a good while after this, but I saw nothing more. Finally, the palpitating core of sound passed out the window, and it and its accompaniment died away into silence as it receded to the south. I rose from the bed, struck a light, and noted by my watch that it was a little after two o'clock a.m. My night-dress was wet with perspiration. I looked in the glass and was startled to see that I was as pale as death."

One familiar with The Holy Grail of Lord Tennyson would feel quite safe in saying that the experience above detailed was in some way associated in the mind of its subject with this striking and beautiful passage in that poem :—

"O my brother Percivale," she said,
"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail :
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought, 'It is not Arthur's use
To hunt by moonlight' ; and the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew,
Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came ; and then
Streamed thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colors leaping on the wall ;
And then the music faded, and the Grail

Past, and the beam decayed, and from the walls
The rosy quiverings died into the night."

The suggestion would in no way explain the experiences so sharply set forth, though the coincidence of some of the features of them is very noteworthy. But the private letter from which I have given such a lengthy extract is a record made in 1857, at the time of the occurrence. The Holy Grail was published in 1871.

THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

Friends were we in days of old,
Gabriel Dumont and I,
Swarth of hue, but heart of gold:
Gabriel—the Bois Brulee.
Ready stand we for the chase—
Tighten girths, the rifles fill,—
Gleams the passion on each face,—
There's our game, beyond the hill.

Gabriel, whose coal black mare—
(King of buffalo hunters, he),
Eager sniffs the morning air—
(Queen of buffalo runners, she),
Broad of chest and strong of limb,
Voice as clear as bugle call,
Scars he bears of desperate fights,
Conquered never in them all.

Hay-huh-muz-zuh, Teton Sioux,
Comrade true to Gabriel:
Kin by blood to Sitting Bull,
By his hand 'twas Custer fell—
Slowly takes the pipe apart—
Softly doffs the blanket gay,
Mounts—a statue, he, of bronze.
Signal waits to be away.

Slow the mighty herd comes on,
O'er the prairie wandering wide;
Dams caress their tawny young,
Feel they cannot; near them ride
Hunters merciless as bold;
Instinct sounds no warning call,
For man's eager lust of gold
Or mad pleasure must they fall.

Allez: How; Hurrah; we go,
Yell of exaltation rings,
Hoofbeats spurn the yielding sward,
Swift as borne on eagle wings!

Quick the ready rifles speak,
Speed the messengers of death ;
Rush together then divide,
The herd flies trembling, out of breath.

Chase is o'er ; the twilight drops.
Where the mighty herd of morn ?
Far as ken there lives not one ;
In the gloom a few forlorn,
Wounded sore, a refuge seek
To die,—deep the echoes thrill
With roar of rage and mortal pain,
Death-struck, but defiant still.

Slowly back to camp we ride,
Bright the fire of dried chips glows,
Sweet the meal that waits our time,
Zest that tired hunter knows ;
Then the pipe and frontier tale,
Blackfoot raid and Sioux foray,
Until morning star grows faint,
Heralding approaching day.

Hay-huh-muz-zuh ! His the fate,
Meet for warrior bold and true,
On Batoche's grassy slopes
Where the gatling bullets flew !
Gabriel, an outcast roves,
Far from where Saskatchewan
Sweeps in broad majestic curves,
To the realm of mist and sun.

—R. David Meyers.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

I gazed upon an opal sky,
And saw love's sun that glowed above :
All thoughtless of whate'er might lie
Beyond the throbs of that blind love ;
But somewhere, down beyond my sight,
Into unknown and traceless grave,
Sank love's lost sun, and forward night,
Crept, tremulous, black wave on wave ;
When, lo ! beyond my quickened gaze,
Before benumbed by that one sphere,
There stretched the infinite, far haze,
Of million worlds and God austere.

—Arthur J. Stringer.

GELTIC MONUMENTS IN TROUBADOUR-LAND.

BY ROBERT T. MULLIN.

We had been spending some weeks in Nimes, that vast repository of Roman antiquities, exploring, rummaging, studying. It was, therefore, an absolute pleasure one fine afternoon as we swept into Arles, having crossed country by stage-coach from Nimes, to find, that besides her Roman monuments and antiquities, Arles had something yet to show. We were, in fact, in need of a change. We found that curious old city intensely interesting, with her quaint customs, fêtes, and dances, her bull-teasing, and her monuments, which were ancient and venerable long before the chisels of the Roman workmen chipped the stones which have told their imperial story to all the ages. Here, we will be understood to refer to the very important Druidic remains, which exist within a few miles of the city. The description of our visit to one of the most noted of these may not be devoid of interest.

We leave the city, passing the walls at the Porte de la Calaverie, which is flanked by two towers, grey and vermiculated by age, and which, in the olden time, served as stout defences to that entrance. The magnificent avenue of Montmajour, spacious and straight, and lined on either side by noble, spreading trees, leads us directly countrywards. After journeying for about three miles, we turn to the right, and see in the midst of a fertile plain, an enormous rock, which juts out of the level earth as a crag might out of the sea. As we approach, it seems to grow in height. It rises almost perpendicularly, and is inaccessible, save on the southern side. On that side we begin the ascent, for the cromlechs and other monuments are up on the summit of this rock. About half-way up we encounter the remains of what appears to have been a very ancient defence—a wall of great thickness, and composed of stones, comparatively small and irregular, but very deftly set together. There is much uncertainty as to the date and origin of this wall; but it is generally thought to have been erected at a later period, though probably by the same people, as the dolmens at the summit.

After an invigorating climb, we reach the top, and, while we pause to rest, we have leisure to observe the splendid panorama spread out below us. The base of the rock upon which we sit is fringed with cherry and almond trees, now in all the glory of bloom, their pink blossoms exhaling upon the passing winds a faint and delicate perfume; at our feet miles and miles of fertile vineyards; at the right, the ruined Abbey of Montmajour, and the mighty Rhone; at the left, Arles glittering upon a distant hill; behind us, the Alpine mountains veiled in a sultry haze, while far away to the south, and upon the very horizon, a thin silver line glitters in the sun—the sea; over our heads, the blue—the peerless blue—of a southern sky.

As we turn to survey the plateau to which we have attained, we are struck by the appearance of a number of huge stones or boulders, rolled together and surmounted by others placed in such a manner as to present a flat and level surface. Our first thought would be, had we not come to see dolmens, that Nature herself, in some frolicsome mood, had disposed them thus curiously, perhaps to confound, or set thinking, that ingenious biped, man. But no; this is the work of man's own hand. By what means he contrived to move, much less to handle,

these large masses of stone, we cannot guess. The enormous size of the blocks used by the Romans in the construction of their various works in Southern Gaul, particularly in the theatre and arena at Arles, and the Pond du Gard, excites our wonder and admiration! Compared to those used by the Celt, these blocks must have made light and easy handling indeed. We cease to marvel at the one, as our wonder increases at the other.

Besides these larger monuments, we notice here and there numerous heaps of stones, which once, no doubt, took the shape of altars, serving the same purpose as the larger ones, but now loose and disjointed, many of the piles overgrown with brambles, and some entirely displaced by the excavations of relic-seeking tourists. The whole surface of the plateau is thickly strewn with fragments of Celtic pottery.

Looking at these strange memorials of the past, a feeling of reverence comes over us, for we cannot but regard them as messengers which have come up out of the wilderness of the past, and which, to the humble student, speak as audibly as might one of the ancient prophets that once stood by them. They tell us the story of man's hopes and fears, his ignorance, blindness and gropings in the early time. These stones carry us back to that earlier past before Phœnician, or Grecian, or Roman had set foot in the south of Gaul. These level fields at our feet were then many fathoms beneath the sea, and this lonely rock, encircled by the waste of waters, might well be considered a fitting spot upon which to perform those heathen rites then deemed pleasing to the old divinities. In that far past when those dwelling in that land we have since learned to call holy came from the hills and the valleys up to Mount Zion to pay their vows; when the dark-skinned Egyptian bowed down to Isis and Osiris; when Grecian bards vied with each other in melodious utterance, hymning to the god of Delos or Dionysos the great—far away in the west and in the misty north, fierce men clad in skins, and bearing perchance in their hands, implements of war, gathered together in hallowed groves of oak or on lonely sea-girt isles, to offer up their cruel, though pious oblations, according to the light that was in them. No Druid, venerable and grey, with his sickle in hand, or his secefite, could bring more vividly to our minds those scenes of long ago, than the silent stones before us.

About the centre of the plateau is to be found a remnant of Celtism more curious, and which has excited more general attention, than any to which we have yet referred. It is a series of chambers cut in the solid rock, which go by the name of "La Grotte des Fées,"—too light and poetical an appellation for a spot so gloomy. We are led down into the first chamber by a number of steps, very irregularly cut. This chamber is elliptical in shape, ten by thirty feet. It is open to the sky, as is also the stair passage. We pass out of this chamber by an opening cut in the rock in the form of an arch, and large enough for two persons to pass through together. This passage, which is eighteen feet long, and by no means straight or symmetrical, leads us into the second and more important chamber. This one is seventy-five feet long, and ten feet high; width at top, six feet, at bottom ten. It is covered by enormous blocks of stone, upon which has accumulated in the lapse of ages a great mound of earth.

Considerable difference of opinion was expressed till lately with regard to this curious monument. Some attributed it to the Romans—to which theory the general character of the work, its rudeness and disproportion, were strongly opposed, and some to the Moors; but now, by far the greater number of those competent to speak on the subject, attribute it to the builders of the cromlechs, and of other chambers nearly similar to these, which

have been found in different parts of France. Here, it is thought, far from the profane regard of the multitude, the most secret and solemn rites of their religion were performed.

As might be expected, numberless legends and traditions are associated with this spot. In the dark ages a frightful dragon lay here, guarding a precious treasure—a *chèvre d'or*. How implicitly this superstition was believed in, we may gather from the fact that a certain king of France ordered the "grotte" to be diligently searched, in the hope of discovering the *chèvre*. Again—a giant appeared upon the earth to war with mankind, but he forgot his mighty sword, which followed him, however, dropping from the skies, and falling with such force as to imbed itself in this rock. The stone flew together to cover and conceal it, and the giant had considerable difficulty in extracting his trenchant blade. This legend, no doubt, arose from the shape of the grot, which is not unlike that of a sword.

These fables would have made valuable data for Sir John Maundeville; but they do not much concern us now. Our interest circles round the monuments themselves; they open up a view for us down a vast vista of time, and though rude and barbarous, are yet eloquent to teach that one who will stop and reverently listen.

CURFEW.

The light is out, the house is dark and still:
Nothing but ashes on the empty hearth;
The calm of desolation fills the room,
The quiet skies, the silent, sleeping earth.
With bonds unloosed, crowned with the sunset's meed of rest and peace,
Life's toilers find from toil a glad surcease.

Oh, sealéd eyes; oh, death-smile strange and sweet,
What raptured vision fills that perfect rest—
What blissful touch of healing softly stilled
The fevered tumult of that quiet breast!
Master, forgive, if 'mid the heat and toil of day, sometimes
We pause, and listening, long for Curfew chimes.

—L. O. S.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

TWO LOST KINGDOMS.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

In the war, which carried consternation through all South Africa in 1879, two men lost their hopes of empire—one the ruler of the bravest, as well as one of the strongest, of the savage nations of modern times; the other a young military genius, who might to-day have been ruler of France. Strange that the fate of one who seemed destined to rule over one of the most cultivated nations of the day, should become a mere incident in the theatre of war with a remoté and purely savage people, and that, while the first Napoleon's vision of a world-wide empire was eclipsed in Egypt, the dream of glory, which lured the last of the Napoleonic house, should have its annihilation on the hills of Zululand at the other end of the same dark continent of mysteries.

Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Bonaparte, or, as he was more familiarly styled, the Prince Imperial, was the only son of Napleon III. He came into the world while the Peace Congress was sitting after the victory of England and France over Russia, and at a time when the second French Empire was at the height of its greatest glory (1856). His christening was one of the most splendid spectacles ever witnessed in France. He was nursed by an English nurse until he was seven, and spoke English before he could speak French. As a child, he was shy, but bright and shrewd. One of the infantile witticisms recorded of him—which is worth repeating—is this: "I always take off my hat to the Parisians, because they take off one's crown so easily when offended." He inherited, in a marked degree, the military instincts of the great Napoleon. When a child, his playthings were toy guns and cannons, and his talent for sketching on the field and marking out the strategic

points of a situation, struck his military companions as remarkable. When a mere boy, he was present at one of the battles of the Franco-German war, but the misfortunes of that conflict brought him, with his father and mother, to England, when the Empire was overthrown, and there at Chiselhurst his father died and was buried.

The young Prince entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he made such progress that, when he graduated, he stood seventh in a class of thirty-four.

When the news of the dreadful disaster at Isandhlwana fell like a thunderbolt upon England, and when regi-

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

ment after regiment, in which the Prince had personal friends, embarked for South Africa, he burned with a desire to go. Here was a chance to take part in a real war, and to distinguish himself against a foe, which, though a savage one, had struck the world with surprise at their courage and power. Those who knew his dash, felt that he would come back famous, if he came back alive; and it would be interesting to speculate as to what bearing his life would have on the present and future of France, had he come back adorned with the renown he sought. France loves a military hero, and France today might be paying homage to him, as she did to his great ancestor. The Prince of Wales, in speaking on one occasion of his death, said that had it pleased Providence to spare his life he might have been ruler of France, and that he would have made an able ruler, and a firm friend, as his father had been, of Great Britain. That the young Prince had his mind upon France when he entered the campaign is evident. One of his last acts before leaving was to write a letter to M. Rouher, in which he said: "I have too many faithful friends in France for me to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. . . . . In France, where, thank Heaven, party spirit has not extinguished the military spirit, people will comprehend that I am anxious to share the fatigues and dangers of those troops, among whom I have so many comrades. The time I shall devote in assisting in this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be lost to me. My thoughts, whether I am near or far, will constantly turn to France. I shall watch the phases she will gradually pass through with interest, and without anxiety, for I am convinced that God protects her. I trust that, during my absence, the partizans of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident."

So with high hopes, though his mother did not wish him to go, he set out from England for the Cape on the 27th Feb. The military authorities could not give him a commission on the general's staff, but he was to attach himself to the staff in an unofficial way, and a letter from the Duke of Cambridge to Lord Chelmsford, commanding in the Zulu campaign, introduced him as follows:—

"My Dear Chelmsford,—This letter will be presented to you by the Prince Imperial, who is going out on his own account to see as much as he can of the coming campaign in Zululand. He is extremely anxious to go

out, and wanted to be commissioned in our army, but the Government did not consider that this would be sanctioned, but have sanctioned my writing to you and Sir Bartle Frere, to say that if you can shew him any kindness, and render him assistance to see as much as he can with the column in the field, I hope you will do so. He is a fine young fellow, full of spirit and pluck, and, having many old cadet friends in the artillery, he will doubtless find no difficulty in getting on, and if you can help him in any other way pray do so. My only anxiety on his account would be that he is too plucky and go-ahead.

"I remain, my dear Chelmsford,

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE."

The note to Sir Bartle Frere made the same general statement, and added, "He is a charming young man, full of spirit and energy, speaking English admirably, and the more you see of him, the better you will like him." When the Prince arrived at the Cape, Sir Bartle Frere was in Natal, but he was cordially welcomed at the Government House by Lady Frere and her daughters, who had a carriage waiting for him at the docks when the steamer came in. The crowd which gathered at the docks when the passengers landed accepted a daintily attired young man as the Prince, and were surprised when they saw a plainly dressed young man step into the Governor's carriage. All the passengers brought a good report of the young Prince, whose manners were so winning, and who went among them as one of themselves, and when he went into the field, he endeared himself as much to the soldiers as he had before to the citizens. After a day or two at Capetown, he went on to Natal; but here, while anticipating the excitement of the campaign, he took sick with a mild fever, and was laid up for some weeks. When he recovered and reached the front, the General, knowing his pluck and dash, and not wishing to risk his life, put him to desk work in making plans and sketches. Though this was irksome work, and he longed to be in the front where the fighting was, he toiled away like an old clock until his eyes became weak. Then it seems, he was allowed to come into the field, and in a skirmish with a scouting party of Zulus was as cool and courageous as a veteran, facing the fire, and being foremost among the pursuers of the savages. One of the officers, writing only two days before his death, of events in the field, hinted that the Prince would be glad to earn a decoration, and added: "The Prince is as charming and cheery a companion as one could wish to meet —full of spirit and without any self-conceit. It may safely be said of him that he is the most popular young officer of all those now attached to the force in the field, for he spares us trouble, and has a pleasant word and a smile for everybody." For a time he had acted as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Chelmsford, and went to Col. Wood's camp at Kambula. On the 8th of May, Lord Chelmsford told Colonel Harrison — who had become very much attached to the Prince — to give the young man something to do, as he was anxions for more active work. The Prince was therefore directed to collect and record information as to the distribution of troops and the location of depôts, and he went to work at it with his customary whole-heartedness.

At the suggestion of Col. Harrison, the Prince accompanied him over the Zulu border to determine on a line of route for the invading forces, and the work he did here in making rapid plans of the country showed that he possessed in a marked degree the talent which distinguished his great ancestor in the field. They scoured the country, sweeping the Zulus before them, and the Prince, we are told by Miss Colenso, was delighted with the life. The simple fare of the officers, cooked

by themselves at their camp fire—the strange country—the sight of the enemy—the exhilerating gallops over the grass, up hill and down dale, after fleet Zulu spies—the bivouac under the star-lit heavens, made him feel, as he told Col. Harrison, that "he was really doing soldiers' work such as he had never done before."

On one occasion—in fact, the day after the Prince got his longed-for permission to go to the front—they were exploring a wild, deep valley when they suddenly came upon a large party of Zulus, who swept down the hill before them, spreading out their horns, as usual, to surround them. The band of British (of which the Prince was one) was few in number, but they did not lack boldness, and being all mounted they made a dash right for the very centre of the Zulus, broke through the astonished savages, scattering them, and then made their escape among the rocks beyond, suffering the loss of some men in the charge.

On the 31st of May the Prince came to his officer asking for more work to do, and was highly pleased when he was told that the army was about to march forward through Zululand, and that he could go and prepare a plan of the road. Lieut. Carey volunteered to go with him to look after him. The escort was to consist of six white troopers and six Basutos—a loyal tribe of brave natives who made capital scouts, being supple and as keen of sight, hearing and scent as a wild Indian—but only one of the Basutos was on hand at the appointed place, and the party rode on without them. Lieut. Carey suggested to the Prince that they should wait for the Basutos, but the Prince replied, "No; we are strong enough," and they proceeded.

WHERE THE PRINCE FELL.

The Prince had been on the ground before, and a few days previously had been fired on by a party of Zulus from a kraal, on which occasion he had shown himself gallant to the point of rashness. Knowing that Lord Chelmsford's camp was not far away on one side, and Gen. Wood's on the other, he went forward with that confidence

which betrayed him to his death. After making a sketch from the top of one of the "table mountains," which form a peculiar feature of the landscape, the Prince and his party descended to a valley where he pointed out a kraal from which he had been fired upon the previous day. They then visited another kraal, and finding it empty, proceeded to a third kraal, a mile further on, which was also empty. On arriving at this kraal the Prince, seeing it was only about 200 yards from a small river, the Mbazani, and that the horses could be watered, ordered the men to off-saddle and had coffee prepared. This kraal consisted of five huts with the usual cattle enclosure, and though there was a cleared space in front of it, there were patches of mealies (Indian corn), interspersed with tambookie grass five or six feet high, between the kraal and the river. At first there seemed no sign of life, but traces of recent cooking were noticed on looking about, and two or three dogs sneaked off from the enclosure. The last token alone would have awakened suspicion had the Basutos been there with them, but the troopers, unacquainted with Zulu ways, went on preparing coffee, all unconscious that fifty or sixty stealthy Zulus were lurking in the mealie patch, waiting their best opportunity to spring upon them.

The Basuto guide meantime led the horses down to the river to drink, and as he came up, noticed a Zulu creeping up out of a donga not a great distance from the river or the kraal. When the Basuto brought this news, they thought it time to be on the alert. The horses were saddled, and the Prince gave the order "Prepare to mount." All stood ready, waiting for the word "Mount," but just as the order was given, and the party vaulted into their saddles, a volley from fifty or sixty rifles poured out of the mealie patch, whence half a hundred Zulus burst into the open with the dreaded shout of "*Usutu!*" The Prince's grey charger, a restive animal, standing sixteen hands high, began to rear and prance, while the others broke away. As the Prince was struggling to mount, one of the troopers, Le Tocq, rushed past, lying across his saddle, and called out, "*Dépêchez-vous s'il vous plaît, Monseiur.*" (Make haste, please, Sir.) The Prince made one great effort to mount by catching the holster-flap of the saddle, but that broke—little could the maker of that saddle think that his botch-work would cost a Prince his life—and the frightened horse, treading on his master, bolted off. The Prince got up, and ran on foot after his flying comrades, and when they last saw him, a dozen Zulus were in hot chase not many feet behind him. No one saw him killed, but the fact that, of the seventeen assegai wounds found on his body, all were in front, showed that when he was overtaken, he must have turned and made a brave, though unavailing, stand against his foes. One assegai had pierced through his right eye, and had caused instant death, or, at least, paralysis to all pain. Two more assegais had pierced deeply into his left side, and according to Zulu custom in killing a foe, a gash had been cut across the abdomen. The other wounds were chiefly on the breast. When found next day, the body had been stripped of clothing, and his sword and revolver had been taken, but around his neck was found his gold chain, to which a medal and an Agnus Dei were attached—these being looked upon by the Zulus as charms, were chivalrously respected. The grief everywhere manifested at the pitiful ending of this young life was intense, and not unmingled at first with indignation at the escort who fled in this emergency; but it was one of those cases where allowance must be made for panic. When the party recovered from their surprise, they found two of the troopers and the Basuto had been killed, and it was evident that the Prince had already been slain, and it would have

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE.

been useless to turn back. A court martial was held, and Lieut. Carey was sent home under arrest, but the Empress Eugenie herself interceded for him, and the Queen, in consequence of this, and the general sympathy felt for the unfortunate officer, ordered his release. When the body was recovered, the soldiers made a bier formed of lances lashed together, and on this the mortal remains of the Prince were conveyed to Maritzburg, where, at the outskirts of the city, the body was wrapped in a Union Jack and placed on a gun carriage, followed by the Prince's grey horse, with boots reversed on the saddle, as at an officer's funeral. The Prince's valet and attendant followed, weeping tears of bitter grief, and the vast crowd of citizens and visitors who came out on a dark and stormy Sunday afternoon to take part in the funeral pageant, showed how general was the feeling of sympathy and sorrow. One of the most touching incidents that followed his death was the arrival of a Zulu messenger from King Cetywayo, bringing back the Prince's sword, and expressing regret that a great young chief had been slain by his men, who, he explained, were not aware of his rank when the attack was made. Such an act did infinite honor to the heart of a savage king.

Further honors were paid to the mortal remains of the Prince at Durban, where Major Butler, the author of "The Great Lone Land," so well known to Canadian readers, composed a "special order," which is so admirably worded, and yet so brief, that I give it as issued. It read :—

10th June, 1879.

The mortal remains of Prince Louis Napoleon will be carried to-morrow, at half-past nine a.m., from the Roman Catholic Church, in Durban, to the Wharf, at Port Natal, for embarkation in H. M. S. *Boadicea* to England.

In following the coffin which holds the body of the late Prince Imperial of France, and paying to his ashes the final tribute of sorrow and of honor, the troops in garrison will remember :

First,—That he was the last inheritor of a mighty name and of a great military renown.

Second,—That he was the son of England's firm ally in dangerous days.

Third,—That he was the sole child of a widowed Empress, who is now left throneless and childless, in exile, on English shores.

Deepening the profound sorrow, and

the solemn reverence that attaches to these memories, the troops will also remember that the Prince Imperial of France fell fighting as a British soldier.

W. F. BUTLER, *A. A. General,*
Base of Operations.
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

The body was taken on the *Boadicea* to St. Simon's Bay, where it was transferred with all the honors of a naval funeral to the troopship *Orontes*. Lady Frere and the Misses Frere came over from Capetown, and placed each a wreath of immortelles, gathered by themselves from the Cape Flats, upon the catafalque which bore the mutilated body of the poor young man, who,

IN STATE.

in the words of their father, "gave his life in the cause of civilization in South Africa."

The honors paid to the dead Prince when the body arrived in England, and was laid beside that of his father at Chiselhurst, were remarkaale, and will long be remembered by Englishmen. English princes and English peasants came with one impulse to pay their tribute of respect, while thousands of Frenchmen of all ranks came over to shew their love and devotion to one of their countrymen, who had by nature as well as inheritance a princely soul, and who died as they would wish every gallant Frenchman die, with his face to the foe. But our noble Queen, — who manifested then, and ever since, her tender sympathy for the poor Empress, felt his death as a family affliction, not because a young prince had lost the hope of a throne, but because a brave young man had died as "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

He was ambitious, no doubt, but his aims were exalted, and his life a blameless one. Speaking of his future, he one day said: "If I am restored to the throne of my father, I will have none near me whose truth, honor and morality are not above suspicion." After his death, there was found among his effects a prayer in French, written apparently not long before he left for South Africa, and of this prayer three sentences may be translated as follows: "I pray not that Thou should'st take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayst permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou should disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Oh, my God, show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always." We may look in vain for such noble sentiments among the other Buonapartes, unless we take the great Napoleon in his humbler moods, when discoursing of Christianity, for instance, at St. Helena. His last act, on leaving for South Africa, was to go to the Chapel at Chiselhurst, and there, beside the tomb of his father, partake of communion. It is possible he may have had some presentiment of his death, as he made his will the day before he embarked for the Cape. In this will he said, among other things, "I desire that my body may be laid near that of my father, till the time comes when both may be transferred to the spot where the founder of our house reposes among the French people, whom we, like him, dearly loved." In another part of his will he said, "My latest thoughts will be for my country." In concluding, he hoped his mother would hold him in affectionate remembrance, and he expressed his gratitude to his friends, servants and partizans, as well as to the Queen

of England, the Royal Family, "and the country in which, during eight years, I have received so much hospitality."

Such was the destined end of the House of Buonaparte, and, as the grave opens to receive the innocent young Prince, we seem to see the spirit of the wronged and divorced Josephine rise, like the ghost of Vander Dicken, and retreat from earth saying, "It is enough," when the ambition, which sought to perpetuate a royal house by breaking a faithful heart, was punished thus to the third and fourth generation.

The career of the Prince was not without coincidences related to that of his great ancestor. The surgeon and physician who established the identity of the corpse—Larry and Carvisart—were sons of the surgeon and physician of Napoleon the First; and the bishop, who accompanied Cardinal Manning to the house at Chiselhurst, was Las Cases, son of the author of "Memoirs of St. Helena," one of Napoleon's most steadfast friends. The army which accompanied Napoleon the First to Egypt, and the army with which the prince was identified, were the largest gathered in Africa since ancient days.

From the time I saw him land from the steamer *Danube* at Capetown, with his countenance full of hope, and a heart eager to plunge into the tide of war, it seemed only a day till I beheld, not the home-returning warrior, whose glorious deeds would put a nation in adoration at his feet, but a purple pall that covered his mutilated body. There was the martial pomp of a naval funeral as the pall was transferred from the man-of-war to the troopship, while answering the solemn boom of the "minute gun at sea," the crags that frowned over Simonstown naval station returned their battery of thundering echoes—but, in all this pomp, Death was the victor. To the people of South Africa, as well as to the British forces, these sorrowful pageants seemed the commemoration of a national calamity, but more solemn and pathetic above any event associated with this war was the appearance of the poor widowed and bereft mother on these shores, following step by step over the scenes made memorable to her by the deeds of her darling son, and finishing her pilgrimage only when she had crossed the Tugela into Zululand, and knelt on the spot where he had given up his life.

The spot is sacredly guarded by Sabinga, an old Zulu chief, and his clan, and whenever a visitor is shown to the marble cross erected by the Queen, the old Zulu and his attendants point their fingers heavenward, uttering the word "Inkosi" (a high chief), as they step into the enclosure—a graceful tribute of reverence from a people who have an instinctive admiration for bravery.

THIS
CROSS IS
ERECTED
BY
QUEEN VICTORIA,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS
JEON GOUGH,
PRINCE IMPERIAL,
TO MARK
THE SPOT
WHERE, WHILE
ASSISTING
IN A
RECONNAISSANCE
WITH THE
BRITISH
TROOPS
ON THE
1ST JUNE,
1879,
HE WAS
ATTACKED
BY A PARTY
OF ZULUS,
AND FELL
WITH HIS
FACE TO THE
FOE.

No people could guard this sacred spot more reverently than these faithful and simple people, who seem to regard the place with as much veneration as if it contained the bones of Chaka or Cetywayo.

GROUP OF ZULU CHIEFS.

MOUNT STEPHEN.

Bald, rugged cliffs, precipitous and vast,
Sheer skyward range. Above the filmy streams
Of wind-blown clouds, in awful splendor gleams
The glacier flood, in iron grip lock'd fast,
Poised on the brink. Yet higher still I cast
My eye to where in cloudless sunlight beams
Thy radiant crown. How wondrous fair it seems,
Deep set in moveless calm, where comes no blast.
O Titan mountain, mystical and strange!
What potent spell hast thou, what magic art,
To still the fret, and bid low care depart?
Elysian fields and fairy slopes I range;
The heart ache and the fever flee away,
And round me breaks the light of larger day.

—HENLEIGH

IN CANADA'S NATIONAL PARK.

BY J. JONES BELL.

It was a happy thought that found expression in the setting apart of a portion of the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains as a Canadian National Park. The credit is largely due to the late Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior. When the existence of the wonderful hot springs at Banff became known, while the Canadian Pacific Railway was under construction, it was thought desirable to reserve a small area around them, with the idea, doubtless, that the place might become a great health resort. Mr. Stewart, the present superintendent of the park, was sent to make a survey of the reserve, which, it was suggested, should cover an area of a single square mile. But when he looked over the ground and saw its possibilities he pointed out to his chief that the proposed reservation was too small. The Minister quickly grasped the idea, and the area of the park was extended to cover 260 square miles, the form being rectangular, 26 miles long by 10 wide. The land within these limits was withdrawn from the market, and any sales which had been made were cancelled, while the parties who had pre-empted the springs were induced to relinquish their claim for a consideration.

BOW RIVER AND TWIN PEAKS.

Nowhere in the world is there a finer aggregation of varied mountain scenery than in the Canadian National Park. In one direction can be seen the beautiful Cascade range, one of whose peaks is the highest in that part of the Rockies, snow-capped like the

Jungfrau group. It is named from a stream which leaps a thousand feet down its side. On another side is the Devil's Head group, with its singular rock top, justifying the Indian name, of which Devil's Head is a translation. Mile Creek, with other mountain streams, course through the valleys of this wonderland. In one depression between the ranges lies Lake Minnewanka, which a ruthless tongue has transformed into Devil's Lake. It is

BOW RIVER VALLEY, FROM C.P.R. HOTEL.

Behind the C.P.R. hotel is Mount Rundle with its twin peaks, and opposite is the Great Sulphur mountain, from which issue the springs which have made the place famous. Then there is Saddle Mountain, the Saw-Back, Vermillion and Bourgeau ranges, Stony Squaw Mountain, and Tunnel Mountain, with others, the whole forming a panorama of beauty and grandeur only equalled by the Cortina dolomites in the Austrian Tyrol.

Within the park lie fifteen miles of the Bow River, one of the most beautiful of the streams to which the Rockies give rise. Nine miles of this is deep enough for navigation. The Spray, another beautiful mountain stream, flows for six miles through the park, joining the Bow in a pool at the foot of the beautiful Spray falls. The Ghost and Cascade rivers, and Forty twelve miles long and two wide. Close to the railway in another direction are the Vermilion lakes, three in number, with some smaller ponds, the home of the wild fowl. These waters are all inhabited to a greater or lesser extent by trout, which have an aggravating way of inspecting the fly without proceeding to that closer acquaintance with it which is expected from well-trained fish.

But the greatest interest centres around the hot springs. They are eight in number, and form three groups. The two principal flow from the centre of Sulphur Mountain, eight hundred feet above the Bow River. The main one has a discharge of one and a half million gallons daily. The most curious of these springs is that found within a cave the dome-shaped roof of which is formed largely of stalactites. Access to

the cave was formerly had through a hole in the roof, through which the sulphurous steam from the hot spring escaped, but the tunnel by which the overflow from the basin runs off has been enlarged so as to form an underground entrance. While the hot sulphur water bubbles up from below, fresh, cold water drops from above, so that a hot plunge bath and a cold shower bath may be enjoyed at the same time. The temperature of the water varies at the different springs, ranging from 95° in the cave to 120° at what is known as *the* hot springs. Close to the cave is a pool, similar in all respects to that in the cave, except that nature has omitted the dome. Dressing-rooms are attached to these two springs, where one may enjoy a hot bath either in the open air or in the cave.

A curious phenomenon is to be seen at one of the springs, where it issues from the mountain side. The little pool into which it flows is filled with small fish, an inch or so long. Where they come from is a mystery, but they are salamanders, and seem specially adapted to their surroundings. If placed in fresh water they die, and a like fate overtakes them when the sulphur water which they inhabit is allowed to cool. The park superintendent has been experimenting with them. Some were placed in a larger pool, which receives the overflow from the one they inhabit, and which is a few degrees colder. There they have grown to a larger size. From this pool some were removed to another overflow pool still cooler, and there their size has been further increased. How far this development can be carried on has not yet been determined. What species this remarkable little fish belongs to is a disputed question, even among experts. Some think it is a species of grayling, while others hold a contrary view.

The lakes from which most of the streams in the park flow, lie without its limits. The superintendent suggests that he be given control over

FISHING, LAKE MINNEWANKA.

them, as by that means the fish may be protected; otherwise, what might be made a valuable attraction will be destroyed. Should such proposal be carried out, dams will probably be constructed, converting marshes into lakes, promoting the healthfulness of the park, adding to its picturesqueness, and providing means for forming aquariums, which, in conjunction with a museum, might be made a valuable educational medium.

One of the most beautiful of the at-

tractions provided by nature in the park is the Spray falls, where the Bow River tumbles about 70 feet, in a series of cascades, over the rocks, which are curiously tilted on edge, the layers lying parallel with the course of the stream. An excellent view of this cascade may be had from the balconies of the C. P. R. hotel, as well as from the road around Tunnel Mountain.

Another curiosity is what is known as the Hoo-doos. They consist of a number of pillars of very hard cream-colored concrete, from 80 to 100 feet high, which stand on the bank of the Bow River. The softer gravel and clay have been gradually washed away, leaving these figures standing out, monuments of the handiwork of Nature as a sculptor.

The mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountains has only been touched upon at its very fringe, but with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has come a certain degree of development. Within the limits of Banff Park, valuable deposits of anthracite coal are being worked, and at Anthracite, the first station east of Banff, and within the park limits, quite a mining

LAKE LOUISE, CLOUD EFFECT ON MOUNTAIN.

town is springing up. What the future will accomplish in this respect it is vain to predict, but there must always be a market for coal on the vast treeless prairies east of the mountains.

EMERALD LAKE.

Where there is such richness of scenery, there must of necessity be beautiful drives. But when the park reserve was made there were no roads. About $150,000 has been so far expended on the park, $10,000 on surveys, and most of the balance on roads. The drive around Tunnel Mountain is one of the most beautiful. No one who visits the park should fail to take it. Considerable engineering skill has had to be exercised, as for instance at the Corkscrew, where a great rise had to be provided for in a short distance. The drives around the flat which lies between Mount Rundle and the Bow, and that to Lake Minnewanka also reveal many beauties. If the visitor prefers the exhilarating experience of riding, a good bridle path leads to the top of Tunnel Mountain, a thousand feet above the valley, whence a magnificent view over the park is obtained. Or is sailing or paddling preferred, a steamer runs on the lake and another up the Bow, and canoes can be obtained by which the upper Bow and the charming Vermilion lakes may be explored. Mountain climbing can also be indulged in, and even ladies have visited the top of Rundle, five thousand feet above the valley which lies at its base.

The park is entirely under governmental control. None of the land within its bounds can be sold, and people who wish to reside there have to obtain permission. Under certain restrictions they may lease a lot and erect a hotel, shop or dwelling. Quite a little village has sprung up, and while visitors are to be found at all seasons, enjoying the hot sulphur baths, which are very efficacious in certain forms of disease, the greatest rush is during the summer months. A detachment of the North-West Mounted Police preserves order, a work almost of supererogation. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold, except to guests at the hotels.

While much has been written about the Banff National Park, no one is more enthusiastic in its praises than the Baroness Macdonald, wife of Canada's late lamented Premier. It has always been a favorite resort with her, and she spends more or less of her time there every year. It is no doubt due to her personal influence that parliament has been willing to appropriate money for its improvement and maintenance. It is literally The People's Park.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

BY COLIN A. SCOTT.

It is now some years since the writer came across Mr. Campbell's first volume, entitled, *Lake Lyrics, and other Poems.*" What seemed most characteristic in the author's style and manner is only more clearly revealed in his second appearance before the public.* The "Lake Lyrics" presented the reader with a profusion of pictures drawn largely from visual nature, and with a variety of rhyme, tending at times, indeed, to overflow, but not without a genuine feeling for certain aspects of the beauty of nature, and a real sensitiveness in the use of language. On this feature Mr. Campbell's effort is common to other poets of the Victorian age, and is more particularly shared by our own Canadian group, and neither in its excellencies nor in its deficiencies indicates the peculiar flavor of his work. Here and there, however, throughout "Lake Lyrics" are lines which seem to break through, and in their very raggedness reveal a depth of passion not sufficiently exhausted by the calm placidities of mere description. There are, moreover, whole poems in which this quality is sustained in such a manner as to show its full consciousness in the author's mind. As an example of this style might be mentioned "*Lazarus,*" and the following extract from "*To a Robin in November,*" which in its other parts does not betray a feeling so intense :—

"And thou red-throated, comest back to me
Here in the bare November, bleak and chill,
Breathing the red-ripe of the lusty June
Over the rime of withered field and mere;
O heart of music, while I dream of thee,
Thou gladdest note in the dead summer's tune,
Great God! thou liest dead outside my sill,
Starved of the last chill berry on thy tree,
Like some sweet instrument left all unstrung,
The melodious orchestra of all the year,
Dead with the sweet dead summer thou hadst sung;
Dead with the dead year's voices and clasp of hands;
Dead with all music and love and laughter and light;
While chilly and bleak comes up the winter night,
And shrieks the gust across the leafless lands."

But it is not the mere quality of passion, however valuable, which will best serve to differentiate an author; it is rather the direction which it takes, and the power and completeness of the imagination which controls it In his recent publication, as we have already noticed, the nature of Mr. Campbell's genius is more clearly revealed, and nowhere more markedly than in his choice of subjects. He is manifestly feeling after something which he regards as more human than the weather or the wild flowers and the woods. He is not satisfied with this earthly paradise, however fair. Content no longer to rank as

"An idle singer of an empty day,"

he is seeking some means of expressing more directly the great emotions which fill the hearts of men when they ask after the meaning of life and the mystery of death. He even goes the length of protesting in "*The Dreamers,*" which, just in as far as it is a protest, is spoiled as a poem. In "*The Confession of Tama the Wise,*" this tendency is frankly acknowledged and carried out with such *naïveté* that in many places the reader no longer believes that Tama is speaking, but finds himself face to face with the author. "*Unabsolved*" presents the same mystery in a more completely dramatic form, and shows also a very subtle interest in the frozen landscapes of the north. "*The Last Ride*" concentrates this deep questioning spirit and

*The Dread Voyage, Poems. By William Wilfred Campbell. Toronto: William Briggs.

Sincerely
W. W. Campbell

gives it an intensity of passion, which blinds it to any insight other than the eternal presence of an inscrutable fate. Since this tendency is so strongly marked, it will be seen that it is not without reason that "*The Dread Voyage*" has been selected as the typical poem of the book.

"Trim the sails the weird stars under—
Past the iron hail and thunder,
Past the mystery and the wonder,
Sails our fated bark;
Past the myriad voices hailing,
Past the moaning and the wailing,
The far voices failing, failing,
Drive me to the dark."

It has been said in disparagement of Mr. Campbell's poetry that it is gloomy or pessimistic. That depends upon what is meant by these terms. It should never be forgotten that art is an ideal representation of the real. It is a certain form of the truth of the world rather than the world itself. It should not be demanded of poetry that since life is already so hard and evil that she must tell us nothing but pleasant tales. If such a view is taken of life it is surely more utterly pessimistic to refuse to have it expressed than to bravely face the facts as they appear, an attitude which involves courage and is already half a victory. It is no criticism to complain that Mr. Campbell's poetry deals so frequently with the gloom and tragedy of life. This gloom exists, and if art is to be true to herself, it must also be represented; and, indeed, is it not rather an alleviation of the misery natural to existence to have it called to our remembrance in beautiful words? Pain remembered is not pain itself, and in its expression we may derive a strength that will enable us to meet more bravely and more humanly the future shock of circumstance. But there is a great deal more in Mr. Campbell's work than the simple expression of gloom. There is the recognition of a courage which cannot be vanquished, however great the blows of an adverse fate. In this respect the last stanza of the "*Dread Voyage*" is again typical of the deepest tendencies of the book:

"Not one craven or unseemly;
In the flare-light gleaming dimly,
Each ghost-face is watching grimly;
Past the headlands stark!"

It is another way of stating Mr. Campbell's central characteristic when we point out that his tendency is towards the sublime rather than the beautiful, the romantic rather than the classical. These of course are not to be regarded as permanent species of art, but as continually passing one into the other. The sublime, when it is developed, becomes the beautiful, and this again gives place with the inrush of a larger idea to a higher phase of the sublime. The very beginning of art, therefore, with its colossal forms and its exaggerated metaphors, gives us the most typical example of the sublime; and profoundly artistic, even to the present day, are the pyramids of Egypt, the immense Assyrian basreliefs, or the wild sagas of the northern bards. Whether we believe that art has ever arrived at a period of perfect beauty and completeness of expression or not, there exists without doubt these alternations of movement between the sublime and the beautiful. Mr. Campbell's reaction from the classic, the technical, and the simply beautiful of a previous period towards the romantic and sublime is a necessary stage in his development, and, although it may be described as largely negative, prepares the way for a more complete and positive expression of a higher beauty. It is in harmony with this view of our author's genius that Death and all that it symbolizes is a frequently recurrent theme, and it is a theme which must be frequently before a mind which either feels deeply or thinks deeply. Death and life go hand in hand. The meaning of one is the explanation of the other. There is nothing worthy in the long course of evolution which has not been won through loss of life. Death, as far as our globe is concerned, is the very

condition of life and progress. Nor is the consciousness of life freer in this respect than life itself. Death is also a great idea, and cannot be neglected by the poet who aims at completeness of expression. In approaching this theme, Mr. Campbell is never flippant —he understands too deeply. He is smitten with the sublimity, the awfulness, of an existence held in fee on such conditions. But while this is the principal movement, there irradiates from his treatment the beauty that pertains to a genuine feeling of solemnity, expressed in harmonious and characteristic language. As an example, take the following from the poem entitled *To Mighty Death Concerning Robert Browning*:—

"Great Warder of those mists forever yawning,
And whence no soul returns that wanders through
Into some muffled midnight or white dawning,
Into strange peace no love hath proven true;
Whom we know now no more than Homer knew,
Or Plato's master ere the hemlock drink
Charmed his great soul across thy shadowed brink."

Which is altogether a very fine and characteristic piece of work.

It may be a part of this same feeling that leads Mr. Campbell so frequently to the subject of winter, where, at the same time, we find some of his most completely beautiful imagery and expression. The poem *Winter* itself is well conceived as a whole, and contains many fine lines, but the following stanza will indicate what is meant by the feeling for the sublime:—

"Wide is the arch of the night, blue spangled with fire,
From wizened edge to edge of the shrivelled-up earth,
Where the chords of the dark are as tense as the strings of a lyre
Strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth,
With far-off alien echoes of mourning and mirth,
That reach the tuned ear of the spirit, beaten upon
By the soundless tides of the wonder and glory of dawn."

The following stanza in the same poem is more typically beautiful:—

"Morning shrinks closer to night, and nebulous noon
Hangs a dull lanthorn over the windings of snows;
And, like a pale beech leaf fluttering upward, the moon
Out of the short day, wakens and blossoms and grows,
And builds her wan beauty like to the ghost of a rose
Over the soundless silences, shrunken, that dream
Their prisoned deathliness under the gold of her beam."

The sense of beauty is certainly deepened by this wider development, and in *An August Reverie*, (which would be improved by the omission of the last stanza) we may see the increased depth and power which Mr. Campbell shows in his Nature verses:

"I may not know each plant as some men know them,
Like children gather beasts and birds to tame;
But I went 'mid them as the winds that blow them,
From childhood's hour, and loved without a name."

But, perhaps, the most completely satisfying "all-round" poems in the book are *The Mother*, and *Pan the Fallen*. They are characteristic and individual, and at the same time most beautifully expressed.

The sense of the weird in one and the grotesque in the other is touched with a tenderness and a mystery of beauty which keeps us entirely within the charmed circle of the poems themselves. We have no desire to look outside for a further meaning. Each chain of phantasy is beautiful in itself, and fascinates our attention because we find resolved within it those very conflicts of feeling which exist in the world itself. That these solutions are not stated in abstract terms is only another way of saying that Mr. Campbell is a poet of imagination all compact, and not by any means a *doctrinaire*. And it is, indeed, a question if such problems can be solved in any other way than by just

such successions of feeling, controlled by a deep and true imagination. In these poems Mr. Campbell's genius has led him by a happy instinct to attempt these very subjects where lyric poetry has the field more completely to herself, and where she yields the highest rewards to her devoted follower.

I have not attempted to fix Mr. Campbell's position in the great hierarchy of universal art. There is no use in asking Mr. Campbell or Lord Tennyson, to come no nearer home, to beg pardon for each other's existence. I have been more interested in simply appreciating what I feel to be the peculiar excellence of Mr. Campbell's work, and indicating the lines along which he has already travelled, and the direction in which we may look for a further development.

AN IMPRESSION.

My heart is at war with my will to-day.
For I met a face in the frosty street,
Beautiful, sensuous, strangely sweet ;
With tempting, passionate eyes of grey
Whose careless glance made my heart swift beat ;
For I stood and stared like a thing astray,
Till her form was lost in the crowded way
Of the wintry, sunlit street !

And though I never may learn her name,
Her face, like the seal of a perfect dream
That we hold forever against the stream
Of transient visions, will be the same :
Forever present it still must seem,
Enduring and bright as a vestal flame ;
And fed by the thoughts of her, that claim
My nights in an idle dream !

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

BY MINNIE JEAN NISBET.

I WONDER how many people who read that gem of modern poetry, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," know that the Inn has a *bona fide* existence exactly as described, and that every member of the group of story-tellers is a real character, more or less known to fame? Hundreds of Americans, who spend time and money to visit places associated with the writings of Dickens, Scott, and other famous British authors, have no idea how easily they can make a pilgrimage to the American Canterbury. The Wayside Inn is in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts, about twenty-five miles west of Boston, on the main road between Boston and Worcester. It was built by John Howe early in the 17th century for a country seat, and it declined with the fortunes of the family from a stately mansion to an inn, but never a humble one.

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality:
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

It was first licensed under the name of "The Red Horse Inn," September 14, 1666. When Sudbury was burned by the Indians in 1676 it was the only house in town that escaped destruction. It is a great plain colonial mansion, built of solid oak, and made picturesque by its gambrel roof, moonstone chimneys, and original tiny windows (eighty in number), with leaden sashes. And strange enough it looks, in this country of to-morrows with no yesterdays. No wonder its picturesque image lingered in Longfellow's mind, until he used it as a connecting link in a chain of poems.

The day I saw it the sunshine lay dreamily upon the old house; the atmosphere was a veil of shimmering gold, softening the brilliancy of the landscape into just that mellowness and pensiveness which characterizes Longfellow's poetry.

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds
Its torch-race, scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills."

The first of the accompanying views shows the graceful sweep of the road and gives some idea of the large trees. The enormous elm standing forth so prominently had massive roots and tributary trunks, which made enticing nooks wherein to read, and dream away a summer day. The upper part of another giant elm, which stood across the road, is also shown. The topmost boughs of these trees interlaced and formed a leafy crescent. A few years ago the former was killed by lightning. Its trunk was hollow, and the stump, which is about twenty feet in circumference, now contains a miniature flower-garden of roses, lilies and other choice "children of the sun." The barn, with its open door facing the road, is also to be seen.

"Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay:
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cock struts to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

This sign was put up in 1686. It had a swinging board, on one side of which a red horse was painted; on the other—

D. H. 1686.
E. H. 1715.
A. Howe. 1796.

D. H. stands for David Howe, who kept this inn when there were only two houses between it and Worcester. A. Howe was Adam Howe, father of the landlord of the poem. This sign-board is still preserved as a relic.

The second view is taken from the other end of the house. Both sides of the road are flanked with immense oak and elm trees, their huge trunks and brawny limbs offering a giant's welcome to the inn. Some of the oaks are hollow, one being large enough to hold three or four people.

Entering the front door of the inn you find yourself in a wide, old-fashioned hall running the whole length of the house, and through the open door at the farther end you catch a glimpse of green meadows and golden grain, for the inn has a farm of about 500 acres attached to it.

The first room on the right is the "tap room," where the Sicilian went to seek his "missing star," when he disappeared from the pleiad of story-tellers,

> "But did not find him at the bar,
> A place that landlords most frequent."

It is a long, cavernous room, the oaken floor worn deep with the tread of two centuries; the massive oaken beams overhead are black with age. On one side is the large fireplace, around which used to gather stage-drivers, pedlers, and travellers of all kinds. The old bar still stands in one corner, with its lattice work reaching to the ceiling, and the swinging blind through which the various drinks were passed. When I was there, a few antique mugs, probably two hundred years old, still stood on the shelves.

The chief scene of the poem is laid in the parlor—the front room on the left of the hall.

> "But from the parlor of the inn
> A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
> Like water rushing through a weir;
> Oft interrupted by the din
> Of laughter and of loud applause,
> And, in each intervening pause,
> The music of a violin.
> The firelight, shedding over all
> The splendor of its ruddy glow,
> Filled the whole parlor large and low.
> * * * * *
> And flashing on the window pane,
> Emblazoned with its light and shade,
> The jovial rhymes that still remain,
> Writ near a century ago,
> By the great Major Molyneaux,
> Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."

The "jovial rhymes" were on a pane of the window nearest the front door, and were apparently cut with a diamond ring. I copied the verse from the pane itself, which is carefully preserved by the owners, who, for safe keeping, removed it from the window about fifteen years ago.

> "What do you think,
> Here is good drink,
> Perhaps you do not know it;
> If not in trade step in and taste,
> Yon merry folks will show it."
> Wm. Molyneaux, Jr., Esq,
> 24 June, 1774, Boston.

Little did that "great Major Molyneaux" dream of the tempest so soon to burst over his head. Concerning Longfellow's allusion to this rhyme, Hawthorne wrote: "It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse, even as if I had been gazing up to the moon and detected my own features in its profile."

Re-entering the hall, and climbing the worn stairs, which still show traces of having been decorated with painted landscapes on each step, and passing through a large bedroom, which was occupied more than once by Washington and Lafayette during the Revolutionary war, and by the latter again in 1824, you enter the old ball-room, which occupies the entire second floor of the wing shown in the first view. It is an immense room, much longer than it is wide, with a huge fireplace at the end, and near it a stand for the musicians. All around the wall are stationary benches; lift up the seats, and you see compartments where the guests placed their wraps, etc. Evidently the girls of one and two hundred years ago did not require mirrors

and dressing-rooms to arrange refractory hair, ribbons, and laces.

That old room is a fascinating place for dreams—a place in which to conjure up visions of the maidens and youths who danced, joked, and made love within these walls, and who for scores and scores of years have belonged to "that other village,"

LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

"Whose houses are thatched
With grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut:
You may not enter at hall or hut,
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie."

The inn contains twenty-five rooms, besides a large rambling old-time garret. The bed used by Col. Howe's slave still remains in this garret. It is built of wood, like a steamboat berth, and is reached by a ladder.

The surroundings of the inn are beautiful. Nature has lavished her charms about it. The varied aspects of meadow, woodland, and hill, with a sparkling brook winding its silvery way, now peeping out to catch a momentary gleam of sunshine, then plunging into the dimmer seclusion of the forest, singing its sweetest music, dancing over the pebbles, or hieing around the smooth and rounded rocks. It is an enchanting spot, a fit abode for poet and painter. There are numerous beautiful drives leading from it. One through the woods, where you ride under a leafy arch, brings you to White Pond, one of nature's mysteries. It is almost surrounded by dense woods, and covers a submerged forest. The water is clear as crystal, and as you cross it in a boat, you see the bottom covered with white sand and large trees standing erect, perhaps sixty feet below the surface. No one knows its inlet or its history. It was the same when Sudbury was settled.

Longfellow first saw the inn when, at the age of nineteen, he was on his way to New York, to sail for Europe. It was then a coaching station. Later in life when the inn, still called the Red Horse Inn, became a favorite resort of some of his friends, he visited them, and took observations for the poems afterwards written at Craigie House and Nahant.

Professor Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard, pictured as the "Theologian," spent several seasons there with his family.

Henry Ware Wales, long dead, was the

"Youth of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days."

Luigi Monti, the "Young Sicilian," was long connected with Harvard, and was an especial favorite of Longfellow. The poem refers to his life in Palermo, where he was consul twelve years. Recently he has been lecturing and giving lessons in his own language in New York.

Israel Edrehi, an Oriental dealer in Boston, figures as—

"A Spanish Jew from Alicant,
* * * * * *
Vendor of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant."

Thos. W. Parsons, the "Poet," has proved his right to the title by several poems he has written on the inn. Of these I will say something later.

Ole Bull was the "Musician," but it is not likely he was ever there. The relationship between the real and ideal presence of these various characters was but a poetic one, and as visionary as such relationships always are.

Adam Howe, father of Lyman, the "Landlord" of the poem, had three children,—Adam, junior, Lyman, and Jerusha. Adam, junior, built a house for himself near the inn, but it was barely finished when his betrothed wife died quite suddenly. The death was a blow from which he never recovered, and he died comparatively young. Jerusha Howe was far above the average country girl of that period, having been educated at a fashionable boarding school in Boston. She was a fine musician, and had the first piano in Sudbury. Think what a curiosity that instrument must have been! Her suite of rooms can be seen on the second floor. The wardrobe where she kept her clothing would not be large enough for the servant girl of to-day.

She died, unmarried, in 1842, at the age of 44, none of her suitors being considered good enough for her.

And so Lyman was left alone. Longfellow's description is said to be true to life. He was "justice of peace, proud of his name and race, and coat of arms," and known everywhere as "The Squire." One old man in Sudbury said to me, "I'd a known he meant Squire Howe if he hadn't put his name there; it sounds jest like him."

Adam, junior, was quiet in his tastes, satisfied with his home life and surroundings. Lyman was ambitious and sought the acquaintance of superior men from Boston. He was looked up to as a man of higher attainments than anyone in town. Astronomy was his hobby, and his knowledge of it was thorough and practical. He never married, because he looked upon the country girls as no fit match for Squire Howe. His wife must be a city girl, amiable, musical, and accomplished—one he would be proud to take to England, and introduce to his cousin, Lord Howe. But, alas! he never found a lady possessing these requirements who was willing to bestow her hand on him, though he was rich, refined, and intelligent.

He was very proud of the family silver brought from England, all bearing the Howe crest. And their rare and delicate china would delight the heart of a connoisseur.

These Howes were descended from the noble family of that name in Britain, and showed their pure ancestry by their refined speech and manner.

"And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat of arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed.

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight."

This grandsire was Colonel Howe, who was appointed a member of Lafayette's staff, because of his knowledge of French, and that accounts for Lafayette's visits to the inn. Colonel Howe died of small-pox, which he caught from a traveller in 1796.

The inn came to Lyman in direct descent from the founder, John Howe, but at his death it passed away from the Howes, and became the property of his mother's sister, Rebecca Balcom, wife of Daniel Puffer, of Sudbury, grand-aunt of the writer. Since that time it has been a peaceful farmhouse.

Lyman Howe was not an ideal innkeeper; an astronomer and philosopher of his type has little capacity for considering such trivial things as entertainment for man and beast. And

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yet, with all his knowledge and philosophy, he had that morbid fear of lightning, so common to the past generation.

The tales of his trials with housekeepers and servants would fill a book. They took advantage of his pacific nature, and domineered over him, and imposed upon him in many ways. Amusing anecdotes are told in Sudbury of the various queer characters that presided over the Wayside Inn. Several of the women were determined to marry him whether he would or not. One housekeeper, who was preparing to send her daughter to boarding school, was explaining to some of the boarders why she was going to do it.

"Sophrony is a good girl; there aint no better girl in the world, but she does want morals."

Lyman, seeing the ladies looked shocked, tried to explain. "O, you don't mean that; you mean she wants polish; she needs ——"

"Lyman Howe," she broke in, angrily, "I aint a fool; I don't mean nothin' of the sort. I mean just what I say; she wants morals, and she shall go where she can git 'em."

Once, when Thos. W. Parsons was staying there, a man who worked on the farm wanted to borrow a horse to go some distance to a relative's funeral. Lyman refused, because the horses were needed at home. As soon as he was out of hearing, the man exclaimed indignantly: "Won't lend me a hoss to go to a funeral; aint that a pooty way to treat a man in mournin'."

The incident amused Parsons so much, he retired to his room, and wrote a poem, "The Man in Mournin'." He wrote another one, "Shoc' o' Num' Palsy," because of the amusement afforded him by one of the servants who talked incessantly of her grandmother "who died of a shoc' o' num' palsy." His poem on the inn may be of interest here, as it alludes to many things I have said.

THE OLD HOUSE AT SUDBURY.

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine.

"Thunder clouds may roll above him,
And the bolt may rend his oak,
Lyman lieth where no longer
He shall dread the lightning stroke.

Never to his father's hostel
Comes a kinsman or a guest;
Midnight calls for no more candles,
House and landlord both have rest.

Adam's love and Adam's trouble
Are a scarce remembered tale,
No more wine cups brightly bubble.
No more healths nor cakes nor ale.

On the broken hearth a stranger
Sits and fancies foolish things,
And the poet weaves romances,
Which the maiden fondly sings,

All about the ancient hostel,
And its legends and its oaks,
And the quaint old bachelor brothers,
And their minstrelsy and jokes.

No man knows them any longer,
All are gone, and I remain
Reading as 'twere mine epitaph
On the rainbow-colored pane.

Blessings on their dear initials—
Henry W. Daniel T.

E. and L. I'll not interpret,—
Let men wonder who they be.

Some are in their graves, and many
Buried in their books and cares,
In the tropics, in Archangel;
Our thoughts are no longer theirs.

God have mercy! All are sinful!
Christ, conform our lives to Thine,
Keep us from all strife, ill speaking,
Envy, and the curse of wine.

Fetch my steed, I cannot linger,
Buckley, quick! I must away;
Good old groom, take thou this nothing,
Millions could not make me stay."

The Buckley referred to in the last verse was Buckley Parmenter, who had been a servant to the Howes from his boyhood. He was about 70 years old when Lyman Howe died.

The landlord's bachelor life and easy-going ways made a sojourn there an inviting change to weary brain-workers. The irregularity of life, the *contretemps*, and ludicrous incidents, caused by the variety in character of helps and housekeepers, made a stay at the inn novel and attractive.

In the landlord's tale of Paul Revere's ride, Robert Newman climbed the stairs to the belfrey of the North Church Tower,

"Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill."

The reference is to the old "Copps' Hill Burying Ground." It is comparatively unknown, and yet visitors to Boston would find a walk around it very interesting—it is full of quaint and curious epitaphs. I stood by Robert Newman's grave and looked up "to the highest window in the wall," and thought of that night when he stood yonder looking down on the spot where he now sleeps his last sleep, before he threw out the gleam of light, and then—

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark.
* * * * * * * * *
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!"

Near Robert Newman lies David Malcom, who died in 1769, and was buried in a stone coffin. British soldiers used his "grave stone" for a target, and the whole surface is covered with dents and marks.

Two or three specimens of the large number of odd epitaphs I copied, may interest those who care for ye olden times.

JAMES STEWART
Obit Sept. ye 22 1792
AGED SIX MONTHS.

He bore a lingering illness with fortitude, and met the King of Terrors with a smile.

Wonderful infant!

Here lyeth buried ye body of Mathew Pittom, ye son of John and Mary Pittom, died January ye 26. 169¾.

The views that illustrate this article are from photographs taken about 1868, and show the inn as it looked when the poem was written. Some of the trees are gone, and other changes have taken place; the house has been re-painted and renovated; but a visit to the Wayside Inn will repay anyone who appreciates a summer paradise. I saw names in the visitors' book, not only from all parts of the United States, but also from Great Britain, France and Germany, but I was the first Canadian to register in it.

John Howe, a cousin of Col. Howe, the "grandsire" whose sword hung peacefully in the parlor, was engaged in newspaper work in Boston when the revolutionary war began. He remained loyal to the King of England, and emigrated with his family to Nova Scotia. When the British Government rewarded the U. E. Loyalists, for their patriotism, with grants of land, John Howe received a grant of land about two miles from Halifax. Here his son Joseph was born in 1804. He was the Hon. Joseph Howe, who is considered one of the greatest orators the Dominion of Canada ever produced. He died in 1873, a few weeks after his appointment as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

The Wayside Inn, with 90 acres of land, was sold recently to ex-Mayor S. H. Howe, of Marlboro,' Mass., and Homer Rogers of Boston. I believe they intend to fit it up for the accommodation of summer tourists, or for those who wish to spend a few weeks in what I called before a summer paradise.

THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

In the cool of dewy evening,
As the sun dips down to rest,
Comes a patch of fading daylight
Which seemeth to me the best.

All the garish colors softened
Into one harmonious whole,
Bring a soothing, saddening feeling,
That is restful to my soul.

And the turbid stream of business,
Surging fiercely through the day,
Now in quiet pools and eddies
Swings along its peaceful way.

E'en the children's noisy laughter,
Merry sport and romping play,
Quiet down to stilling echoes
In accord with close of day.

So it comes that dewy evening,
With its grateful sense of rest,
And its glorious blend of colors,
Seemeth unto me the best.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

NEB.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

"It's good to smell the spring, Maudy —seems as if a person's lungs get starved in the winter-time; I could 'most eat that air."

"Yes, it's sweet blown over the orchard, but it settles in my throat to-night. It's got muggish since sun-down,—Neb's out in it, too—and it is a bad time for colds."

The woman who had just spoken was tall and spare, her shoulders were bent, her hair was grizzled above her low brow and about her temples, but black in the knob at her neck. She stepped about the kitchen floor preparing the evening meal, while the old man, her father, stood in the doorway refreshing himself with a glimpse of his little garden.

"Whereabouts is Neb?" he turned to say, after a moment.

"Down by the track," the mother made answer, "but there he is coming up now." She crossed to the door and they stood together watching a little bunchy figure coming towards them. It was a halting gait, for he came on crutches. The woman's face was pale as she bent forward. Presently the lad stopped. Her eyes startled, and she spread out her fingers nervously.

"He's tired," she said, anxiously. The old man waved his hand, and the distorted form with its uneven limbs began to move on again.

"He never used to get tired just coming from the corner," sighed the mother. And then she plucked the old man's sleeve. "Do you think he looks as well as he did in the winter?" she queried.

"Mebbe he's peakeder some," was the answer. "But spring-time is hard on everybody. I guess a tonic would fix him up."

Mrs. Slater turned away. She swallowed hard a couple of times, and then reached down the tea pot and set the tea to brew. Little Neb was her only child. She did not know if her husband was dead or alive, and since he went away she had supported herself and her boy by tailoring at a shop in town, and lived on in her girlhood's home with her old father. He was baggageman at the railway station, and their house was a brown cottage near the track.

After supper, Mrs. Slater watched the road anxiously, and when a light gig came down the concession she sped out to the gate crying, "Would you hold up, sir. It's about Neb," she began, resting her bare red arms upon the fence. "Folks plague me so about sending him to school, and somehow I can't bear to start him. He don't seem up to it."

Dr. Bell looked down at the anxious-faced woman, and then he looked across the orchard. "Does he keep pretty well?" he asked.

"Not very, sir. He looks thinner, and I believe his back's crookeder."

She lowered her voice at the last, for a soft padding sound on the path had warned her that Neb was coming.

"Hello, youngster," called out the doctor.

Neb's big eyes lit his face with their smile. His cheeks were covered with freckles. His red hair ended in front in two matted spikes that dangled in his eyes with every movement.

"So they think you ought to go to school, eh?" began the doctor.

"Yes, sir,"

"Do you want to go?"

"I think I would rather learn of mother. The boys plague me so."

There was silence for a moment, and Dr. Bell said, "I wouldn't send him,

Mrs. Slater, if I were you. Teach him all you can yourself, and let him stay out of doors." The tone was pointedly careless, but the doctor's grave eyes told more than he meant to tell.

The woman thanked him, and turned to the house. "There's Ben," cried Neb; "can I go out?" She nodded, and unfastened the gate for him. Her face was clouded. She dragged herself toward the house with the effort of one given up to fatigue or hopelessness. At the door her father met her. He was thrusting his arms into his coat, for he was due at the station in a few minutes.

"Well!" he said.

"Doctor didn't say much, but he looked at him sorry-like, and said for me to go on teaching him. I suppose," she added, and her voice was as dejected as her face, "he meant 'twant no good botherin' him with learnin' for the little time he has to live."

"Don't whine, Nan," said the father, roughly. "It's time you got over that;" and then he went out the back way into the station yard.

Mrs. Slater sat down on the doorstep. Over her head was a rickety trellis work, and she looked up at the grape vine climbing about it. The leaves were not long from the bud, and were still purplish brown. A bird rested there a moment, and then flew down into the garden. She followed its flight, and watched it flitting among the shrubs. Many of them were in blossom. Next to her was a japonica, with its flaming flowers and glossy dark leaves. A flowering almond waved its pretty pink arms, a flowering currant was trumpeting perfume, and a large crab apple tree still put forth a few blossoms, though most of the white petals lay upon the ground. The woman's face was dark and bitter when she first sat down. But gradually, as she looked at the blossoms, the grey sky yellowed yet in the west, as she drew in the fresh air and smelled the sweets that scented it, and as the drowsy twitterings of the birds rested in her ears, the peace of the spring-time stole into her heart. Her face lost the fretted expression. Her sorrow found a natural outlet, and moistened her eyes with tears that were only a relief. Presently Neb came in.

"Ben's got a squirrel," he said, eagerly. "He's making a cage for it, and there's a thing in it that spins round. Did you feed my rabbit?"

"Yes," said his mother. And then the boy cuddled himself up in a heap at her knee.

They had been quiet for a time, when he said, suddenly, "Is my father really dead?"

Had he divined her thought, the woman wondered. She had been thinking of the lover who once sat beside her beneath the same old trellis, who had pledged her all his faith and love as they sat on the doorstep, and of the young husband who had crossed it with heavy, drunken footsteps the night she had last seen his face.

She answered very simply, "I don't know, Neb."

"Ben said he wasn't dead—that someone down town had seen him at the station."

"'Twant true," answered the mother, shortly. "Someone's allus been sayin' that these twelve years."

"Do you think he'll ever come back?" pursued the boy.

"I'm sure he will," she made answer, "for I've allus felt I'd see him before I died."

Neb looked up with fresh interest. "What did he go away for, mother? You said you'd tell me some day, and I'm twelve now."

Her heart was sore. Trouble had pressed heavily on her, and she had no one to talk to. So she opened the past for the little lad, and told him how, in a fit of drunken rage at his wailing, his father had tossed him down on the couch, how he had fallen to the floor and hurt his spine, how they had thought at first he was dead, and the half-sobered, half-frantic man

had run out into the darkness, crying that he had killed his little baby.

"Would I have been straight like other boys if he hadn't done it?"

She told him it was the fall—told it gently as she could, for the boy's eyes were blazing feverishly and his claw-like fingers clutched her dress.

"I hate him" he cried. "I'd kill him if I could, mother. Why didn't some of them catch him and kill him? I'm no good for games now, nor-nor-anything."

There was a step on the floor within, and the baggage master called out, "Where are you folks?" Then he caught sight of them in the doorway, and came out too. He laid his hand on Neb's red hair, saying, "And how's my grand boy, to-night?"

"I'm feeling pretty well, thanks, sir."

Neb always said that. His mother had taught him to: never a day passed that the old man didn't ask him how he felt, and there was always the same cheery answer.

Once more Neb asked his mother a question. It was when they were saying good night.

"Which way do you think father will come back?"

"On the down train," she made answer, only half seriously.

"Was he tall?" he pursued.

"No, just middlin," she said, "and his hair was just the same color as yours."

After that Neb spent most of his time watching the down trains. The train hands came to know him. The newsboy often threw him an orange or a banana, as he stood there bareheaded. He was always bareheaded, as the train passed him. His rather long, red hair was disordered by the rush of air, as he leaned forward on his crutches, peered into the coaches, and scanned the steps.

"Father'd likely get off there, mother, wouldn't he?" he said one day. "He'd not like to go on to the station, and you know the train always slows up there, and I guess he'd know me if our hair is alike."

One evening Neb went up the track as usual. A man who came down the concession saw him bending over something on the rails. The train came around the curve. It stopped with a jar. The people hurried out. A shabbily dressed man was standing beside the track; his pallid face was terror-stricken; his tongue trembled behind his lips. One foot was bare, the ankle black and swollen, and yonder, where everyone was hurrying—yonder, among the bushes, was a little huddled heap that moaned. It was Neb. The man had been lying partly over the rails, drunk. His foot was caught. Brave little Neb loosed the shoe, and rolled him down the embankment. He could remember that much, and then, besides, there was the foot sprained and grazed, while down the track they found the shabby shoe with the string drawn out.

They carried little Neb over into the cottage. His mother came up from the stoop, and the neighbors crowded in. He came, too,—the man whose life had been saved,—sober now, with eyes that were red with weeping. Once, Neb spoke. He reached up his hand and said, "Father." The man bowed his head, and the neighbors noticed that the mingled hair was the same in color, and they began to whisper. He heard them and raised his face, but it was a stranger's face. No one had ever seen it before. A woman plucked his sleeve. "His father's been away for years," she said, "and the boy kep' lookin' for him home. He could'nt tell who to watch for, except that he'd red hair, and he thought you was his father."

The man started up wildly. "My life wasn't worth the boy's," he cried. "Pray, some of you to let me go and save him. I'm no good I tell you." A strange awe became felt in the circle. The watchers turned away from the bed. The mother sobbed aloud. No one heeded the man for a moment, and then the woman beside him said, "Hush; he's dead."

CICERO'S REVENGE.

(A Southern Story.)*

BY LOCKBURN B. SCOTT.

A FEW years after the close of the civil war between the North and the South, I had occasion to visit, for the first time, a section of the Southern States. The business which took me there was of such a nature as to leave me a good deal of leisure, which I very frequently employed in studying the past and present condition of the Negro race. This pastime proved to be most deeply interesting, developing many touches of character both grave and gay, the study of which gave much food for thought.

On one occasion I was for some days enjoying the generous hospitality of Col. ———, a wealthy Virginian planter, who came of one of the famous "First Families" of that state. My host was a man of about fifty years of age, possessed of a hearty, genial disposition which enabled him to take about all the comfort out of life that came in his way. During dinner one day I chanced to speak of the interest I had been taking in the history and development of the Negro people. This led to a very interesting discussion of many phases of the question. My entertainer proved to be a capital story teller, and many were the tales, pathetic and grotesque, he narrated to me as we sat on the broad verandah, looking out upon one of the finest plantations in all that region of country. One story especially made a deep impression upon me, partly, I suppose, because I afterwards made the acquaintance of the hero and was greatly amused at the quaintness of his philosophy and his evident desire to be regarded as a man of the world.

I will endeavor to give the substance of the story, though I fear it will lose much of its original impressiveness through the absence of the realistic surroundings of the scene of action, and the charm of Col. ———'s rich voice and vivid manner while describing the event.

During a momentary lull in the aforementioned conversation, a magnificent specimen of a darkey came up and in a tone of respect, yet indicating an easy familiarity, spoke to the Colonel about some details concerning the affairs of the estate. After he had gone, my host turned to me and asked, "Did you notice that man? I can tell you a story about him that I think will interest you. I was the only child in my father's family, and from earliest infancy was accustomed to play constantly with the slave children about the place. Cicero, or Sis as we always called him, was just my own age, and somehow or other we got to be very fond of each other. We were always together, sharers in all childish joys and sorrows. This continued until I grew old enough to begin my studies. Even here Sis essayed to follow, but soon gave it up, finding the alphabet a hopeless enigma For a time he was intensely miserable during lesson hours, and would wander around the place with a most disconsolate air until my release from the school room. After a few weeks, however, he took to making pipes and whistles out of reeds, and in this he soon became an adept. Constant practice enabled him in a short time to produce very sweet music indeed from his primitive instruments; and often would my father, who was very indul-

*This story is founded on a metrical version which the writer saw some years since, but the author of which he cannot recall.

gent to his slaves, call him in the evening, and have him play for the amusement of the family, here on the verandah. One Christmas when we were about fourteen years old, father brought from the city a very handsome fife, and gave it to Sis. A happier boy you never saw. He could hardly eat or sleep—he could do nothing but play on his precious fife. Truth to tell, we were little loth to have him do so, for his delightful strains lent a charm to our somewhat uneventful life.

"During the succeeding summer holidays, a cousin of mine, Gerald—by name—came to visit me. Gerald was two years older than were Sis and myself, and, full of city airs, constantly boasted his superior achievements in the consumption of tobacco and beer, and therefore arrogated to himself the utmost importance. From his lofty pedestal he looked down upon us poor country-bred lads with an infinity of contempt, taking small pains to conceal his feelings. From the very first hour of his visit there was a strong antipathy between Gerald and Sis. The former never lost an opportunity of tormenting the young darkey, and would no doubt have thrashed him often had it not been that my father, having caught him in the act of so doing a day or two after his arrival, warned him in the most peremptory manner that he would allow no interference with his servants. If Sis or any one else gave occasion for complaint, the matter was to be referred to him, and he would deal with it. Notwithstanding his contempt for country folk, Gerald stood in wholesome awe of my father, who could be very stern if occasion demanded. This fact was most fortunate for poor Sis, though Gerald sought to make up by the bitterness of his tongue for the restraint put upon his hands.

"One Sunday, some boys from one of the neighboring plantations came over to spend a few hours. The day being very hot, it was decided by unanimous consent to take a swim in the neighboring river. On the way, Gerald was more than usually tantalizing in his treatment of Sis; but, with admirable good sense, the latter generally maintained silence. At length Gerald spied the end of Sis's fife sticking out of his pocket, and softly coming up when the darkey was not looking, snatched it and put it in his own pocket. This was too much: Sis grappled with his tormentor: then ensued a lively tussel. But Gerald was more than a match for his dusky opponent, and handled him rather severely, carrying away with him the precious fife. Sis was evidently very sore over the loss of his treasure, not knowing to what length Gerald's dislike might carry him. For the rest of the walk he sulked behind, meditating revenge.

"After we had completed our bath and resumed our habiliments it was suggested that we visit the 'Door of the Devil.' This is a noted whirlpool in the river, just above yonder bend. The rapid swirl of the waters at the foot of a waterfall has worn away the soft rock composing the steep bank on one side, so that standing on the overhanging ledge you can drop a stone into the very centre of the seething caldron below. As its name would indicate, this whirlpool has an unfavorable reputation in the country round. Many a life has been lost in its rapacious vortex, and but very seldom have even the bodies of its victims been found. It is claimed, and apparently on good grounds, that there is an underground channel through which a proportion of the water escapes, carrying with it the solid bodies which it sucks down. For a considerable time we amused ourselves by throwing sticks into the whirling water, and watching them disappear, when of a sudden we were horrified to see Gerald, who was trying to hurl a heavy log into the eddy, lose his balance and fall almost into the very vortex of the whirlpool. For

a moment we were too frightened to breathe; then someone screamed 'Help! Murder!' As chance would have it, my father and some friends were out for an afternoon stroll, and, being in the immediate neighborhood, were on the spot a moment after the alarm had been given. All, however, were powerless to help. None dared to brave the horrors of that dreaded pool, when we were again startled by a wild cry, a swift rush, followed, a second after, by another splash in the seething foam of the rapids beneath. It was Sis. He had seen the fall from a distance, and stripping, as he ran, had just reached the scene of the mishap. Transfixed with horror we stood spellbound, gazing down at the relentless waters. Too well we knew that there could be no hope of a rescue, and could not even dare to expect that the intrepid Sis could himself escape, though he was one of the most expert divers and strongest swimmers of the whole country side. In breathless silence we stood—for an age it seemed—staring at the hissing, boiling depths beneath us, when, just as we had given up all hope of seeing either of the lads again, two heads were seen above water. They were out of the centre of the pool, but still a long way from shore, considering the fearful odds of the rapidly rushing waters and the fatal suction of the vortex behind them. Perhaps it was well that Gerald was insensible, else his struggles might have retarded his rescuer, for he was a poor swimmer. As it was, it was a long, hard fight on the part of the young darkey. I have sometimes thought that with the slight modification as to the name of the stream, Macaulay's famous lines upon the struggle of old Horatius might well be applied to the heroic action of Sis:—

"Never, I ween, did swimmer in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bore bravely up his chin."

"At last the edge of the waters was reached, and both boys were dragged forth by willing hands, and Sis was borne aloft on the shoulders of the men with a thunderous cheer. My father, in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot that he was an elder in the church, and shouted, 'By the great God, he is free evermore!' I trust the unwonted profanity was not recorded against him, for I am sure that no irreverence was intended; certainly no one at the time thought it a sin, and it was not till a long time after that I was struck with the inappropriateness of the use of such language by my father.

"In a few minutes Gerald opened his eyes and very shortly appeared to be little the worse for the terrible experience he had undergone. When he learned who it was that rescued him, he walked up to Sis and offered his hand, at the same time humbly begging his pardon for past injuries. To our amazement a look of fierce hatred blazed forth under the scowling brows of the young rascal as, with an indescribable intensity of disdain in his voice, he fairly hissed out, 'Dod rot it, do you think it were *you* I were after?' and, snatching the coveted treasure from the pocket of his enemy:—'Twere my *fife*, and I *got it!*'"

HADDO HOUSE.

HADDO HOUSE.

CENTRAL Aberdeenshire can scarcely be called a picturesque district, but the snug homesteads that are scattered on the hillsides and in the valleys, the herds of fine cattle for which the county is so deservedly famous, and the signs of skilful and painstaking cultivation of the land, give even a somewhat monotonous country a cheerful and thriving aspect.

But directly one enters the extensive park of two thousand acres (almost a forest) which surrounds the ancestral home of the present Governor-General of Canada, one is struck with the woodland beauty of the scenery and with the many evidences of minute and unceasing care and supervision which meet the eye at every turn.

The fourth Earl of Aberdeen, who was Prime Minister of Great Britain forty years ago (the grandfather of the present Earl) planted millions of trees in this noble domain, and they have now grown into luxuriant beauty. The natural contours and undulations of the ground around the mansion were so skilfully utilized and taken advantage of by judicious landscape gardening, that an effect both stately and picturesque was gradually produced. The present Earl, after acceding to the estate in 1870, followed the same process. He added a third lake to the two already in existence, and took much interest in the further planting and development of the features of the park.

As one strolls along the perfectly-kept drives, with their smooth borders of soft green turf, one catches glimpses of charming cottages, looking more like bijou residences than what they really are—the abodes of the many retainers of the great house of Aberdeen. In this one lives the head gardener, in that, the head gamekeeper, here the steward, there the under-butler, and so on through the whole domestic hierarchy. One envies these good folks their pretty, comfortable homes.

Nestling among the trees is a lovely cottage which is famous in many parts of the world as "The Owlery." This delicious retreat is lent by Lord and Lady Aberdeen to such of their friends as may need rest and quiet; and, as the visitors' book will testify, many a tired brain has found soothing rest under this hospitable roof, and many a weary worker has had cause to bless the good foundress of the "Owlery."

As the road winds through a grove of trees, one sees a homestead larger than the rest, with every detail about the house and grounds kept in the most scrupulous and perfect order, even the brass name-plates on the wagons, with "The Earl of Aberdeen" in bold letters, being polished to the utmost pitch of brilliancy. This comfortable and substantial building is the Mains of Haddo, the "home-farm," the residence of his Excellency's very efficient agent, Mr. George Muirhead, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, a keen sportsman, and, it need not be said, an accomplished and thorough man of business.

A little further, and on the brow of a hill, is seen a flag flying from a pretty cottage. This is "Holiday Cottage," where their Excellencies' children play at housekeeping in a very realistic and business-like fashion.

The road winds up and down, through finely-wooded slopes, and past the lofty column commemorating the death of General Sir Alexander Gordon, his Excellency's great uncle, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo; and now a glimpse of the Union Jack floating above the tree-tops indicates that we are at last approaching the mansion-house itself. Presently the drive takes a bold sweep, and we find ourselves at the north front of a stately mansion, on the walls of which the three boars' heads of the Gordons are quartered with the cinquefoils and lymphads of the Hamiltons.

The house cannot be designated, even by those who know it and love it best, as beautiful; and yet it has a dignified grandeur, which seems to scorn any pretensions to beauty. Its simple, but not unimpressive solidity, is characteristically Scottish; and the heavy masses of foliage which surround it on all sides tone down the rectangular lines of grey stone, which might otherwise have too stern an effect.

The great central block which composed the original house and which was built in 1782 by the second Earl has been expanded by the addition of two spacious wings, in one of which is the library, a fine room, containing many valuable and interesting volumes. The older mansion had been destroyed by fire, and it was apparently intended that at least the walls of the present building should not be demolished by the same means, for both the inner and outer walls are of immense thickness.

But the gem of Haddo House is its exquisite chapel, which was commenced by the present Earl in 1877, and completed at a cost of $40,000. It was erected from designs by the late G. E. Street, R.A. The style is 13th century Gothic, and all the fittings and decorations are harmonious and complete, though there is nothing florid in the ornamentation. There is an exceptionally fine organ, by Willis & Son, and

> "Storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

In this beautiful building, it is the custom of the Earl of Aberdeen to gather his family and household for morning and evening worship, and as His Excellency adopts the maxim, "Every man a priest in his own house," he is on ordinary occasions his own chaplain. A stranger entering this chapel for the first time during the simple service cannot but be struck and touched by the patriarchal simplicity of the scene. The lord of thousands of acres, the descendant of

warriors and statesmen, the bearer of a great historic name, not only joins in (that were nothing noteworthy) but himself leads the prayer and praise of his household. But we must not linger too long in the chapel, though one is tempted to enlarge on its many beauties.

The house contains many fine pictures, some of them by old masters. These were collected principally by the grandfather of the present Earl.

In 1879 Lord Aberdeen began the renovation of the house, together with a complete redecoration of the interior. Lady Aberdeen's taste in such matters is well-known, and the result is very apparent in the brightness and cheerfulness of the general aspect of the rooms and corridors. A new wing was also added to the house, which is now an extremely large mansion, but its accommodation is nevertheless frequently taxed to the utmost, owing to the fact that Haddo House is a recognized centre of hospitality and stately entertainment. This is a tradition of the place, for in past times, and especially during the long career of the present Earl's grandfather (the "Premier" Earl), well-known statesmen, and other persons of note were frequent guests.

The view from the south front of the house is far more striking than that from the side by which visitors approach it. From the broad-terraced garden, brilliant with flowers, and with a fountain playing in the centre, there is a magnificent vista, formed by an avenue of trees, a mile in length. Immediately on the right of the terrace are two fine Wellingtonias, planted by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort on the occasion of a Royal visit to Haddo House in 1857.

REMORSE.

This is the torture of the damned,
  This gnawing endless pain;
Which ceaseless feeds upon the heart,
  And racks the anguished brain.

It dieth not, but still consumes,
  Like fire that will not cease;
For mournful memory still outlives
  The sin that murdered peace.

No hell but this the sinner needs,
  The avenging God to sate,—
Remorse, remorse, will be enough,
  And these dread words "too late!"

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

WATCHING FOR DAY.

White light, white snows, white faces wan,
  But crimson-red is the drift below;
White is the plume of the dove and swan,
  But red as blood is the rose's glow;—
And the dove is peace, and the swan is song,
And the summer of roses is lush and long.

In an ashen sky is a pallid band
  Of waning light near the cloudscape's rim,
And banners of smoke, on either hand,
  Lag to the distance dusky and dim;
Banners of smoke that were bolts of flame,
O'er tombs of knights that have never a name.
One gaunt, grim tree, with its leafless crest,
Stretches withered arms to the spectral west,
And moans in the bleak wind passing by,
Like a hag in a snow-shroud left to die;
And ghostly wings in the gloaming flap,
And ghostly beaks are plying—tap, tap,
On the cuirass; tap, tap, on the sword;
But the wearer and wielder say never a word,
Nor offer a feint, but a hollow groan,
A broken sigh, a pitiful moan—
Tap, tap, on the skull, and tap, tap, on the bone,
Soon the corse and the crow will keep tryst alone.

Did ye say that the rose is red?
  And the plume of the dove is white?
The rose is for love and a perfumed bed,
  And white is the symbol of peace and light:
But the crow's black wing is a thing of dread
To shadow the lover's sleeping head;
Nor yet for the rose is the hooting owl,
Nor yet for the peaceful, the gaunt wolves' howl!
Ah, God! The gray wolves gather and prowl,
Where the quarry is thick, resting cheek by jowl.
See, how the crows fly—one, three, five,
And these must be dead, yet some are alive;
But they have no strength, as they have no will,
To stay the gray wolf or the swart crow's bill!

White moonbeams falling on white brows—
What do they here by the drifted snows?
There be footprints many, and trampled earth,
With broken trappings, and swords, no dearth!
But why do the sleepers lie so prone,
When the dusk descends as the day is done?
Nor turn to the haven of home, sweet home,
Where voices of loved ones whisper, "Come!"
And arms that are empty, stretch to air,
Clasping the shade of the substance fair?

Rise, sleepers, rise!—Ten thousand forms
Exposed to the dread of night and storms!—
But never a move. They slumber on,
Till the morn begins and the moon is wan!

How cold and clear are the snows that glance
On the steel-blue glint of the mail and lance!
How ghastly plain is the clotted red
That circles and wreathes each sleeping head,
With eyes that glare
Their fixed, hard stare,
But never a twinkle to twinkling star,
That waxes and wanes and wonders afar!
The stars look down; but the eyes look up—
A broken sabre, a gun, a cup,
A white, cold hand; one, two, three, four,
And out from the shadows ten thousand more!—

Nay, this is strange—a winsome head,
Tangled with curls, a boyish face,
A nerveless arm with the symbol red,
Clutching a sword with a dauntless grace!
Some mother's darling and hope and pride,
Some fond heart's hero—the future bride;
What ho! To the moonlight why thus upturn'd
The lips to the virgin kiss that burn'd;
Ye were warm that eve with love and wine,
Ye bask'd too long in a beam divine,
So penance to prove, ye have streteh'd you here,
To sleep in the snow and the moonbeam clear!

Hush! Ye tread too harshly—Hush!
See, o'er yon hills the dawning's blush.
The wan, white moon is stealing away,
The white faces watch for the coming day;
But the red, red blood still tinges the snow,
It is faint above, but so deep below!
Ah! The ground is redden'd, is soak'd with blood,
A crimson current, a carmine flood,
Clotted in patches, jellied in pools,
By shatter'd standards and broken tools,
And upturn'd faces, weary and white,
With eyes for seeing, that have no sight,
And limbs for motion, cold and still,
And lips for greeting, silent and chill,
And arms for action, heavy as lead,
And hearts for beating, pulseless and dead;
From centre to centre, round and round,
Forsooth! they have chosen strange sleeping ground!

Two Christian hosts 'neath a Christian sky,
Two Christian hosts on a Christian sod;
Here they slumber and here they lie,
In the light of Christ and the name of God;
Brothers in semblance, brothers in creed,
But fools of faction and dupes of greed!

Two idle kings with a fancied wrong,
Hurried by passion or pride along;

Two flags by prince and prelate blest;
Two armies in scarlet splendor drest;

Two farewells spoken in sighs and tears;
Two shots—and life has settled arrears;

Two days and nights have passed away,
The kings are the old-time puppets of clay,
Grinning approval or looking askance,
Bestowing a favor or forging a lance;
But two armies lie out on the frozen ground,
With naught but the night and the raven round!

The kings play on, the dead men lie
By thousands, beneath the cold, gray sky;
The monarchs smile with a courtly grace,
They see not the leer on the dead man's face;
The widows, the sisters, the orphans weep,
While the shadows fall and the sleepers sleep.
The seasons may come, the seasons may go,
The currents of feeling may ebb and flow;
But never shall sound from their thresholds again
The echoing steps of the slumbering men,
That lie in the night when the bleak wind blows
O'er the crimson stains in the drifted snows,
By the broken sword and the banner blest,
By the tangled locks no more caress'd,
By the strength outworn and the soul outpriced,
In the name of fame and the cause of Christ!

A. H. Morrison.

ALGONQUIN PARK.

BY E. B. FRALECK.

In the northern part of Ontario, to the south of Lake Nipissing and the Upper Ottawa, lies a vast unbroken wilderness, hundreds of miles in extent, known only to the trapper and the lumberman—the domain of the lumber kings at Ottawa. Huge rocky ridges traverse the country, generally from north-east to south-west, with lakes and streams everywhere enclosed within their giant embrace, the whole country being one vast network of lakes, varying in size from the small lakelet to those of several miles in extent, with waters clear as crystal and very deep.

The Muskoka on the west, and the Madawaska, the Bonnechere, and the Petawawa on the east, afford ample facilities to the lumbermen for floating their pine down to market. Three of these rivers take their rise within a radius of about four miles, so that the "voyageur" from the Georgian Bay, following up the Muskoka to its source, is enabled by a short portage, to place his canoe on the Madawaska, or the Petawawa, both affluents of the majestic Ottawa. In this region exist vast tracts of valuable pine. On the higher plateaux, hardwood forests teem with black birch, beech, ash, and other valuable timber, while here and there, on lower levels, large swamps of cedar or tamarac cover the surface of some long ago filled-up lake. Besides a few lumber depôts, there is nothing in this vast wilderness except the surveyor's "blaze" or the "limit line," to disclose the footprints of civilized man.

Here is the home of the bear, the deer, and the moose, the beaver and the otter. In the deep, cool waters of almost every lake sport the trout (ouananiche), king of the inland fish, while shaded pools quiver with speckled trout in every mountain stream and brooklet, and here in unbroken solitude the wild duck rears her young.

Of late years, it has been the policy of the Provincial Government to appoint "Fire Rangers;" one for each limit, who must be an experienced "*coureur du bois*," to protect the forest from fire during the dry season. His duty is to be on circuit within his limit, and promptly endeavor to extinguish any incipient blaze left by campers, fishing parties, or Indians, and to prosecute the offenders.

Too late, however, has this feeble attempt been made to stem the torrent of destruction annually taking place in our forests. The lumber wealth of Ontario, which is still of vast extent, has been enormously impaired by forest fires. For every tree cut, hundreds have been burned. During the last thirty years, hundreds of millions of wealth has been recklessly destroyed, which, with ordinary care, might have been saved to the country.

The cutting by the lumbermen leaves the woods prepared for the torch. After them come the settler and the pot-hunter, and within a very short time the ruin is complete. Of a once noble forest, nothing remains but miles upon miles of dead trees, or charred, blackened trunks lying about in endless confusion, huge chains of rocky hills, once clothed with moss and verdure, now scarred and bare, and a ruined soil. Wealth equal to a king's ransom is destroyed in order that some miserable squatter, under the name of settler, may clear a patch of worthless soil, which, within a few years, he abandons.

Upon land once burned over, the white pine will never grow, and even the hardwood lands grow up with

shrub and inferior timber. The burnt soil is quite grown over with briars, weeds and brush, the dried stalks of which prepare the land for another fire, an event sure to occur in the near future. In the meantime, what little soil remains, being very light, is carried down into the ravines and valleys by rains and melting snow, leaving the rocks naked and desolate.

Whenever a fire runs through a pinery, the logs must be cut and taken out during the following winter, otherwise the tree becomes worm-eaten and unfit for lumber. Frequently, settlers start a fire to procure a winter's job, and the pot-hunter also applies the match, because over newly burnt ground tender weeds and bushes spring up, furnishing good feeding grounds for the deer, and ensure good hunting during the ensuing fall. Thus the ingenuity, rascality, and carelessness of man conspire to destroy the face of nature, and impoverish the resources of the country.

In the Laurentian rocks, of which all this district is composed, the lakes are rock basins. It can be seen that the rocks have been elevated and depressed, have been dislocated and displaced, by the movements of the earth's crust, and confused by the intrusion among them of melted, volcanic materials.

Strata, which we have every reason to believe were laid down in horizontal, or in approximately horizontal, planes, have been heaved into the perpendicular, or puckered and thrown into innumerable folds, or here pushed up into ridges, or there carried down into sloughs.

Viewed from the south-west, the rocky ridges and spurs appear rough and broken, while from the north-east, rounded and smooth, clearly indicating the course of the great ice-flow; but the granite formation of this region tends to disprove the idea that these lake beds have been hollowed out or depressed by the agency of glaciers. Many lakes are hundreds of feet deep, and wherever the shore rises bold and abrupt the water is generally the deepest. Many have silted up through the lapse of ages, and what was once the bed of a lake is now a tamarac or cedar swamp. Others in which the action has been less remote, and subject to annual overflow, which prevents the growth of timber, are marshes. In some, the process being not yet complete, the lakes are marshes with a pond in the centre, or are mere mud lakes covered with shallow water: so soon, however, as the flags make their appearance, the process is greatly accelerated by the enormous growth of roots, as well as that of the plant itself; a crust is formed upon a bottomless quagmire, and in some cases, within the memory of those now living, a marsh has been evolved out of a recent mud-lake.

The vast inroads made upon our public domain, and the indiscriminate slaughter of game during the past few years, have aroused the attention of our Provincial Government to the better preservation of the one and the protection of the other. A statute was passed during the last session of the Legislature having for its object the setting apart of a portion of the region here mentioned as a forest and game reservation. Steps are now being taken to establish a National Park on the head waters of the Petewawa, Madawaska, Muskoka, and Amable du Fond, running north to the Mattawa and Smith River, which empties into the Nipissing at South Bay. The reservation comprises eighteen townships, containing an area of about 1,500 square miles. The land belongs wholly to the Crown, and, as a consequence, there are no vested or private interests to be bought up or dealt with.

The south-east corner of the park rests upon, or near, the western shore of Victoria Lake, thence westerly for a range of four townships, and from each of these northerly four townships, except that on the north-west the

townships of Wilkes and Pentland are added.

This tract of land contains within its boundaries an immense volume of water in lake, river, brook, and marsh. The spring and autumn rains and heavy snows of winter, keep the fountain-heads of streams rising here continually replenished, the density of the forest, retarding evaporation, and the spongy layer of leaves and decaying vegetation which covers the ground, tending to maintain an equable flow of water throughout the year.

The name given to this national reservation is "The Algonquin Park."

At the time of the discovery of America the Algonquin Indians were lords of the greater part of what was formerly known as Canada, and principally inhabited the great basin of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers.

After their defeat in the St. Lawrence Valley by the Iroquois, they abandoned that valley and joined their kindred north and west. History finds them early in the sixteenth century seated about the shores of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior. They were divided into various bands, bearing, generally, some local name, and included over thirty different tribes.

The Nipissings, who are deemed the true Algonquins, by ancient writers, lived at Lake Nipissing. As this locality abounds in game and lies about midway between the Ottawa River and Lake Huron, it was, doubtless, a favorite hunting-ground for the roving tribes, and perhaps, also, the scene of many battles between bands of contending warriors ascending the Madawaska and Petewawa in the east and the Muskoka and the Maganetewan on the west. It seems fitting that a once great and powerful people, who in their savage manner held sway over this territory centuries ago, should bequeath their name to a part of it, which is now proposed to be maintained, as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was when they fished in its waters and hunted and fought in its forests.

GABLE ENDS.

THE STORY OF A DAGGER.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"—*Macbeth.*

THE dagger which Macbeth saw, or thought he saw, was an unsubstantial thing . . . "a dagger of the mind, a false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain!" The dagger I have in view in writing this article is a reality "in form and substance," and to my mind is worthy the consideration of the archæologist or the relic-searcher. I am neither the one nor the other, but I have a great regard for the manners, customs, traditions, and, for that matter too, the history, of my country as shown in old-time relics as contrasted with modern contrivances. But to my story.

A few weeks since, I was walking down Elizabeth-street, Toronto, when I was accosted by a man at the door of his own house (240 Elizabeth street), who remarked that he understood I took an interest in the past of the Province,—to which I gave my assent. Mr. James J. Smith, the person to whom I allude, then asked me to step into his house and he would show me something that he thought might be of interest and which he highly prized. It turned out to be a dagger, the well-tempered steel blade of which was ten inches long and the handle of which was made of buckhorn, four and a-half inches long. At the point of junction of the handle and the blade there is a cross-bar, at one end of which there is a tiny screw-driver, and at the other an equally tiny hammer head, which might have been used in the setting of a gun-lock or arquebus. The blade itself is beautifully chased, and, I should judge, is of Damascus steel. On the blade is inscribed and can well be deciphered with the naked eye, "1635," showing that it was manufactured in that year.

The weapon was found about ten years ago in digging a cellar for Riley & May's Billiard Parlor, or on the premises where Riley & May's Billiard Parlor is erected on Adelaide-street, Toronto. When discovered it was about six feet below the surface of the ground and was standing erect, the point down in the earth and the handle toward the hand. It was much covered with rust and other apparently deleterious matter, but, singular to say, was not corroded perceptibly except in one place about an inch from the point, and that, to the finder, seemed as if caused by blood and other substance.

Mr. Smith and the actual finder of the relic, who was working with or for him when this discovery was made, secured the dagger, burnished it up, till now the steel blade is almost as bright and gleaming as when first made. Now the question is how did this dagger come to be in the place where found, six feet below the surface of the earth and standing upright? Its erect posture would seem to indicate that the hand of man had so placed it, and that in leaving the ground he had either forgotten it or let it remain in his haste to retreat.

Was this dagger at one time the weapon of offence or defence to one of the party of Frenchmen who were garrisoned at the old French fort—Fort Rouille, in the Exhibition Grounds, marked by an obelisk to perpetuate the memory of the Old Fort? The inscription on the obelisk reminds us that the date of the occupation by the French was 1749. Beside the obelisk is also a massive granite boulder bearing the following inscription:—"This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouille, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian Trading Post and stockade, established A D. 1749, by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendation of the Count de la Galissoniere, Administrator of New France, 1747-1749."

It is not impossible that some trader at the Fort possessed this weapon, and that in hunting or exploring the woods around the Fort he may have lost his dagger. Or is it going too far to say that the dagger may have belonged to Hennepin, or La Salle, or some of their company in their great voyage of discovery of western lands in 1678? That both these

celebrated explorers were, in 1678, at the place where Toronto now stands, I think there can be no doubt. Father Hennepin has left us a very circumstantial account of his voyage by way of the great lakes to the undiscovered country in the west. In describing his voyage from Fort Frontenac (Catarocqui) to the head of Lake Ontario, and by the north shore of the lake, he says, (Page 48 of his history):—"On the 26th (Nov., 1678), we were in great danger about two leagues off the land, where we were obliged to be at anchor all the night at sixty fathoms water and above; but at length the wind turning north-east, we set out and arrived safely at the further end of Lake Ontario, called in the Iroquois 'Skannadario.' We came pretty near to one of their villages called Teiaiagon, lying about seventy leagues from Fort Frontenac or 'Katarackouy.'"

"The wind then turning contrary, we were obliged to tarry there till about the fifteenth of December; then we sailed from the northern coast to the southern, where the river Niagara runs into the lake, but could not reach it that day, though it is but fifteen or sixteen leagues distant."

In the eighteenth chapter of Father Hennepin's Book of Travel is contained an account of his second expedition from Fort Frontenac, accompanied by Fathers Zenobé and Gabriel, in 1679. In it he says, "Some days after the 27th of May, 1679, the wind presenting fair, Fathers Gabriel, Zenobé and I went on board the brigantine and in a short time arrived in the river of the Tossonotouans, which runs into Lake Ontario, where we continued several days, our men being very busy in bartering their commodities with the natives, who flocked in great numbers about us to exchange their skins for knives, guns, powder, shot, etc.

"In the meantime we had built a cabin of barks of trees about half a league in the woods to perform Divine Service without interruption, and waited until all our men had done their business. M. De La Salle arrived about eight days after, he having taken his course to the southern coast of the lake to go to the village of the Tossontouans, to whom he made presents," &c.

Hennepin, on page 79, says:—"On the 4th of the said month I went overland to the Falls of Niagara with a sergeant called La Fleur."

These extracts I have given from Hennepin, coupled with La Salle's account of his voyage of 1680, pretty conclusively prove that both he and La Salle vis ted the spot where Toronto now stands. Teiaiagon was the Indian name of Toronto long before it got the latter title.

"Thus," says Dr. Scadding, in a very exhaustive paper read before the York Pioneers, on October 6th, 1891, "Thus we have in Pierre Magery's Memoirs et Documents, Col. 11, p. 115, the following extract from a letter written by the famous La Salle, dated August 22nd, in the year 1680, "To take up again the course of my journey:—I set off last year from Teiaiagon on the 22nd of August, and reached the shores of Lake Toronto, on the 23rd, where I arrested two of my deserters."

From this we see that on the 22nd August he was at Teiaiagon, that is to say, the locality known afterwards as Toroto, and the day following he arrived on the banks of the Lake of Toronto, as he very distinctly states—that is to say, on the banks of Lake Simcoe. We thus see that Teiaiagon and the shores of Lake Toronto (Lake Simcoe) are two different localities, distant a day's journey one from the other.

This same Teiaiagon is again referred to by La Salle in his remarks on the proceedings of Count Frontenac, forwarded by him to the authorities in Paris in the year 1684 (given in the Documentary History of the State of New York, Vol. IX., page 218).

He there speaks of Teiaiagon as a place to which Indians from the north, to whom he gives the general name of Outaouacs, came down to traffic with the people from the other side of the lake, that is New Yorkers; and he stated it as an advantage accruing from the existence of Fort Frontenac, that this trade was thereby stopped and drawn to Fort Frontenac.

What is here stated (by La Salle) corresponds with the testimony of La Hontan, a French officer in charge of Fort Joseph, on the west side of the southern entrance to Lake Huron (afterwards Fort Gratiot), as given in his book and in the large map which accompanies it.

De Lisle's map, published at Paris in

1703, places Teiaiagon where Toronto now stands. Teiaiagon appears likewise in Charlevoix's map, 1744. Here Teiaiagon is plainly marked on the site of the present Toronto, and the lake to the north is again marked Lake Toronto.

It will be observed that Father Hennepin says that La Salle joined him after his arrival at Teiaiagon, he La Salle having been on a visit to the Tossonotouans or Iroquois tribe. Now this tribe of Tossonotouans occupied territory at the south side of the lake, about the mouth of the Niagara river. In another place Hennepin, in giving an account of his voyage from Teiaiagon, on the 15th December, 1679, says: "Then we sailed from the northern coast to the southern, where the river Niagara flows into the lake, but could not reach it that day, though it is but fifteen or sixteen leagues distant." Hennepin may have thought that the Niagara river was fifteen or sixteen leagues from the north coast about Teiaiagon. La Salle, in giving the distance, in describing his trip across the lake from the country of the Tossonotouans, where he had visited them to reconcile them to his plans, gives the distance about thirty leagues. Neither is exactly correct in the distance.

It is claimed by historians that Father Hennepin was the first European who visited the north shore of Lake Ontario, but is this so? Were not Louis Joliet and La Salle both at the place indicated in 1669?

In the Narrative and Critical History of America, at page 173, is this passage:

"In 1669 Louis Joliet and one Pere went to search for copper on the shore of Lake Superior, and to discover a more direct route from the upper lakes to Montreal. Joliet went as far as Sault Ste. Marie, where he did not long remain, but in the place of a mine, found an Iroquois prisoner among the Ottawas at that point, and obtained permission to take him back to Canada. In company with another Frenchman, he was led by the Iroquois from Lake Erie, through the valley of the Grand River, to Lake Ontario, and on the 24th of September, at an Iroquois village between this river and the head of Burlington Bay, he met La Salle with four canoes and fifteen men, and the Sulpician priests, Galinée and De Casson, who, on the 6th July, had left the port of La Chine.

From this it would appear that La Salle, previous to his expedition of 1678, with Hennepin, was voyaging along Lake Ontario, and there met Joliet on his return from a visit to the Lake Superior country.

However this may be, how came the dagger to be in the place where found, where no doubt it had been entombed for many years, and it may have been for centuries? There is nothing improbable about the latter. The relics dug out of the old fort at Ste. Marie, on or near the Georgian Bay, where the Hurons were so ruthlessly hunted by the Iroquois and massacred, together with Fathers Brebœuf and Lalamand, show a wonderful state of preservation, and yet they had been in the earth for nearly a century and a half. Then look at the specimens in the museum of the University of Toronto and the Canadian Institute, unearthed from Indian graves and ancient lodgments, and see if it is going beyond the bounds of belief to say that there is in Toronto a relic of the past which has lain concealed in mother earth for a period of time, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

I think Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, who has contributed to our literature a valuable book on the discoveries of the early pioneers of Canada, may be able to throw some light on the subject; and then there is Father Laboreau, of Penetanguishene, who I know takes a lively interest in these matters, and well he may, for in his district he ministers to many who are pioneers, or descendents of those pioneers, who founded the settlements in the country of the Hurons on the Georgian Bay.

I leave this subject to them and others more competent than myself to judge and pass sentence on this early relic of our past historic age. D. B. Read.

The Freezing of Northern Rivers—Dances in the Far North.

(A sequel to "Down the Yukon and up the Mackenzie," by Wm. Ogilvie, F.R.G.S.)

From the 24th of October, when I completed my survey of the Mackenzie River up to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, I was compelled to remain at Chipewyan

until the 27th of November. This delay was occasioned by ice drifting in the river and lake, through which it was impossible to ascend with a boat; and the only alternative was to wait till this drifting ice consolidated, and became strong enough to bear us and our loads.

A few words here descriptive of the way in which those northern rivers behave in fall will not be out of place. Instead of freezing over, some quiet, cold night, as most of our eastern, easy flowing, streams do, they begin by forming a narrow ribbon along each shore. Ice is at the same time forming all over, but the sweeping current prevents its consolidation, and is continually bearing it, hither and thither, running it into eddies and whirling it into great masses, which drift down stream, stranding in shallows, forming ice islands which gradually widen, running against the shore ice and attaching part of its bulk to it, then on again, leaving a bit here and there until it is absorbed. The cold is continually renewing the supply until the running channel is so contracted that a cold night chokes it, and our river is "set" as it is locally called. But what a "setting!" Instead of the smooth glassy surface our children love to glide over, we have, here, great masses of rough ice piled many feet above the mean surface; there are miles of broken surface over which it is impossible to travel, and no where anything resembling what we see on our streams at home.

I have sometlmes thought that journeying over northern rivers in the winter would be good training for men about to try for the Pole over those broken ice fields called by some Arctic explorers the Paleocrystic Sea. The average duration of this drifting is about three weeks, but sometimes if the weather is mild it continues much longer.

This detention was a sore disappointment to all the party, as we had hurried and worked early and late all the way from McPherson to this point (1400 miles) in order to get out in open water, and we knew that our friends would be expecting us in November. As we could not let them know of our enforced delay, we knew they would be indulging in all sorts of wild fancies and fears concerning us, and though we knew we were safe and felt assured of getting out safely we probably fretted and fumed as much as they did.

As I had only a few Magnetical and Astronomical observations to make at the Fort my time was not much occupied, and it hung heavy on my hands. For a day or two I relieved the monotony by photographing the place and many of the people in it. The presence of a camera in this isolated place was an extraordinary event, and many, if not all of the residents wanted a picture of themselves and little ones to send to friends they had not seen for many, many years, and probably never will see this side of time.

Unfortunately, owing to my long absence, the extreme temperatures experienced, and the continuous proximity to water my films so deteriorated that all my negatives, taken after those I sent out by Dr. Dawson, were very faint and unfit for printing from. This was a sore disappointment to many I photographed; for to them it may have been the one opportunity in their life, and my knowledge of this fact created a sympathy for them almost as painful as their disappointment must have been.

Dances were often got up around the Fort, many of which we attended. The one which I gave, referred to in the last number of the magazine, was the event of the season, as every one in the Fort and around it was invited. Old and young of both sexes, in fact, as in the case of the Widow Malone Ohone, "from the minister down to the Clerk of the Crown," everybody was there. Three fiddlers were in attendance, who played in turns, and only those who have seen a "Red River" or North-West fiddler—no, not violinist—play, may attempt to realize the amount of muscular force which can be put into playing the famous "Red River Jig." Generally seated on the extreme edge of his seat, the performer sways his body back and forth as if in a frenzy, and beats time on the floor with both feet until one who did not know the cause of the noise would fancy a charge of heavy cavalry was passing. He plays all over the strings, up, down and across, and in all possible, and some impossible, keys, and so rapidly that only the most expert can keep time with the (I was almost saying music) tune. Seriously, I don't think Paganini himself could provoke such sounds from

his best Cremona, and in the matter of execution he would not be in it.

The dancers dance as though some demon possessed their legs, until the perspiration is pouring down their faces. They are relieved by others, who, exhausted in their turn, are relieved, and so on until the fiddler, exhausted, steaming and streaming, passes the winning post with an unearthly flourish and sinks panting into his seat.

If another fiddler is present, the playing is soon resumed, and other dancers vie with each other as to who will exhibit the greatest muscular force and endurance, until daylight puts a stop to the fun.

The natives, of all kinds and classes, enjoy these dances immensely, and declare that they always feel better after them, which I well believe, as they are the nearest approach to a Turkish bath they will ever have, and they certainly look—well — *brighter* afterwards. — WILLIAM OGILVIE.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Mr. J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S., has again laid amateur astronomers under an obligation; this time by publishing (Crosby Lockwood & Son) a neat manual, which he has called an "Astronomical Glossary." The book contains nearly all the technical and scientific terms and names met with by active workers, and gives terse, but full and clear, explanations and definitions. It is a very timely publication, and, we hope, will soon run into the second edition, when, in our opinion, opportunity might properly be taken to syllabicate, accentuate, and even to give the accurate pronunciation of many words adopted into our language, but which are the "terror" of amateurs when reading papers or speaking in public. Samples of such words may be found in "Andromedes," "Antares," "Betelgeuse," "Ophiuchus," and even "Pleiades." About these, and many other words, there is often, in the minds of beginners and of others, for that matter, doubt as to the proper syllable to be accentuated, and so on. A far from complete list appeared in *The English Mechanic*, showing that there is really a necessity for some accurate determination by some one—and who better than Mr. Gore?

Mr. G. P. Serviss, author of "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," proved to be an admirable lecturer at his recent visit here with "Urania." He speaks without notes, is clear and graphic in his style, and has a pleasant though ringing voice, easily heard everywhere in the largest halls. He is evidently the coming platform exponent of astronomy, and is much needed since the death of the lamented Proctor, whose mantle he seems easily able to assume, and wear with great credit to himself. Those who have his book will be glad to know that it has rapidly run through six editions, and that the seventh is now in press.

Mercury will not be visible in January. Venus will, however, be a more brilliant object than in December, and will attain her maximum on the 10th inst., when her light will be as 218 to 145 on the 1st of December. On the evening of the 10th, she will be near the new moon, and they will form a lovely pair of celestial objects. Mars is slowly coming into a fair position for observation. Jupiter will never be seen to better advantage than in January of this year. During the month he will be stationary in Taurus. Saturn is rapidly coming into position for observation, and will rise about midnight on the 14th, and about four minutes earlier each subsequent evening. He is in Virgo, near Spica.—G. E. L.

BOOK NOTICES.

Essays on Questions of the Day; Political and Social. By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 360 pp.

This volume, which, it is needless to say, is brought out with the beautiful typographical appearance that characterizes all the works of Prof. Smith, is timely and very interesting. The subjects treated of are Social and Industrial Revolution, Disestablishment, The Political Crisis in England, Woman Suffrage, The Jewish Question, The Irish Question, Prohibition in Canada and the United States, and, as an appendix:—The Oneida Community and American Socialism. The author's opinions, as he explains in the preface, "are those of a Liberal of the old school, as yet unconverted to State Socialism; who looks for further improvement, not to the increase of the authority of government, but to the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far, and one of which, Science, is now operating with immensely increased power." He looks for improvement, not regeneration; he expects improvement still to be as it has been, gradual; and hopes much from steady, calm and harmonious effort, little from violence or revolution. Of course, Prof. Smith's general attitude and tendencies, as defined here, are known to very many the world over who are well acquainted with his knowledge as a historian, and the lucid, concise, and graceful

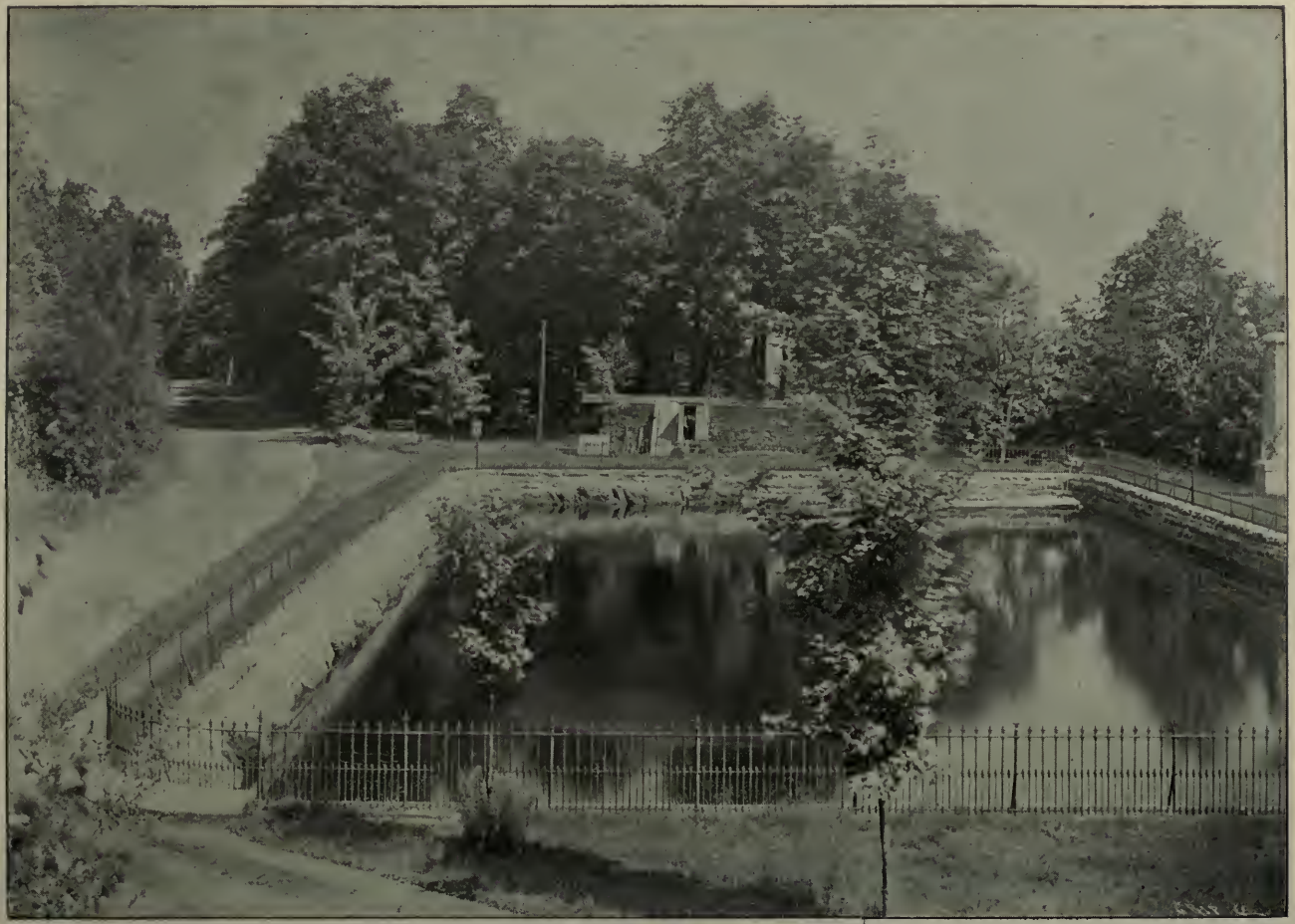
style which has given him a place amongst the very foremost masters of language in our own or any age. To these the present volume will come as a welcome addition to previous works, and to these, as well as others, at a time when the leaven of State Socialism, owing partly to the exigencies of party warfare, and perhaps partly to a decay in the old ideals of representative government, is permeating the fabric of society, it will be of use in helping to a clearer apprehension of where they should stand in their attitude towards the drift of our age; though with all the conclusions of the author there will perhaps be few who will agree. The first paper, Social and Industrial Revolution, is a broad, comprehensive treatment of an acute, world-wide question of tremendous importance, and affords much pleasure to the reader. The paper on the Jewish Question is full of interest, though, perhaps, the many quotations cited in regard to the excessive usury taken by Jewish money-lenders, in all countries, will not carry much weight in countries such as Canada and the United States, where money-lenders, not of Jewish blood, are found, who "grind the faces of the poor" with interest amounting in some cases to over 300 per cent. per annum, or over three times the rate cited by any of Prof. Smith's authorities as to the extortion practised by the Jews. It seems, too, that the half sympathy given by the author to the idea of prohibiting circumcision by way of remedying the exclusiveness of the Jews, is scarcely in accordance with the author's general views on personal and religious liberty. The paper on Prohibition is full of interesting facts and deductions, and for Canada and Great Britain is exceedingly timely. Altogether, the volume is one worthy of its author, and, therefore, it need scarcely be said, will be widely read throughout Anglo-Saxondom.

Cape Breton Illustrated, by JOHN M. GOW; illustrated by James A. Stabbert. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 423 pp.

This handsome table volume is a welcome contribution to the literature descriptive of Canadian history and scenery. Cape Breton, although at one of the eastern gateways to the Dominion, has been practically a *terra incognita* to the vast majority of Canadians. The present volume, with those who read it, or even glance over it, will do much to bring the resources, great historic interest, and remarkably beautiful scenery of the Island into the recognition they should receive. The work is rather too discursive for a book of the kind, devoting, as it does, a very considerable space, perhaps an undue space, to the English and American Puritans, and other subjects only indirectly related to Cape Breton; but even this does something to bring about a clearer understanding of old colonial days, while the chapters devoted to the two sieges of Louisburg are admirable in their fulness, and add much to the interest of the work. The numerous photo-engravings, illustrating the scenery of the Island, serve admirably to give a proper impression of the remarkable beauty of portions of Cape Breton. The typographical execution of the work is decidedly good.

The Toronto Art Students' League have given to lovers of art a very artistic, though unpretentious calendar for "Ninety Four." Of course, the calendar part of it is only a cover for the reproduction of many very clever etchings by members of the league. The etchings generally take the form of designs for verses by Canadian poets and verse writers, though a few of the best are reproduced without this accompaniment.

Amongst the other seasonable productions is the Christmas number of *Saturday Night*. That journal has done much for the encouragement of Canadian light literature, and the present number shows that excellent discrimination is generally made in giving that encouragement. Amongst the best of the stories is one by Evelyn Durand—singularly good in plot and execution,—"The Exodus to Centreville," by Marjory MacMurchy, and "With Murder in his Heart," by the editor. "The Ronan's League" is a pleasing glimpse at old Japan by Helen Gregory-Flesher, "Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur" by Charles Lewis Shaw, is very varied and entertaining. C. G. Rogers, E. Pauline Johnson and others contribute to the poetry. In literary quality and in interest the number is throughout excellent.



IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK, MONTREAL.

G. R. LANCEFIELD.

THE

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN: WHAT AND WHENCE.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

SINCE the discovery of this continent, the American Indian has been a subject of ethnological study. Military adventurers, and the chroniclers of their deeds, wrote descriptions of him. Missionaries committed to paper and to the printing press, grammars and vocabularies of his various tongues. And enthusiasts, from the time of Father Duran, in the end of the sixteenth century, derived him from Israel's Ten Tribes, or such other ancient stock as pleased their fancy. A volume would not suffice to set forth all their theories and the arguments by which they sought to justify them. The Spanish colonists of Mexico, and notably the ecclesiastics among them, were the first to gain an extensive acquaintance with the many types presented by the Red Man, in physical appearance, religion, culture and speech. Jedidiah Morse, A M., whose famous *History of America*, or Geography of the United States, was given to the world in 1789, contended that the Americans were descended from many different nations, inasmuch as in Mexico alone thirty-five different languages had been discovered. Travellers and missionaries,—Spanish and Portuguese in Central and Southern America, French and English in the North,—yearly added valuable fragments of information concerning the aborigines. In 1782, Court de Gebelin finished his *Monde Primitif*, in which he instituted a comparison between the languages of the New World and the Old, without any satisfactory result. This was followed in 1797 by B. Smith Barton's *New Views of the Origin of the Tribes and Nations of America*, published in Philadelphia. Early in the present century appeared two important works, Dr. Prichard's *Physical History of Mankind*, and Adelung's *Mithridates*. The first of these is the foundation of modern books on physical ethnology in the English language. The second, which derives its name from Mithridates VI., King of Pontus, who is reported to have spoken twenty-two languages, gives a view of all the known languages of the world, and among them of those of North and South America. Vater, of Berlin, and Balbi, of Paris, followed up the *Mithridates* with similar works. Then the scientific study of our aborigines fairly began. While the artist Catlin was travelling among the Indians of the United States, painting their portraits and collecting their traditions, and while Samuel Drake was amassing the materials for his *Biography and History of the Indians of North America*, five eminent workers in the field of American ethnology appeared, — Duponceau and

D'Orbigny, Gallatin, Schoolcraft and Hale. These are the pioneers of modern scientific research among the native tribes of America, and one of these, Mr. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ont., survives among us, an honored fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

Really valuable treatises on the American Indian, his language, folklore, manners and customs, and antiquities, have passed beyond the range of hundreds. A special magazine, *The American Antiquarian*, has devoted its pages to him. He shines in the anthropological department of *The American Naturalist*. The Bureau of Ethnology, under the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, publishes annually large volumes, profusely illustrated, dealing with him, and with him alone. Other books, hardly inferior in appearance, are those entitled *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, under the auspices of the U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region. Mr. Hubert Bancroft, of San Francisco, has produced a most elaborate work on *The Native Races of the Pacific States*. In Paris, there is a society doing good work, entitled the Société Américaine de France, and, under its organization, there is held annually, in different cities of Europe, a Congrés International des Américanistes, who are now on a par with the once famous Orientalists. Ludewig's *Literature of American Aboriginal Languages* is being superseded, so far as North America is concerned, by the complete bibliographies of Mr. J. C. Pilling, of the American Bureau of Ethnology, including those of the Iroquoian, Algonquian, Muskhogean, Siouan, Athapascan, Chinookan, Salishan, and Eskimo languages. Nor has Canada been idle. Besides the many learned treatises of Mr. Horatio Hale, including his *Iroquois Book of Rites*, the French missionaries, from the time of Lafiteau in 1724, have enriched our nascent literature with such works as Maurault's *Histoire des Abenakis*, Lacombe's *Cree Dictionary*, the Algonquin and Iroquois studies of the Abbé Cuoq, those of Petitot on the Eskimos and the Tinneh, and many more, equally worthy of mention. Side by side with Cuoq's *Algonquin Grammar* appears Dr. Patterson's essay on the extinct Beothiks of Newfoundland, in the transactions of the Royal Society. The Rev. A. S. Morice, like Father Petitot, takes the Tinneh, Athapascans, or, as he calls them, the Déné, for his theme, in the Transactions of the Canadian Institute. The Dominion Government has published Dr. Rand's *Dictionary of the Micmac*, and the collections of Drs. Tolmie and George Dawson on the Indians of British Columbia, have seen the light under the auspices of the Geological Survey of Canada. In the latter field, Dr. Franz Boas has been working for many years in the interests of the British Association. This work has lately been carried on by Dr. Chamberlain, whose report on the Kootenay Indians of south-western British Columbia is worthy to rank with his monograph on the Mississagas of Lake Scugog. Dr. Boyle in Toronto, and Dr. Bryce in Winnipeg, have done a great deal in the way of exploring and excavating in ancient sites of aboriginal life, and their example has been followed by many local antiquarians, who have contributed to their collections. The Ontario Government publishes Dr. Boyle's reports in connection with the Canadian Institute ; those of Dr. Bryce and his colleagues appear in the transactions of the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society. Articles of interest, statistical, antiquarian, and linguistic, have a place in the transactions of the Historical Society of Quebec and of the Natural History Society of Montreal, as well as in the Canadian Propaganda, or missionary magazine of the Roman Catholic Church. It is thus evident that there is no lack of material for gaining an acquaintance with the Indian in all his various relations.

In Canada, we have about 100,000

Indians, as against 260,000 in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. The 100,000 are very far from being homogeneous in physical characteristics, culture, language and religion. They represent a large number of tribes, once regarded as entirely distinct in origin, but now, for many years, classified by ethnologists into groups or families.

The two groups with which Canadians are generally familiar are the historical Indians of early colonial days, namely, the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois. Under the generic name Algonquin are grouped the Ojibbewas, or Chippewas, the Crees, of whom the Montagnais of the Lower St. Lawrence are an offshoot, the Mississagas, the Munceys, the Abenakis, the Micmacs, the extinct Beothiks of Newfoundland, and the Blackfeet of the far west. The Huron-Iroquois family embraces the six nations of the Iroquois, and the Hurons, and with these Mr. Hale has lately classed the Cherokees of the United States, on perfectly legitimate philological grounds. The Canadian group that follows next in point of dignity, if not in that of numbers, is the Dakotan, or Siouan, of which the Assiniboins, whose name is Algonquin, and the Dakotas, or Sioux proper, are the chief Canadian representatives, although their tribes are numerous across the border. They dwell along the banks of the Assiniboine river. North and west of the Western Crees, Dakotas and Blackfeet, extend the lodges of the Tinneh or Athapascans up to the Arctic circle, where they are the terror of the Eskimo, west into Alaska, and southwest into British Columbia. Their best known tribes are the Chipweyans and Athapascans proper, the Carriers, Coppermines, Beavers, and Dogribs, but they are a family of many divisions, and their offshoots are found in California, and even in Mexico, where the dreaded Navajos and Apaches still make their raids. Along the sterile shores of the northern ocean rove the Eskimo, also a people of many tribes, extending from Greenland in the east to the Asiatic seaboard of Behring's Straits in the west.

Out of our 100,000 Indians, more than 35,000 are natives of British Columbia, many of whose tribes are comparatively unknown. Exclusive of the Tinneh, there are no fewer than ten families of aborigines in the province. There are the Thlinkits, also found in Alaska, a fierce people, who render themselves more hideous than nature made them by the use of the lip ornament; the maritime Haidas of Queen Charlotte's Islands, whose Fijian features are depicted in Mr. Poole's book on these islands, while their Polynesian-like carvings in wood are illustrated in Dr. George Dawson's report upon the same; the equally maritime Ahts, of the west coast of Vancouver, who boldly attack the whale; the Tshimsians, far north along the coast between the Nass and Skeena rivers, who made war upon the Thlinkits in ancient days; the Salish, long known as Flatheads, a name more appropriate to the Chinooks, and who are inlanders, dwelling east of the Fraser river; the Niskwallis in the southwestern corner of the province, of whose language Mr. George Gibbs has furnished a very full vocabulary; the less known Kwakiools, Bilhoolas, and Kawitshins; and finally the Kootenays, another inland people, dwelling under the Rocky Mountains, along the shores of the Kootenay and Columbia rivers, who have lately been described by Dr. Chamberlain. The Kootenays have a tradition that they came from the east side of the mountains. If this be true, they must have been driven westward by their nearest eastern neighbors, the Blackfeet.

It is very amusing to read so-called portraitures of the American Indian based upon very partial observation. No such portraiture could be given of a German, an Englishman, or a Frenchman; neither can it be truly given of an Indian. When it is considered

that his complexion is darker than that of a European, and that his hair is *almost* invariably straight and black, there is no other feature to add that applies to the whole race. All pure-blooded Turanian peoples, that is to say, not Indo-European, nor Semitic, are more or less dark of complexion, and have straight black hair. Such is the type of the Northern Turanians of Siberia, Corea, and Japan, and such is the Malay Polynesian of the South. Some of them artificially bleach and frizz their hair, but by nature it is straight and black. Professor A. H. Keene, an authority in ethnology, finds a difference in the laminæ, or molecular build of native American hair, as compared with that of Asiatic Turanians, but, until we know more of the vagaries of the American climate, we will do well to attach little importance to this microscopic distinction. Dr. Morton, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, and other eminent men, have sought to locate the American skull and have failed. There are short heads and long heads, boat-shaped heads and flat heads among our aborigines, just as there are all the world over, so that craniology goes for next to nothing. Sir William Dawson compares the palæocosmic skulls of Cromagnon, Engis, Neanderthal, with that of a Huron, or Iroquois from the site of Hochelaga, and finds the ancient Montrealer as capable as European prehistoric men. Look at Catlin's famous pictures of many Indian types! There is the sleek Algonquin, impassive of aspect, of oval face, and moderate stature. There is the larger, more burly, broad-faced, shaggy-haired Iroquois, resembling the lion-like men of Moab whom Benaiah slew. There again is the dandy warrior of the Dakotas, over six feet in height, with hair so long that he can set his heels upon it, with a face like a half-moon, and with his aquiline nose, as unlike either of the others as well could be. The squat, grinning Comanche, a prince of horsemen, is another type; and the Napeolonic chief Petalesharo of the Pawnees; and the brave, but fair woman-like Osceola of the Seminoles.

Their characters are different. The Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear, is the Algonquin, a Malay of the Malays, who will not take the liberty of putting his hand on his brother even to awake him when danger threatens. There is no humor in that man. But, see the Athapascan, full of fun, laughter, and knavery; or the polite, courtly Huron, eager to be on good terms with all the world; or the sport-loving Choctaw, who revels in lacrosse and chungke. There is an element of gloom and cruelty in almost if not all pagan religions, which has been imported thence into peculiar forms of Christianity, and this element was most intense among the Mexicans of old: yet the big, good-natured Patagonians, until recently, had no other faith. Few people could be more unlike than the once civilized Quichuas and Chibchas of Peru and New Granada on the one hand, and the always savage Tupis and Guaranis of Brazil on the other. One of the most widely spread aboriginal stocks of Mexico is the Othomi, whose name has passed into a proverb, as did those of the Bœotians in Greece, and the Abderites in Thrace, so that the more intelligent Aztec calls a clumsy person "as stupid as an Othomi." Chateaubriand's picture of the Natchez is doubtless overdrawn, but the wide difference in culture between them and the neighboring tribes on the lower Mississippi is generally conceded. That nomadic horseman, the wild Navajo, roams over the plains in the vicinity of the walled towns or Pueblos of the civilized Zunis. Even within the limits of one family marked differences appear, so that Catlin imagined the fair and hospitable Mandans, who were unequivocal Dakotas, to be descendants of Prince Madoc and his Welsh followers. Among the Huron-Iroquois, the Onondagas were cultivators of the soil, the Tionontates, or

Tobacco Indians, were traders, and the Mohawks, simply warriors.

Similar variety appears in their arts. No remains of aboriginal architecture, properly so called, are found north of the States of Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, nor in the States to the southeast of these. What are found throughout a great part of the region destitute of true ruins, are mounds artificially constructed, many of which, used as tombs, contain a burial chamber, generally built of logs, but occasionally of stone. In these chambers skeletons have been found, along with implements of stone and copper, pottery, gold and copper ornaments, pearls, fragments of native cloth, and specimens of maize and other vegetable products. Some of the larger mounds seem to have been fortifications, and were probably crowned with palisades that have long crumbled into dust. But most of the large mounds were foundations for an ancient wooden architecture that included temples, royal palaces, fortified camps, and communal villages. The perishable wood has disappeared in North America, as it has from the mounds of Japan and Siberia. The foundation mound is very wide-spread and very ancient, having its origin, in all probability, in the country between the Euphrates and the Nile. Erected almost universally on the modern alluvia of rivers, they, of necessity, belong to historic time, and in America cannot date much more than a thousand years into the past. That the mound served the double purpose of a precaution against inundation and a defence against hostile attacks, is not unlikely, but, whatever the original motive may have been, the erection of those structures seems to have become a traditional custom in native architecture. Three commencements of mound-building have been found; the most northerly in Alaska, the second in Vancouver, and the third on the banks of the Columbia in Oregon. The route of the first or most northern mound-builders, was southward into British Columbia. That of the second was eastward and across the Rocky Mountains, where it struck the branches of the Saskatchewan, and so passed along the shores of Winnipeg, and the smaller lakes adjoining, to the copper fields of Superior. In Wisconsin this line of mound architecture reached its highest northern development. The route of the third line was also eastward, along the Columbia to the watershed whence flow the tributaries of the Missouri, and by way of these to the Mississippi. Thence it divided, one branch following the great river down to the Gulf of Mexico, the other keeping to the Ohio and culminating in West Virginia. There must, however, have been many offshoots, for some mounds have been found in Western Ontario, and Professor Cyrus Thomas, the great authority upon these structures, in his *Catalogue of Prehistoric Works East of the Rocky Mountains*, enumerates several thousands occupying the area from Canada to Florida, and from Massachusetts westward to Dakota. Mexico also has its mounds, and the route of their builders can be followed through Central America, and far into the southern part of the continent.

In the western part of North America, remains of ancient architecture in stone begin to appear in the States of Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, and thence extend into Mexico and Central America, finally culminating in Peru. In the Western States, and in northern Mexico, there are in addition to mounds, three classes of architectural remains,— Cliff-dwellings, Pueblos, and Casas Grandes. In Wyoming and Colorado, the Colorado river takes its rise, and flows through Utah and Arizona into the Gulf of California. This river and its many tributaries may be termed underground streams, as they flow through cañons, or deep rocky valleys. Little by little, during ancient ages, they have worn their way through from

four to six, and, Major Powell says, in some cases ten, thousand feet of rock. The cliffs thus created on either side of the rivers, are not, as a rule, perpendicular, but, owing to the varying hardness of the rock formation, are broken into terraces, sometimes of considerable width. Up in these almost inaccessible terraces, driven, it is said, by savage Utes and similar tribes of the roving Paduca family, a now extinct or emigrated race of cliff-dwellers took refuge. They carved their dwellings out of the rock, like the Kenites of Petra and Mount Hor, according to Balaam's parable, and faced them with detached blocks of stone, showing no small architectural skill. Some of these houses are eight hundred feet above the valley level, and must have been reached in part by ladders. Interesting relics of pottery and other manufactures have been found in them, which by their general character claim relationship with the work of the existing Pueblo Indians.

In the report of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, for 1886-87, is an elaborate treatise by Mr. Victor Mindeleff, entitled *A Study of Pueblo Architecture in Tusayan and Cibola.* In 1540, Coronado described the seven cities of Cibola, but until recently they were entirely lost sight of, so that the lost cities of Cibola were regarded as myths akin to Plato's Atlantis and the Arabian Gardens of Arim. At last they have been found, with many buildings of a similar character. Mr. Mindeleff says:—"The remains of Pueblo architecture are found scattered over thousands of square miles of this arid region of the southwestern plateaux. This vast area includes the drainage of the Rio Pecco on the east, and that of the Colorado on the west, and extends from central Utah on the north, beyond the limits of the United States southward, in which direction its boundaries are still undefined. The descendants of those who, at various times, built these stone villages are few in number, and inhabit about thirty pueblos, distributed irregularly over parts of the region formerly occupied." From the thirty inhabited pueblos came the specimens of graceful aboriginal pottery that in public and private collections now vies with Etruscan and Japanese ware.

What is a pueblo? Literally, it is a village, but, in reality, it is a walled town of peculiar construction. Zuni, the typical pueblo, situated in western New Mexico, is built upon a knoll covering fifteen acres, and, according to the late Mr. Lewis Morgan, once contained five thousand inhabitants. Its walls are not distinct from its houses, so that it resembles Jericho of old, from the house wall of which Rahab let down the spies into the open field. Professor Short's brief description is, "the town is built in blocks, with terrace-shaped houses, usually three stories high, in which the lower stories do service as the platform for those immediately following them. Access is obtained by means of ladders reaching to the roof or terrace formed upon the first story of each of the houses. The whole is divided into four squares, and the houses in each are continuously joined together. The building material employed is stone, plastered with mud." Finally, the Casas Grandes, or great houses, are found in Arizona on the Gila River, and in the Mexican province of Chihuahua. They were ruins when the Spaniards discovered them, and, of course, are such to-day. They were built of blocks of adobe, or unburnt brick, and the largest was originally 500 feet in length, by 250 in width, and 50 in height. They consisted of three or four stories, with a central tower, or citadel, and were evidently fortified castles, differing entirely from the pueblo. The pottery found in them is superior to that of Mexico proper, although one of their traditions bears the name of Montezuma.

There are some ancient stone buildings in Mexico of a different type, such as the pyramids at Tehuantepec, and the palace at Mitla, but most of the architecture of the Aztecs seems to have been in wood. In the area of the Huastec-Maya-Quiche family of Yucatan, Chiapas and Guatemala—there are many noble stone ruins, such as those of Palenque, ruins exhibiting remarkable skill in masonry, sculpture and painting. Their analogies are with Easter Island and other points in the Pacific, the general style of which can be traced back to Java and the Malay Archipelago as a whole. The next stone area is that of Peru, whose cyclopean buildings have been described by Rivero and Tschudi. These buildings, challenging comparison with those of ancient Greece, are said to have been the work not of the Quichuas, or ruling tribe, but of the Aymaras, who, at Tiahuanaco, near Lake Titicaca, set up an American Stonehenge. Like the Irish giant's dance and the erection of Wiltshire, it is fabled to have been set up in a single night by an invisible hand. All of these buildings are found accompanied with works of art, attesting a considerable degree of aboriginal culture, and, even where the wooden civilization has disappeared, as in Panama and New Grenada, these minor records of culture are still exhumed to be the ornaments of many museums. In the report of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1884–85, Dr. W. H. Holmes has an article of much interest on *Ancient Art of the Province of Chiriqui, Columbia*, which will be a revelation to many readers.

High as was the civilization of the early dwellers in Mexico, Central America and Peru, it has been asserted over and over again that they did not possess the art of writing, save in the rude pictographic stage. On the foundation of this *a priori* assumption, several inscribed stones, found in mounds or elsewhere in Iowa, Ohio, West Virginia, Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, have been pronounced forgeries. There is no limit to the follies and falsehoods of which an *a priori* dogmatist may be guilty. As a matter of fact, there was not, in the United States nor in Canada, when these stones were discovered, the knowledge requisite to forge them. For such forgery involved two things: the one, an acquaintance with the antecedent inscriptions of Japan and Southern Siberia; the other, a knowledge of the Archaic Japanese, which they yield when read. With slight variations, arising from rude execution, the characters of the stones indicated are the same as those of ancient Japan and of Siberia. In America, as in the Old World, the inscriptions were the work of a priestly caste of scribes, originally Buddhists. Many investigators of American antiquities have found traces of Buddhism on this continent in various forms, and have asked whence they came. The answer is that they came from the Turanian Kitas, who, expelled from India in the fifth century of the Christian era, carried their Buddhism first to the banks of the Yenisei in Siberia, thence to Corea and Japan, and finally, from the eighth century onwards, into America.

It may be asked, What traces of Japanese language and culture are found in this country? a very pertinent question, and one, therefore, demanding an answer. In regard to language, that extensive family called the Muskhogean, which embraces as its chief members the Creek, or Muskhoge, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw, and the Seminole, had its speakers been found in Asia instead of America, would have been affiliated at once with the Japanese, the Loo Chooan, and the dialect of the people of the Meia-co-Shimahs. In grammar and in vocabulary, the Muskhogean dialects are simply dialects of Japanese. The following brief comparison of some Choctaw and Japanese words indicates the identity of root and the dialectic variation of the two languages:

	Japanese.	Choctaw.
Man	*hito*	*hattak.*
Here	*ima*	*himak.*
Sand	*suna*	*shinuk.*
Day	*nitchi*	*nittak.*
Star	*foshi*	*fichik.*
Grass	*kusa*	*kushuk.*
Finger	*yubi*	*ibbak* (hand).
Hollow	*kara*	*choluk.*

The variation in the last example is accounted for by the fact that, while Japanese has no letter l, Choctaw has no r. The Muskhogean family has preserved more purely than any other American stock the classical, or written, language of their ancestors; but, in spite of many variations in grammatical and lexical forms, that same speech can be traced in those of numberless tribes from the Eskimo of the Arctic Circle to the Fuegians of Cape Horn. In Asia, the Koriak and Tchuktchi, the Yeniseian, Yukahirian, and Kamtchatdale are classed with the Japanese, although differing as widely from it in their present form as any American language of the class which I have named Khitan. The Tchuktchis and the Choctaws, or, as they call themselves, Tchekto, are really one tribe, yet the language of the Siberian division is far more divergent from the Japanese than is that of the American Tchekto. Concerning the Tchuktchis and Koriaks, Mr. Kennan, in his Tent Life in Siberia, says they bear the closest resemblance to our wild Indians. The Dakota bears a modified form of the Tchuktchi name, and is of the same race. Nor are our Huron-Iroquois of any other stock. As the individual Yeniseians call themselves *Khit*, a man, thereby claiming alliance with the Japanese *Hito* and Choctaw *Huttak*, so one of their chief tribes is that of the *Kenniyeng*, or flint people, and they are the brothers, far removed, of the Mohawks, whose true name is *Kanienke*, the flint men. Arioski, the war god of the Koriaks and the related Siberians, is the Huron-Iroquois Areskoui, as was indicated by Mr. J. Mackintosh, in his *Origin of the North American Indians*, published by W. J. Coates, in Toronto, in 1836. Mr. Mackintosh's book, published, like those of many original students, in advance of his age, is a perfect thesaurus of facts connecting part of our Indian population with that of Siberia.

The mounds of Siberia and Japan, and notably the burial mound or chambered tumulus, are identical with those of the American mound builders. From Siberia came the snow-shoe, the birch bark canoe and lodge, bead and quill work, wampum belts and many things looked upon as the peculiar property of the American Indian. The editor of this magazine has kindly communicated to me the experience at a lacrosse match in Montreal of two strangers, a Frenchman and a Welshman, who had just come from Yesso in Japan, and who, never having seen Indians, nor the game before, in America, recognized both as of Japanese origin. Martin Sauer, in his account of Billing's exploring expedition in 1785, mentions a game of the Tchuktchis of Behring's Straits, which he compares with that known as Prisoner's Bars, and this may have been the Canadian national game. The Basques of the Pyrenees who are now generally allowed to be most closely related to the Iroquois, and other Khitan tribes in point of language, play lacrosse to the present day. Ancient folklore indicates that the game is as old as the Pyramids of Egypt. The illustrious Humboldt, in his New World studies, found many Old World analogies. In his Views of Nature, he has compared the religion, the government, and the circular gold plates that passed for money, of the Chibchas of New Granada, with the same among the Japanese. In the account of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, the astronomical system of the Japanese is declared to be identical with that of these Chibchas. Turning to religion, it appears

that the national religion of the Japanese, and the related peoples of Southern Asia, is Sintoism, a form that the intrusive principles of Buddhism never conquered. It is Polytheism, the worship of many gods, or divine ancestors, at the head of whom stands the Sun. It was very likely that this worship originated in Egypt, where the Pharaohs of old called themselves Sons of the Sun, and was thence transferred to India, in which there were Solar and Lunar dynasties. Our great Algonquin family never worshipped the lord of day, nor did the equally extensive Huastec-Maya-Quiche family of Central America, nor the Mbaya-Abipone family of the Gran Chaco of South America. The same may be said of many other Indian groups of tribes, both north and south. But the Huron-Iroquois and the Dakotas were sun-worshippers, and such were the Muskhogeans, the Paducas or Shoshonese family, the Pueblos, the Sonora Indians of Mexico, the Aztecs, the Chibchas, the Peruvians and the Chilenos. All the great warlike tribes of America are or were sun-worshippers. The ancient Huron, Natchez, Chibcha, and Peruvian kings or head chiefs were revered as the Sun's descendants, just as the Pharoahs, and the Japanese monarchs were. Moreover, the Royal or Solar family of Loo-Choo, a Japanese colony, were known as the Anzis, a term corresponding to that denoting the same gens in Peru, namely the Incas. The resemblance in government indicated by Humboldt is that by two chiefs, the one sacred or priestly, the other secular or warlike, which no longer obtains in Japan, but which once characterized many American communities, besides the Chibchas of New Granada.

Man is naturally a historian, an enquirer into, and a chronicler of, the records of the past. History, whether it be told in prose or in verse, engraved upon a monument, or committed to memory, is the earliest form of literature. Did our native Indians preserve any such records? It has already appeared that the mound builders, whose work attests their kinship with the former inhabitants of Siberia and Japan, possessed and made intelligent use of the Siberian alphabet, or rather, it should be said, the Siberian syllabary, inasmuch as every character denotes a simple syllable composed of a consonant and a vowel. Very few inscriptions in this character have come to light, but it is not improbable that the finders of others have wisely kept silent regarding their discoveries, which, in the present temper of American archæological dogmatism, would only win for them the odious reproach of forgery. Those that have been published reveal the fact that the art of writing with syllabic characters existed as late as the thirteenth century. But, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, the Mexicans were found in the possession of an extensive literature, of which many codices or manuscripts survive. The characters they made use of were hieroglyphic representations of parts of the human body, of animals, birds, vegetable forms, and implements. These were not employed alphabetically, as were most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, nor ideographically, as were some of the Egyptian, and all of the Chinese; but syllabically. The Spanish missionaries mastered the Mexican system, and made use of it in teaching their converts the prayers and other offices of the church. To write the first two words of the Pater Noster, it being remembered that the Aztec or Mexican has no r, they used the hieroglyphics *flag, stone, Indian fig, stone.* A flag is *pantli*, an Indian fig, *nochtli*, and a stone, *tetl*, nevertheless these hieroglyphics were not read as *pan, tetl, nochtetl*, but as simple syllables of two letters, *pate note.* Some of the Aztec codices that have survived are puzzling pictographs of which Lord Kingsborough and others have given fanciful interpretations, but there should be no difficulty in deciphering those

written in the ordinary hieroglyphic. The peculiar Aztec combination *tl*, as in *tetl*, a stone, *tepetl*, a mountain, *tlalli*, earth, is really not peculiar to that language, for it is found in the north-western parts of the United States, and also in Siberia, and in the Caucasus. On comparison with related dialects in the Old World and the New, it is found to be an expedient for the sound of the missing r, and at once the Aztec falls into the category of the Khitan languages.

It is strange that no remains of writing have been found among the cultured Peruvians, who are said to have recorded events by means of knotted cords called *quippos*. That they must once have possessed the art is plain from the fact that their *amautas*, or wise men, corresponded precisely to the *amoxoaques* or scribes of the Mexicans. In Central America, the countries of Yucatan and Guatemala, the homes of the highly civilized Huastec-Maya-Quiche family, yielded large numbers of manuscripts, the larger part of which fell to the fire, like the books of curious arts at Ephesus, through the iconoclastic zeal of Bishop Landa, and like-minded prelates. The few codices that survive are in characters similar to those sculptured on monuments at Palenque, Copan, and Chichen Itza. They are hieroglyphic, and the hieroglyphics are purely ideographic, thus differing entirely from the graphic systems of the Aztecs, and the mound-builders. The codices have not been read, but the supposed much more ancient monumental records go back little farther than the middle of the fifteenth century, telling the story of the rise of the Cachiquel empire upon the ruins of those of the Mayas and Quiches. The hieroglyphics of the Huastec-Maya-Quiches are most nearly akin to those found on Easter Island in the Southern Pacific, which are depicted in one of Lady Brassey's books, and elsewhere, and which Dr. Carroll, of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, professes to have translated.

The only two genuine systems of ancient writing yet found in America, are the Khitan in its hieroglyphic or Mexican form, and in its current or mound-builder character, on the one hand, and the Central American, or Huastec - Maya - Quiche system of grouped ideographic hieroglyphics on the other. These two systems set forth two radically distinct groups of languages, of which the former claims kindred with Japan and Northern Asia, the latter with Polynesia and the Malay Archipelago.

Aboriginal Authors is the title of a too-little known but most interesting little book, by Dr. D. J. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania. Nobody in America has such a collection of Central American native literature, or knows it as he does. His own volumes in the Library of Aboriginal American Literature, entitled, *The Chronicles of the Mayas*, *The Annals of the Cachiquels*, and *The Comedy Ballet of Güegüence*, written in the Nicaraguan jargon, are evidences of his Central American scholarship, but one is surprised to find him the author of another volume of the series, namely, *The Lenape and their Legends*, with the full text and symbols of the *Walum Olum*, or History of the Delawares. In the same list of publications appear Mr. Hale's *Iroquois Book of Rites*, and Mr. Gatschet's *Migration Legend of the Creeks*. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, in his *History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America*, refers to a perfect library of texts, Aztec, Maya, Quiche and Cachiquel texts written by natives, after the conquest, in the European characters they learned from their Spanish teachers, but translated in great part from hieroglyphic originals. Still another great store-house of information regarding this ancient literature is found in the historical collections of Mr. Hubert Bancroft. One can hardly think that Garcilasso and Montesinos, with those who furnished Acosta and Lopez with their

material for the history of Peru, depended altogether upon memory for their facts, although the *Walum Olum* of the Delawares and the *Iroquois Book of Rites* were, so far as is known, first written in European characters, having been previously circulated from mouth to ear. Of such a nature is all the American literature outside of Mexico and the central part of the continent. It is, of course, almost altogether in the shape of folk lore, but few are aware how extensive our aboriginal folk lore is. Fragments of it are found in the writings of Charlevoix, Catlin, Kohl, Powell, Gatschet, Dawson, Chamberlain, in *Brinton's Hero Myths*, and similar publications, but it is now a library. Rink and others have told the tales of the Esquimaux; Petitot and Morice, those of the Tinneh; Schoolcraft is the authority on the Algonquins; Morgan, Johnson, and the late Mrs. Erminie Smith, on the Iroquois; Dorsey and Riggs on the Dakotas; Matthews and Stevenson on the Navajos; Cushing and Mrs. Stevenson on the Zunis; Grinnell on the Blackfeet; Dunbar and Grinnell on the Pawnees; Leland and Rand on the Micmacs and Penobscots; Brinton on the Mayas; Brett on the Indians of British Guiana; Harte on those of the Amazon; Markham on the Peruvians, and so the list might go on indefinitely. Our aborigines have spoken through the ears and the pens of many laborious students of many lands, and their stories, like those of Ossian, are of the days of old.

A selection of aboriginal American classics would include the *Book of Rites* of the Iroquois; the *Walum Olum* of the Delawares; the *Migration Legend* of the Creeks; the *Mexican Chronicles* of Ixtlilxochitl and Tozozomoc; the *Maya Chronicles*, or *Books of Chilan Balam;* the *Popol Vuh* of the Quiches; the *History of the Cachiquels*, or Memorial of Tecpan-Atitlan; the Nicaraguan *Comedy Ballet* of Güegüence, and the Peruvian *Drama of Ollontay*. In all of these the native mind has expressed itself, and it is worth while knowing what that native mind was capable of. For a long time the world was in ignorance of the treasures of Celtic literature, Irish and Gaelic, Welsh and Cornish and Breton. It is not long since the Finnish *Kalawala* and the Esthonian *Kalewipoeg*, two northern epics, came to light. So at last it is known that America has a native literature, a literature that may be called crude, and at times to European ears grotesque, but that is lacking neither in thought nor in dignity. Nor are our aborigines foreign to the literature of the world. The greatest poet of the United States, in his ethnologically confused but poetically consistent and unique *Hiawatha*, has dealt solely with the Red Man's tradition. Chateaubriand, in his *Natchez*, and Marmontel in his *Incas*, have found him a fitting subject for their prose poems. And he has an epic, all his own, in the *Araucana* of Ercilla, which Voltaire placed beside the epics of Homer and Virgil, of Tasso, Camoens, and Milton. Doubtless the author of the *Henriade*, anxious to give all great nations an epic, by selecting this Spanish poem, softened his own fall. The *Araucana* may take its place with the *Henriade*, and with Lucan's *Pharsalia* in the second rank. Ancient texts are being discovered continually in Egypt, in Palestine, in Asia Minor, on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. There is no reason why research should not bring to the light of day more ancient documents than we yet possess written by our aborigines, materials for the complete history of man on the American continent, which every true student of humanity longs to have before him.

Voltaire said that as the Almighty made the flies of America, there is no reason, why He should not have made the men also. Certainly, there is no reason, *a priori*, but scientific investigation furnishes many. The evolutionist finds in the absence of anthropoid apes on the American continent

an argument for deriving its population from the old world. The Biblical anthropologist argues against the theory of American protoplasts from the doctrine of the unity of the human race, and anthropologists in general believe in the unity of the species. The most cautious philologists find no radical diversity between the languages of the two hemispheres The archaeologist discovers identity of design and execution in the work of the prehistoric peoples of the east and the aborigines of the west. Three questions, therefore, remain, questions that have already been answered in part. These are: How many original stocks furnished our American population prior to the appearance of the European, whether Norseman or Spaniard? Where did they come from? and Where did they settle? In answer to the first question, it may be said that if we knew the languages of all our aborigines, not only in vocabulary, but also in grammatical forms, and could assert that none had lost their original speech, as so many European Iberians and Celts have done, we could answer it. As it is, the question can only be answered approximately. We know a great many Indian languages in the way indicated, and these fall into two great divisions which are logically and therefore grammatically distinct. The ordinary reader of a European language, English, French, German, Latin, or Greek, calls a certain class of words denoting relation by the name *preposition*, and he does so rightly, because in the overwhelming majority of cases they are placed before the word they govern. Very rarely appear such constructions as the Latin *mecum* and *tecum*, the English *the whole night through*, and the German—

> "Noch harrte im heimlichen Dämmerlicht
> Die Welt dem Morgen entgegen."

They are rare exceptions in all Indo-European languages but the Sanscrit, therefore a word denoting relation is a preposition. Now, it is a strange thing, yet true, that probably half the languages of the world do not use prepositions; they employ words denoting relation, but they place them after the governed word, so that they are no more prepositions but postpositions. This distinction is as old as the Tower of Babel. The ancient Egyptian and the Semitic of Chaldea and Palestine were prepositional languages; the Turanian, whether Accadian, Susian, or Hittite, were postpositional. The Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Celt, the European, the Polynesian, the Algonquin, and the Maya gave, and, so far as they survive, have given prominence or the first place to the abstract term or preposition. The Hittite, the Basque, the Japanese, the Iroquois, and the Aztec give prominence to the concrete term which is the word governed. This radical distinction in the order of thought runs all through the system of the respective tongues; but this is not the place for teaching comparative grammar. According to this distinction the best known American languages must be classified.

The best known prepositional languages in America are the large Algonquin family, in the east of Canada and the United States, the Huastec-Maya-Quiche family in the east of Mexico and Central America, and the Mbaya-Abipone family to the east of Chili in South America. To the Huastec family belonged the now extinct aborigines of the West India Islands. Why are all these in the east? Did they come from the east to America? The answer must be in the negative, for the people speaking these languages have few affinities with the natives of Africa or of Europe. Their languages, in grammatical and verbal forms, are Malay-Polynesian, and such are their insular heaven, their gods, their creation myths, their tribal names, their rites, manners, customs, and their character. I venture to say that an intelligent Tonga islander, familiar with dialects, would have little trouble in understanding an Abipone. The

architecture and civilization of Yucatan and Guatemala connect with Java and other islands of the Malay Archipelago through the Caroline, and Gilbert Islands, Navigators, Marquesas, and Easter Islands, in all of which similar works are found. A northern Malay-Polynesian route was that of the Ladrones, Marshalls, and the Sandwich Islands, which also contain remains of ancient art. Driven step by step from their island refuges by hostile tribes, the emigrants finally found their way to the western shores of this continent, whence they were, in time, expelled by stronger warrior bands descending from the north, who compelled them to withdraw to the eastern parts which they now occupy. Their present position, therefore, is the result of displacement. These Indians of insular derivation were not originally scalpers, although the Algonquins soon learned that savage art, but were decapitators like their Malay ancestors, and as the Beothiks, the furthest displaced of all the Algonquin tribes, continued to be till the end. In the prevalence of the rite of circumcision, the use of an intoxicant prepared like the *cava*, in the almost total absence of pottery among the Huastec-Maya-Quiches, and in many similar things, they differ from the warriors who descended from the north to displace them, and agree with the inhabitants of Polynesia. The Algonquin, by more intimate contact with these warrior tribes, became, more or less, assimilated to them in customs and in arts, yet all his affinities are with the peoples of Central America and the Gran Chaco.

Already a large number of Indian tribes have been associated with the Japanese family of north-eastern Asia, through their postpositional syntax, their vocabulary, tribal names, worship, government and arts. The only Asiatic works that shed any light upon the cause of their migration, are those of Japan primarily, and secondarily, those of Corea and China. The brief monumental records of Siberia and Buddhist India also afford information. It appears that from the time marked in Europe by the irruption of the barbarians, that is, in the fifth Christian century, there was a constant pressure of warlike tribes, expelled from Persia and India, upon those that had previously migrated into Central Asia. These latter were driven in three directions, north, into Siberia, east, into China, and west into Europe, where, among other names, they were known as Huns and Avars. When the latter were expelled from Europe, they pressed in succeeding waves upon their Asiatic kinsmen, until a large body of them, known to the Chinese and Corean historians as the Khitan, took possession of the Chinese Empire and ruled there, the Chinese say, from before the middle of the tenth century till 1123. The Chinese date is wrong, for the Corean historians state that the Khitan were in possession of Liaou-Tung in northern China between 684 and 689, and that they invaded Corea. The dated Buddhist inscriptions of the Khitan, in Siberia, range from 493 to 784 A. D. The Mexican historians also place the beginning of Toltec sovereignty in 717 A. D., and the dated Mound-Builder inscriptions go back to the eighth century. Corean and Japanese history are full of the story of successive invasions, revolts of various tribes, and banishments, such as led to the peopling of the Loo Choo Islands, and the Meia-co-Shimahs between them and Formosa. To these successive expulsions, not of barbarians, but of civilized warriors, possessing war junks of considerable size, belong the civilized Khitan of America, including the Peruvians, the Mexicans, and the Mound-Builders. Other less historical waves of population came, as the records of the Creeks and Choctaws denote, by way of Kamtschatka and the Aleutian Islands.

When tho Khitan landed on the Mexican coast they found it already occupied by the Huastec-Maya-Quiche

peoples, whom previous disturbances in south-eastern Asia had driven to sea in their large war prahus. How long they and their congeners in other parts of the continent had been in their American seats, it is, in the absence of positive information, hard to say. We only know, from the fact of their displacement by the Khitan, that they had preceded them as colonists. The Malayan histories do not tell when Brahmanism and Buddhism in degraded forms were first brought into Malacca and the islands, leading to religious wars and expatriation. There is no trace of either of these creeds among the Polynesians or their American descendants, which is a proof that they either migrated before these wars or in consequence of them. The Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, Fahian, helps us a little by the information that, in the extreme end of the fourth century, when a storm drove his vessel into Java, he found the Brahmans in strong force, while the religion of Buddha was not practised. It is safe, therefore, to say that the period of expulsion was at least as early as 350 A.D., and may have been a century or two earlier. How long it took the Malay-Polynesian emigrants to reach the American shores is a question which the Maya and Quiche documents do not answer. However, the first invaders from Northern Asia to encroach upon them were the Toltecs, who, according to Mexican history, began their civilized American existence in 717 A. D. In 1062, the Toltecs were expelled to the south by their Khitan brethren the Chichimecs and Aztecs, and in that same year Peruvian monarchy is said to have begun. The Toltecs are on this account supposed to be the same race as the Peruvians, all of whose affinities were with the people of the Loo Choo Islands. The Japanese and Loo Chooan histories relate that Tame Tomo, a rebel of the royal family of Japan, being compelled to emigrate, took possession of these islands in 1156. It can be proved, however, from the Siberian monuments of Sagota, that Japanese chronology is far astray. These monuments are dated 493 A. D., while Japanese history places him between 810 and 823, a difference of between 317 and 330 years. Allowing for the error, the date of Tame Tomo's immigration is brought down to a point between 826 and 839 A. D. This is still more than a hundred years too late to enable us to recognize in him the colonist of Mexico, nor is it necessary to do so, for the history of Loo Choo states that, on his arrival in the islands, he married the younger sister of the Anzi whose ancestors had reigned there some thousands of years.

There is every evidence from Mexican history that the Toltecs came in vessels to the west coast of Mexico. Whether it was they or the Chichimecs, now represented by the Shoshonese, who found the stupid Othomis already in possession of that country, is hard to determine, as the historians were not of Toltec but of Chichimec, Aztec, or Nahua ancestry. These latter are the mound-builder tribes, that, pressed in part by new invasions of the migratory Khitan, were driven south and westward, until, gathering strength, they overcame the Toltecs in 1062, after a supremacy of almost three hundred and fifty years, and drove them into the south, there to displace tribes of insular derivation. To follow up the various waves of conquest and migration would be a pleasing task, but one far too long for the limits of a magazine article. Suffice to say that, through the troubled middle ages, such waves followed in rapid succession, until at length the great warrior tribes from Alaska poured down upon the mound-builders who remained—first the Muskhogeans, then the Huron-Iroquois and Cherokees, and finally the Dakotas, sweeping them into the south or out of existence, as if they had not been brothers of the same unhappy race. The story of the Indian, whether his ances-

tors came from the islands of the ocean or from the Asiatic main, is, to the unprejudiced student, an inexpressibly sad one. There is no evidence that on American ground there lived and taught a Quetzalcoatl or a Hiawatha. These names were not myths, but they belonged to very ancient days in far distant eastern seats. No such aboriginal reformer before the conquest successfully preached the doctrines of peace and brotherhood. Blood stains the whole of Indian history—blood shed in endless wars, blood poured out in wanton cruelty, blood offered on the altars of their unhallowed gods. As races they had sold themselves to do the Devil's work, and when the white man came they received the Devil's pay.

Devil shit

ON THE CONTENTS OF A CERTAIN COMPARTMENT OF A LIBRARY.

Now this, now that, in desultory wise,
The spirit hath stirred—a coil in the state—a war
Renew'd, of theories giving rude jar
To common thought, bewildered by surprise.
Tractates and tomes, arraignments and replies,
Shot to and fro, till soon, the ferment o'er,
Into disfavor laps'd the casual lore,
And well sufficed the old authorities.

Records of issues dead these shelves contain:
Of many a wordy bout behold the wrack;
Bones to whose cell the marrow comes not back,
Flint flakes whence fire will ne'er be struck again.
So, in Swiss glen, the stones of the moraine
Show to this day the vanished glacier's track.

S.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

Few things can awaken more pleasant or more sad emotions than to look back over a period of half-a-century and recall the many joyous faces of those who occupied the high benches found in the school-houses of that period. These benches were occupied for a few months in each year. Usually the morning was pleasanter than the afternoon, for the unsupported feet and the tired dorsal muscles drove smiles from the face and gladness from the heart. And when four o'clock came and the high seat was abandoned and the fresh air once more breathed, the weariness and the aches were forgotten, and young hearts were again happy, as much so as the prisoner who, after a long confinement, hears from the Bench, "Nothing has been found against you —you are at liberty to go." The sense of freedom at once found expression in shouts of gladness and of song.

The school-house of the early settler was not a gem of architectural beauty, and so did not awaken the æsthetic sensibilities which are a part of our mental constitution, and which enable us to recognize the beautiful in Nature and in Art. In mediæval times the true ideal of church architecture possessed the minds of those who created the great cathedrals of Europe. Those massive edifices combine beauty with sublimity and strength. We are not only pleased with the exquisite harmony of design but with the beauty which we behold in these structures. We are profoundly impressed with the lofty columns, the high-spreading arches, the subdued light, and the elaborate carving, and so we exclaim,

"The Lord is in His holy Temple.
Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

The thoughts and character of a people are sometimes shown in the character of the works they leave behind them. A great cathedral seems at once a place of security and a place of worship. It unites the citadel with the altar, and so gives expression to the profoundest thoughts of its age. The school-house is to our day what the cathedral was to peoples of the mediæval period. It is the visible expression of a different state of mental progress. In the old cathedral the place is the master of the man. There he laid aside his freedom and trusted not to himself. Its walls were those of a celestial citadel, guarded by invisible legions, who saw that no enemy came nigh the multitude who worshipped at its shrine. Everywhere within those lofty walls men were impressed with the idea of their own helplessness, their own insignificance, and their own dependence upon Him to whom they paid their devotions.

But the modern school-room expresses the thought of man's relation to man and to the world about him. Beauty, order, light, cheerfulness and self-reliance are the habits and thoughts which it expresses. He who has dwelt within its walls does not say, "I am nothing," but "I am a man!" "I have dominion." "I go forth to conquer." He does not say, "Here I have no continuing city; I am a wanderer camped for the day, taking my departure for a better country when the sun has gone down and the night has come." On the contrary; what he says in act is, "Here is my home; I have come to stay, and I purpose to replenish the world and to have dominion over it. I intend to cultivate it and to dress it until the waste places are made fruitful, and the soli-

tary places become 'as the garden of the Lord.'" The modern school-house has hope in this life and in man's ability to overcome want, suffering, and all other obstacles which impede or mar human happiness, and which stand in the way of human comforts. This is the ideal of to-day—not that presented by the actual school-house of the first settlers of the province. The difference is one rather of circumstance than of thought. The school-houses of our fathers were not made attractive by numerous conveniences contributing to health, comfort, and high intellectual improvement. One can truly repeat of them the well-known lines of Tom Hood—

> "There I was birched,
> There I was bred,
> There like a little Adam fed
> From Learning's rueful tree."

I can myself recall the many who occupied those uncomfortable forms in the old school-house where I began my study of the subjects usually pursued in the common school. I can recall their faces, their tears, their smiles, their dog-eared books, their successes, their failures—all these come back to me with the distinctness of events which have just transpired, and for the moment my own heart again partakes of their hopes, their pleasures, their vexations, and once more I am a boy. The old dead schoolmaster, like Samuel, comes forth from his grave, takes his place again at his desk; bald-headed men and women, wrinkled with age, are again transformed into children, and are once more seated upon their high forms, engaged in their old studies, and are amusing themselves at their obsolete plays. 'Tis but a pleasing illusion—a phantom of the imagination and the heart. The dial of time will not go back, and we are compelled to march ever onward in the direction of old age and the grave.

I remember how we labored to show how near we could come to the border-line of disobedience without being the painful cause of spoiling a birch. But how little we know at any time how much of life still remains to us! The vast majority of my school-mates sleep their last sleep, and the few who still remain are scattered far and wide over this broad continent.

I can recall to mind how we chased the butterflies till we tired ourselves and spoiled our hats; how we climbed the lofty trees not far away in search of bird's eggs—there was no Audubon Society at that time—and left part of our clothes high up among the branches. We were interested in the structure of the nests, the number and color of the eggs, and the habits of the birds. How we tempted the teacher into flogging us to see which one of us could endure it best without dancing about, crying, or scratching where he was hit! The boy who pranced time to the strokes of a switch—in a kind of Irish jig, was a disgraced boy, and was looked upon as one belonging to an inferior race. The flogging invited and secured was a kind of initiation into the society of braves, and the boy who winced or pranced or rubbed himself where he was hit could not graduate in that society with first-class honors. But this spirit of bravado was not long dominant. A bid for initiation into the family of heroes went out of fashion, and other means of distinction were sought. I remember well a deaf old Irish schoolmaster, who had served his fourteen years in the British army, who was the occasion for much amusement. The more advanced pupils learned but little by his aid—they learned much on account of his infirmities. He was very deaf, and we misread our lessons to him in a tone of voice as loud as we well could use without being detected by him in our nonsense. This practice often afforded infinite amusement to all the school, and the old schoolmaster was never able to understand why it was that all the junior pupils took so deep an interest in the reading of his senior

class. I can still recall much of the rhyme we wrote and read, instead of that put down in the book. I have never doubted, since I became a man, that we made a profitable use of our time, and although we were not much instructed, yet our minds were educated and our intellectual faculties were developed and strengthened by the literary amusements in which we were then engaged.

These were the only exercises in composition that we had under the deaf old master. Once we began, we sought to excel. Each endeavored to produce something that commended itself to the approbation of others. Our rivalry was keen, though I believe it was generous. I dare say that had our parents known just how we occupied a part of our time they would have thought it misspent. That would, indeed, have been an erroneous judgment. We had no prizes offered us as incentives to improvement. Our chief stimulus was the amusement which it afforded us, and that it afforded others who were still younger. We also took a pleasure in doing what before we began we did not know that it was in our power to perform.

In the summer days we stretched ourselves on the greensward, under the spreading branches of a gigantic walnut that stood in the cross-road on a hill not far away from the schoolhouse, and there composed parodies of our poetical lessons in Lindley Murray's English Reader. The summers of childhood have gone by for ever; the great walnut tree, which was seven feet in diameter, was long ago riven by the lightning, and has all been taken away. The vast majority of those who composed and read and wrote have been gathered to their fathers. A few years hence not one of them will remain. Yet, what I still remember of that time is a pleasant prospect, in which no barren spots are seen, upon which no shadows fall, and which the light of the afternoon sun beautifies. I cannot tell you with how much pleasure, with what tender regard, I recall those schoolday amusements and the memory of those who were partakers in them; nor can I withhold a tear from my recollection of those whose merry laugh can never again be heard, whose kindly greeting can never again be given, and whose generous hearts are still for ever. They had in life cloudless mornings; ere noon was reached their suns had gone down.

I have referred to our literary compositions at the school. Some of them have engraven themselves indelibly upon my memory. They were so often read and recited, that I can recall the very tones in which many of the class read them, and I can see before me the general attention and amusement of all. Nothing delighted the pupils more than to hear the deaf old schoolmaster compliment the reader, put his hand upon the boy or girl's head, and predict for him or her a great future, although it was obvious to all, that the old man could not have distinguished a word that was said.

Our reader contained the couplet:

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

But it was not so read in the class to the deaf old man. When the words in a parody were just the same as the words of the original poem they were shouted in a voice loud enough for even the deaf old master to hear, and then, in lower tones, were repeated lines of the most ludicrous character, set off by the most extravagant gestures, which excited the admiration of the teacher and provoked the general merriment of all his pupils. One parody of the above quotation read:

"Just as the twig is held in Baldy's hand,
Some fretful urchin hears the call to stand;
Old Baldy ever seems with birch inclined
To make his mark upon some boy behind.
Old Nick himself, in truth, this man bewitches,
He bends his twig on those with linen breeches."

The old schoolmaster was perfectly bald, and for this reason the name of

Baldy was given him in the parody; and it was one of the mysteries which he was never able to solve why it was that it took so long to recite this couplet. The old man was never tired having his senior class recite Cowper's poem of "The Bears and Bees." The poem, as my readers remember, begins as follows:

"As two young bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighboring wood,
Came where the industrious bees had stored,
etc."

But the rhyme recited before the old schoolmaster, was of a very different character. It underwent many variations during the summer. All the school listened whenever it was recited; and all heard it except the old schoolmaster. The old man was highly pleased because he saw that it entertained others. Somehow or other, he felt that it added to his own importance; and when the recitation was over, he would relate something about the genius of Cowper which no biographer has recorded, and he insisted with a great deal of vehemence that as long as the English tongue remained a living language, neither youth nor old age could lose interest in this greatest production of the poet's genius,—the poem of "The Bears and the Bees."

Little did the old man suspect the source of his pupils' amusement. The parody as it was originally written was in this form:

As two young bears without a cent—
Upon a high old time were bent—
Thought the subject o'er with care,
Said honey would be good for bear.

They ranged the wood, they climbed the trees,
They sniffed, and ran in search of bees.
At length the rascals found a swarm;
The tree was high, the day was warm.
These two young bears, now filled with glee,
At once began to climb the tree.
They reached the place—an end to fun;
They saw their work was but begun;
They labored hard, without success,
To leave the poor bees honeyless.
They scratched and gnawed, but learned with pain
That all their labor was in vain.

The angry bees, in great alarm,
Came flying forth, a numerous swarm.
The little insects full in view,
About their ears vindictive flew.

Hungry, and tired by their toil,
The bears fought fiercely for their spoil.
They clapped their paws, they rubbed their ears,—
Their eyes were bunged and filled with tears.
They wildly fought,—I need not tell
How from their lofty perches fell
These bears. The bees came, too;
The rascals scarce knew what to do;
Rolled in the leaves, and brushed their hair,
For well they knew the bees were there.

They shook themselves; they waltzed about,
As if they'd turn them inside out;
Stood on their heads in sheer despair,
And raised their hind feet in the air;
It did not take them long to find
That bees could sting a bear behind.

The old she-bear came forth alone
In search of them; she heard them groan.
She said, "My cubs, why don't you run—
Your education's well begun.
This morning each went forth a fool,
But both have been a day at school;"
A boy to learn requires years—
One summer is enough for bears.

I give these examples to show the kind of occupation in which a senior class of boys and girls, from twelve to fifteen years of age, engaged half a century ago, when they had a very deaf old man of very moderate attainments for a teacher. The only geography the old man knew, he had learned as a soldier in the British army. He could tell much of interest about Portugal and Spain, Gibraltar and Malta, Calcutta and Cape Colony, and of the United Kingdom. Of other parts of the globe he knew next to nothing, and his pupils had to depend upon themselves in mastering Woodbridge and Olney.

There was one incident connected with his school, which none who witnessed it are ever likely to forget. It was by far the most impressive of any associated in my mind with this old man's school. It arose from a trick played upon a fierce old Indian named Rufus Turkey. I cannot say to what tribe Rufus Turkey belonged; but this I know, he lived much by himself, and had the reputation of being vin-

dictive, although his character was unknown to the pupils who were receiving their instruction from the deaf old schoolmaster. This Indian had obtained whiskey from some quarter. He had drunk deeply. He had, early in the day, lain down upon the roadside, under the shade of a spreading butternut tree. He must have slept for several hours, for when noon had come, the shade had left Turkey, and he lay on his face asleep in the summer sun. Somehow he escaped notice until it was near one o'clock. He was at length observed by some of the boys. They called to him, but he did not move: then some of them ventured to him and shook him, but it was impossible to disturb his slumber. At this time a boy arrived with a paper of cayenne pepper, which he had purchased by his mother's direction at a little grocery, and which he was to bring home with him after the school was over for the day. The boy purchased the pepper at noon, as the grocery was west of the schoolhouse, while the boy's home was in the opposite direction, and, by buying the pepper at noon, he would be in the company of the other children, living eastward of the schoolhouse, in returning home after the school was over for the day. A mischievous boy, known in the school by the name of Boston McDonald, to distinguish him from the McDonald boys of another family, persuaded the small boy with the pepper to give him the package, and he would use so little of the pepper that the boy's mother would never miss what had been taken. The little fellow reluctantly yielded up the pepper, and Boston McDonald started to use it on old Rufus Turkey. Some of his school-fellows, seeing what he was about to do, tried to dissuade him by telling him that the Indian would certainly kill him, and for a moment he hesitated. But a young man, a blacksmith's apprentice, observing what was going on, and seeing that McDonald hesitated, encouraged him to proceed in his mischief—told him not to be afraid, as the Indian was not a Pottawattamie. The boys were all under the impression that the Indians of other tribes were not fierce and revengeful, and that, so long as an Indian was not of the Pottawattamie tribe, they had nothing to fear; and so Boston McDonald, encouraged as he was by the blacksmith's apprentice, powdered well old Rufus Turkey with the cayenne pepper. It was really marvellous to observe the effect of the pepper on the old Indian. It was another illustration of the transformation of forces. We have often heard of drunken men being made instantly sober by a great mental shock. But this old Indian was changed from a condition of profound drunkenness to one of perfect sobriety by the external application of a very small quantity of pepper.

Rufus Turkey slept on undisturbed for two or three minutes. Then he seemed suddenly seized with the notion that he had been surprised by the enemy; and he leaped to his feet, not only wide awake, but perfectly sober, and, with a war-whoop that fairly shook the ground, and thrilled with terror every child's heart, he shouted "fire," and fiercely demanded, "*who burny Injun?*" He leaped into the school-well, which did not contain more than three feet of water, and which was not, altogether, more than four or five feet in depth. Before he came out of the well, the children were called in for their afternoon work. Rufus Turkey remained in the well but a few minutes; and when he came out he walked a short distance to a blacksmith's shop, where he painted his face with charcoal dust, and striped it with white chalk; and with a knife in his belt, and a tomahawk in his hand, he set out for the school-room. Before he entered the school-house, the school was unusually quiet. The yell of the savage old Indian, when he leaped up from his drunken slumber, had produced a most

terrifying impression. It frightened each little heart, as though it had contained the doom of death; and the impression which had been made was still upon the children when he unceremoniously walked into the schoolroom, and demanded of the old schoolmaster, "*Who burny Injun?*'

The tomahawk was one of a kind often carried by the Indians of that day; it was both tomahawk and pipe. Boston McDonald, when Rufus Turkey first started from his drunken slumber and leaped to his feet, anticipated danger, and he implored the rest of the children not to look at him, for, if they did, the Indian would be sure to suspect him, and if he were suspected he would certainly be murdered. They were all too profoundly impressed with his danger not to comply with his wishes.

Many a child was appalled at the terrible aspect of the savage. Nor were their terrors diminished when they heard the Indian with vehemence fiercely demand of the old school-master "*the rascals who burny Injun.*"

The old school-master was wholly in the dark. He had received no hint, from any quarter, that any trick had been played upon the powerful savage; and the demand of Rufus Turkey he did not understand. The Indian was resolved to discover the mischievous rascal who had wronged him; and he was far too keen an observer not to notice that the old schoolmaster was giving him no aid in discovering the culprit. Old Turkey knew that the old master sometimes drank to excess, and he was by no means sure that the old teacher was not, himself, the author of his sufferings. The Indian assumed a threatening attitude towards the old man. He held his tomahawk in his right hand, and his face wore an expression of the fiercest malignity. The charcoal and the chalk gave it a most infernal aspect. The children could not have been more terrified had one suddenly appeared in their midst from the lower regions. There was a hickory poker, about four feet in length, which had lain on the top of the stove since the summer began; this the old schoolmaster seized in the middle, twirled it rapidly around above his head, pranced into the centre of the school-room, and giving a wild yell, leaped more than two feet high, as he faced old Rufus Turkey. It was a real Donnybrook movement. No child present had ever seen such a motion with a stick before. The old schoolmaster began singing the battle of the Baltic, which, I have no doubt now, the Indian must have supposed was his death song. All the children were more than ever frightened, for it looked as if war had been declared by North America against Ireland, and that Ireland was ready for the contest. Two or three of the children fainted; two of the boys had jumped through the windows. The rest were very pale and silent. Those that had escaped ran to the blacksmith shop. The smith had just returned from his dinner, and was informed by the two boys that an Indian was in the school, and was going to tomahawk the old master and all his pupils. The blacksmith went at once with the two boys to the school-house, not because he supposed there was any real danger, but because he knew from the boys' aspect, that the children were greatly alarmed. He was a good-natured man, and knowing that the Indian had been intoxicated in the morning, he supposed that he was still under the influence of whiskey, and was amusing himself by frightening the children. But when he entered the school-room he found a much more serious state of things than he had anticipated. The children had all retreated behind the great desks that extended along each side of the school-room. The old teacher was still twirling the poker over his head, and the Indian was not only in his war paint, but in a towering passion, looking into the face of each greatly-frightened boy, as well as into the face of the schoolmaster, to discover, if he

could, the one who had so warmed him with the pepper.

The Indian had often asked the blacksmith for tobacco, and on this occasion the blacksmith, without waiting to be asked, offered him a large plug and advised him to smoke from his tomahawk, but to no purpose; old Turkey was far too angry to be appeased in that way.

The Indian knew the blacksmith well. They had often hunted the deer together in the forest, and the wild ducks upon the Rond'Eau Bay. The Indian had a great regard for the blacksmith, and at once told him of his wrongs; how he had been the victim of a practical joke that a savage would only practise on an enemy. The mind of the old schoolmaster was enlightend; the eyes of his understanding were opened, and he became fully alive to the wrong that had been done the Indian. He was not, however, such a fool as to institute an inquiry to discover the miscreant. He knew right well, if he did, that it would probably lead to instant murder. He pretended to be very angry and denounced the wrong-doer. He affirmed at the same time he had no pupil who was such a rascal as to do such a thing. He was very careful not to encourage any child to volunteer information. The deaf old teacher said to the blacksmith:—"You were just in time to raise the siege. It was a most opportune arrival of reinforcements. Had you not come, that villain would have tomahawked me and my pupils. I never saw a more demoniacal face, or more deadly eye, and nothing but my skill with the stick kept him at bay. I did not know at what moment he might step back out of my reach and brain me with his tomahawk. You know what skill he has in throwing it." The old man said, "I was at the siege of Badajoz, at Salamanca, and at Ciudad Rodrigo, where men fell all around me; but I was a young man then, and had become inured to danger, but I never felt nearer the gates of death than when that old Indian raised his tomahawk and tried to step out of my reach to use it."

Old Rufus Turkey, before this conversation between the blacksmith and the schoolmaster took place, had come to the conclusion that the trick might have been played by some passer by. No one ever ventured to enlighten him, for all believed that whoever did so would certainly be a party to the murder of young McDonald.

No one who was at the school that day, ever after favored the playing of practical jokes on Indians; and all the boys were convinced, beyond any room for doubt, that there were other Indians than Pottawattamies might become dangerous enemies.

When old Turkey was gone away from the schoolroom, and the blacksmith returned to his shop, the business of the day was begun for the afternoon; but there was, for the remainder of that day, neither mirth nor mischief. All were remarkably quiet, and when the school was over for the day, Boston McDonald called the children together and begged of them to say nothing about the use of the pepper on old Rufus Turkey, for if it were talked about, the Indian would be sure to learn all about it, and he would be certainly scalped. Boston McDonald, who was very fond of boasting of his achievements, was never heard to boast of this one. The event had been far too terrifying ever to be made the subject of jest. It was not a thing to be be spoken of, lest the effect might be as terrible as the cry of "Old Bald Head," to the Prophet, had been to the children who joined in it.

The old schoolmaster, Robert Reid, Sergeant of His Majesty's 104th Regiment,—is long since dead. Rufus Turkey, more than forty years ago, left for the happy hunting ground of his ancestors. The blacksmith has gone, and so, too, has his apprentice. The old tavern-keeper is dead. Boston McDonald, if still living, is now nearly seventy years of age, and of the forty

odd children, who were then enjoying the springtime of life, not more than a dozen now remain to recall the amusements of the school and the terrors of that day.

DAVID MILLS.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

The beautiful religious myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is almost too well known to need recapitulation. Orpheus, inconsolable for the death of his wife, Eurydice, followed her to the infernal regions, where his passionate prayers and the witching strains of his lyre so far prevailed on the most inexorable of deities, that he consented to allow Orpheus to take his wife back to earth, on condition that he should never once look back at her till he reached the upper day. The condition, unhappily, was not kept. The faith of Orpheus failed, and he looked back to see whether she were really there; and, so, lost her. The suggestive Grecian myth is an instance of the truth of Keble's line, that

"Thoughts beyond their thoughts to those old bards were given."

But the following lines suggest a different ending to the parable:

Press on! true heart, in all the strength of love,
And faith and hope, let not thy courage fail;
The pure, sweet air and light are just above,
Beyond this sulphurous vale.
Turn not to look upon the fair loved form,
Let neither hot simoon nor blinding storm
Avail to make thee swerve aside or stay,
Till thou hast reached the happy realms of day.

Full well, full well, thy prayers and tears have wrought,
Yet, haste thou onwards towards the growing light,
With her, whom thy great love through darkness sought,
And found her, in the night.
Oh! look not back into that vale of doom,
Where grinning spectres follow through the gloom,
Not e'en to see the face thou lovest best,—
Onward and upward! there are light and rest!

Press on! Press on! The powers of death are strong,
And strong the grasp with which they hold their prey!
Naught save thy deathless love and heavenly song
Could win her for the day!
Yet keep thy face straight set unto the light,
Turn not one glance back, on the swallowing night,
On, strong in faith; *above* are light and rest;
There thou shalt see the face thou lovest best!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.
(Fidelis.)

DEER PARK, LOWER ARROW LAKE.

THE ELDORADO OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY E. MOLSON SPRAGGE.

FINE weather, rude health, good company! These three requisites to the pleasures of travel were all present on my trip to the principal mining district of British Columbia in West Kootenay. The weather was at first, I must admit, an uncertain quantity. Days of rain, unusual in the summer, rain in heavy but persistent showers, had reduced both the barometer and the individual to a state of chronic depression, from which transient gleams of sunshine were unable to elevate them.

It was amid an atmosphere of damp and dejection that I quitted Donald in the Columbia Valley for Revelstoke, eighteen hours east of Vancouver, whence the Columbia River is navigable down to the American boundary. There I embarked at midnight on the 20th of June, upon the *Lytton,* one of the fleet of fine stern-wheel steamers belonging to the Columbia & Kootenay Navigation Company, which ply upon the rivers of the same name, and provide excellent accommodation for the tourist, at very reasonable rates. The soundest of sleepers is not proof against the rattle of machinery, the crash of gongs, and other indications of departure, unexpected at daybreak, but I was too old a traveller to rise at dawn —a remarkably chilly dawn in the mountains—for the contemplation of scenery which I knew I could enjoy at a more reasonable hour on my return trip. The steady thud of the big stern wheel, when once revolving, had a soothing effect and soon lulled me to rest. Nor did I approach the beauties of nature until I had dispatched a very good breakfast and the *Lytton* had passed out of the Columbia River proper into an extension of its body of water, called the Upper Arrow Lake. I found myself in the best of company, with a Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, from Victoria; the Sheriff and Barrister of East Kootenay, who were on their way to the assizes at Nelson; two artists, Mr. Brymner of Montreal, and Mr. Hammond of St. Johns, N.B., together with the usual local mixture of miners, prospectors, ranchers, commercial travellers and real estate agents.

When I stepped on deck, the elements were still unpropitious; over-

head a dull grey sky, beneath it a steel-blue expanse of white-capped water, with indigo mountains bounding the horizon on all sides. Yet the Upper Arrow Lake had picturesque charms of its own, in spite of its neutral coloring, as it stretched away for 40 miles, a vista of silver distance, towards which point after point of wooded promontory converged in receding heights and pearly shades of soft grey haze, those near the steamer clothed to the water's edge with poplar trees in all the wealth of their tender spring foliage, a delightful contrast to the hard perpendicular lines of the eternal pine. Near the end of the lake we drew into the town site of Nakusp, which had been laid out just a month before, and was fast developing the usual "boom" in corner lots. Wooden houses in every stage and style of construction asserted themselves in all the aggressive rawness of unseasoned lumber. Nakusp is beautifully situated on a level plateau carved out of the forest, above the lake which it faces, and which looks like some inland sea in its 2-mile width, the opposite shore being densely wooded and bounded by high mountains, their fastnesses, as well as most of the surrounding country, as yet unknown and unexplored. Behind the town itself there is a valley leading to the newly discovered mining district of Slocan, 18 miles distant. Up it the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are now building a line to connect it with Nakusp, whose population numbers 200. As the Arrow Lakes are navigable all the year round, south to Robson—at the end of the lower lake near its junction with the Kootenay River—whence a short C. P. R. road runs to Nelson, there will be direct communication between the main line and Nelson, by way of Revelstoke, Nakusp and Robson, the branch of the C. P. R. between Revelstoke and the Upper Arrow Lake being completed this spring; and thus the drawback to the southern portion of West Kootenay during the winter months obviated. Nakusp will naturally become the distributing point for the rich Slocan country behind it, with its numerous and extensive mining camps, and its practically undiscovered resources in minerals, timber limits, and agricultural districts. Lots on the water-front were selling at $300, those at the back at $150. Streets were being graded, and work in general pushed with the rapidity which characterizes town sites. The *Lytton* remained several hours at Nakusp, unloading enough lumber to build a city, while her passengers rambled about among the blackened stumps and burnt earth and ashes which represent untold wealth to the investor. I did not, however, invest, which I may possibly live to repent; and finding the delay exceedingly monotonous, was much relieved at midday, when the steamer backed away from the gravel beach of the embryo town, and continued her way down the lake, which describes anything but a course suggestive of its name.

In an hour's time we were in the narrows between the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes, a stretch of water presenting a view of apparently submerged telegraph poles, rising from four to six feet above the surface, at irregular intervals. These, I was informed, were snags, which they certainly did not resemble in their familiar features of straggling roots and branches. The snags of the Lower Columbia were a new type. Snags of all kinds I have seen, and even met, upon the water ways of British Columbia—snags at home, snags abroad, snags afloat, snags aground, snags head on, snags stern on; but snags upright, and bare as my arm, were an unknown quantity. Their situation and number render the navigation of the narrows impossible after dark, as some are just of the right height to pierce a hole in the steamer's bottom if she ran upon them unawares.

In due course of time, without anything but a modified current to mark

the change, we passed out of the Narrows into the Lower Arrow Lake, where we were still surrounded by mountains of less imposing contours—more rounded and granitic in formation, with now gentle, now abrupt, declivities to the water's edge.

As we steamed on we encountered one of the black squalls which make these lakes so dangerous to small boats, and have consigned many a bold mariner and prospector to an early grave. The storm hung over a narrow bit of the lake ahead of the *Lytton*, like an orange veil. The setting sun, invisible to us behind the mountains, shot its gauzy tissues of falling rain, with golden glories which were reflected in the water we were fast approaching, turning it into sheets of

WEST KOOTENAY.

molten flame. The squall floated over before us like a transparent curtain, trailing its ragged edges down in the lake with an effect as striking as it was artistic. It lasted but a few seconds, then passed away over the mountains, and revealed Robson behind a projecting point.

Here we left the steamer, which proceeded on her way down the Columbia to the Dalles, in the United States, where connection is made with the Great Northern Railway, via Spokane Falls.

It was too dark to see anything but the lights of the expected train, in which we seated ourselves and rolled away to Nelson, the metropolis of West Kootenay, where we arrived at midnight. Nelson was all darkness, and muddy from excessive rain, but a kind friend who knew the ropes had whispered in my ear to make a dash for the *one* omnibus. I accordingly dashed, by the light of a lantern dimly burning. Now, an omnibus properly constructed is an elastic vehicle; it is hard upon its powers, however, to squeeze sixteen people into the space allotted to twelve, especially when some of them burden themselves with valises which they have to nurse. The crowd, like all western crowds, was good-natured, and embraced grips and babies, either their own or other people's, indiscriminately, so long as they got inside. After one final effort at accommodation, which resulted in depositing a young woman upon the driver's knee, we got off. Uphill we went at an incline which threatened to discharge babies, valises and passengers out of the rear end of the conveyance. We all stayed with it, however, and at last the lights of the Hotel Phair, on an apparently dizzy eminence, came into view. After ascending numerous steps, we found ourselves in a spacious hall, and with a prospective struggle for sleeping accommodation. The building is beautifully situated, new, well furnished throughout, and most comfortable in every way. It possesses, moreover, a very obliging proprietor, an advant-

ON THE COLUMBIA, AT ROBSON.

NELSON.

age which cannot be too much appreciated in a province disposed to personal independence. Daylight proved that the Hotel Phair was by no means inaccessible, being on one of the main streets of Nelson, close to the water and the station. From its drawing-room and wide verandah there are lovely views both up and down the Kootenay river, which flows past the town. Nelson looked peaceful and prosperous; it has 800 inhabitants, and its corner lots are held at high prices. There are many substantial blocks of shops already built, and there are others in course of erection. Nelson must be the commercial centre of the west Kootenay district; it is the terminus and headquarters of the Columbia and Kootenay railway now in operation, and the northern terminus of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway connecting with Spokane Falls, Washington, via the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway, which practically gives the entire American Transcontinental Railway system an entrance to the town; it is also the distributing point for the Great Silver King and other valuable mines on Toad Mountain, distant only eight miles by wagon road. The Columbia Steam Navigation Company have placed five steamboats on the waters of the Kootenay district, all centering traffic at Nelson. The banks of Montreal and British Columbia have established agencies here; there are electric lighting plants and waterworks, in fact, every indication of a large and wealthy city. There is excellent boating on the Kootenay river—a smooth body of water without any very strong current. The sale of the celebrated Silver King mine on Toad Mountain to an English syndicate, for over a million dollars, was completed on the advice of an expert who was at Nelson with me. This mine,

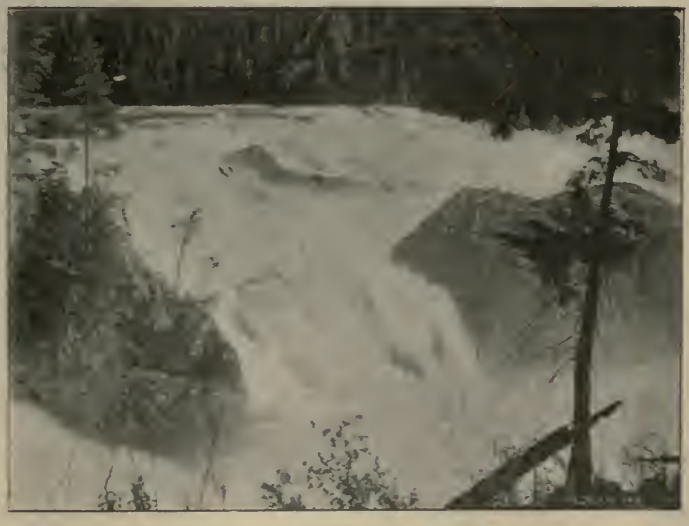
when working, will give Nelson a pay roll of at least 50,000 dollars per month. It is expected that operations, which were suspended owing to the fall in silver, will be commenced in the spring of 1894. In the meanwhile, on my visit, things were quiet, and the principal characteristics of the place which I noticed were men's pockets bulging with ores and men's tongues with town lots. There are wags in Nelson, too. Close to the Hotel Phair stands a small 12 x 6 shack, which bears upon its wooden door in immaculate chalk the legend, "Hotel de France. Terms per night, $1.50. Passengers without baggage will call on the night clerk and be promptly fired. Hot and cold baths within. Guests requested not to blow out the gas on retiring."

Curiosity prompted me to open the door. The one room within was occupied by six bunks on each tier—three on the upper and three on the under tier. All were filled with brown marsh hay except one, which was in possession of a large box stove.

There is a good Government wagon road out to the Toad Mountain mines. On the way to these, I was told, lies a small lake full of brook trout, some of which I found excellent eating at the hotel. Indeed, Nelson struck me as a very good place to spend a few weeks in. The fly fishing below the Falls of the Kootenay in August and September is so fine that the C.P.R. have, at the best points, built for the enterprising angler three small fishing-houses which they are prepared to rent for a week or more, with cooks and all necessary furniture.

The Falls are twelve miles from Nelson, on the railway between it and Robson. I went down to them one afternoon, but, alas! in the end of June the water was too high for fishing. I was rewarded for my exertions, however, by the view of two of the cascades, over which an immense volume of water is precipitated through rock-bound defiles. It is in the pools below these that the trout abound. A twelve mile journey back on a hand-car was not the least enjoyable part of this expedition, for if one understands how to sit this machine so as to take in the scenery, without taking off personally, it may be thoroughly appreciated. I was propelled by five lusty section men, hungry for their suppers, and made about as good time as the train does.

From Nelson, trips also can be made by one of the C. K. S. Navigation Co.'s boats round Kootenay Lake to the towns of Balfour, Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and Kaslo, all in the new mining districts: and down the same lake and river to Bonner's Ferry, below the American boundary. The *Nelson*, a boat as large as the *Lytton*, plies in these different directions on alternate days.



FALLS ON THE KOOTENAY, BELOW NELSON.

I struck the Kootenay Lake by day, and embarked at 8 o'clock one morning upon the round trip. We went up the West Arm, as it is called, to Balfour, a small town site with three horses and four cows; it did not look promising or prosperous, but I believe real estate has a considerable value there. Balfour lies close to this outlet of the Kootenay river from the lake; and nearly opposite to it, three miles across the water, is Pilot Bay, where a large smelter was in course of erection. A real estate agent went up to this spot the day before I did to sell town lots at figures up in the hundreds, and we left him there. The place looked busy, with numbers of workman employed upon the foundations of the smelter. From Pilot Bay we steamed up the Lake to Ainsworth, nine miles away. It lies on the side of a mountain, and will require cable cars; it has about twenty houses. Its aspect is cold and bleak, as it is exposed to all the winds which blow up and down the hundred and thirty miles of Kootenay Lake.

Between Ainsworth and Kaslo, on the opposite shore, are the Blue-bell and Tam O'Shanter mines, remarkable for being down on the water's edge, instead of up on the mountain side like common, ordinary mines. The Blue-bell is a round-topped promontory of solid galena, which I was told rises from the lake in masses of dark blue rock; we did not go near enough to it to distinguish this characteristic, so I cannot vouch for its truth. The Tam O'Shanter, owned in Montreal, is being worked by a tunnel into the mountain and close to the water; the dark mouth was distinctly visible from the steamer's deck. Kaslo, the turning-point of the *Nelson's* career, is the most attractive of all the town sites; it has a floating population of a thousand, and in point of situation leaves nothing to be desired, commanding as it does an extensive view up and down Lake Kootenay. Behind the town lies a

KOOTENAY LAKE, FROM KALSO.

sheltered bay, where a large saw-mill was in course of erection. Kaslo was decidedly booming. It claims to offer the best and easiest approach to the Slocan country, but has, I fear, a dangerous rival in Nakusp. However, there may be room, work and population for both. Nakusp, lying to the north, will be built up by the C.P.R. branch line from Revelstoke, and its interests, commercial and otherwise, will be fostered by the main road, while Kaslo, lying to the south, may easily derive support from and through the United States, with which it has easy and direct communication by way of Bonner's Ferry, but a few hours distant. That it has confidence in its own future is evident from the following prominent signs taken at random from the buildings which met my eye :—

"Temporary office, Kaslo & Kootenay Land Co., Limited."

"Land agents office, Kaslo & Slocan Railroad Co."

"Chief Engineer's Office."

"B. H. Lee & Co., Real Estate & Mining Brokers.
Leases & Agreements of all kinds drawn up."

"John B. Wilson, Headquarters Miners' Supplies."

"Furnished Rooms."

An odd mixture of cause and effect.

At Kaslo, I walked through the real primeval forest reaching from the outskirts of the town to the end of the bay, whither the *Nelson* adjourned for a supply of wood. The trail led through a wood of gigantic cedar trees with trunks like silver grey pillars, which seemed almost tropical in size and vegetation. From the town we steamed back to Ainsworth, where we took on board *another* cow for Balfour, and two very frisky animals for Pilot Bay, then by these embryo cities, made our way back to Nelson, where we arrived at half past 6 o'clock.

At the end of a week I returned to Robson by train, and travelliug, as I did, only by daylight, the scenery along the Kootenay river, which I had missed before, could be appreciated. After leaving Nelson, the road runs near the river, whose dark green waters are, near the town, calm and unruffled like a lake, then become gradually, as the river narrows, swifter and swifter, till they break into white-crested rapids, and dash in sheets of creamy foam beneath the railway bridge which spans the Kootenay. Further on, two of the falls come into view, the third being invisible from the line, which diverges from the river. We stopped at Slocan crossing, the nearest approach from Nelson to the Slocan mining district. Here there were some small wooden shacks and a large corral, full of pack horses, whose raw backs were most distressing; we deposited such an amount of miners' supplies, including a gigantic smelting bellows, to be transported thirty-three miles to the town of New Denver, on Slocan Lake, which has 250 inhabitants, it made my heart ache. On again, past Sproat, a deserted town site, with fast decaying houses, whose owner paid the price of exorbitant land grabbing by having another locality selected for a town site by the C. P. R., at Robson, which suited them equally well. Here I alighted at five o'clock, partook of an excellent supper at the one house, fortunately a hotel, which Robson possesses, then embarked later upon the *Columbia*, the finest and fastest steamer of the fleet, for Revelstoke. She left the wharf so quietly, at dawn, that my slumbers were undisturbed, and daybreak found us well upon our homeward way.

The scenery ascending the Columbia river is far finer to my mind than descending it, for the Selkirk mountains, which were behind us in going down, now faced us in vistas of snow-capped heights and dark blue valleys. Finally, as we swept out of the Upper Arrow Lake into the river proper, the

views were perfectly entrancing. The vast extent of the lovely winding lake, which we had just left, stretching away into a wealth of azure distance; the Columbia unrolling before us in wooded slopes and rugged rocky precipices, bounded by the bold silver-topped peaks of the Selkirk range, which grew nearer and grander as we approached Revelstoke. There the *Columbia* landed me safely on Sunday afternoon, and my trip to British Columbia's El Dorado, with all its pleasant memories of fine weather and good company, remained only an experience of the past.

TO THE ALL FATHER.

Our Father,—for no other name
Can fit Thine everlasting Love,—
Forgive us if we slowly move,
Whose hands are weak, whose feet are lame.

We would not all of life were light,
Narrow the path and smooth the way,
For here on earth each livelong day
Seems brighter from the bygone night.

We toil from morn to set of sun,
Along the rugged steep of life,
Beset with thorns of sin and strife,
And something leave unreached, unwon.

Grant us the strength still to aspire,
To leave behind us guilt and sin,
To strive those nobler heights to win,
And through our sinking mount the higher.

Through night and storm lead Thou us on,
Until we reach Thy perfect day;
Forgive us when we go astray,
And not our will but Thine be done.

—A. F. Chamberlain.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

BY FRED. T. HODGSON.

"The King sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking his blude red wine;
Oh, whaur will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship o' mine?"—*Old Ballad.*

DUNFERMLINE, known as the "Auld Grey Toun," is the largest in the county of Fife, containing, as it does, some 16,000 or 17,000 souls, and may be considered one of the oldest, having been founded in prehistoric times, as exemplified by the recent discoveries of ancient cemeteries on the estate of Pilreavie, in which were found a number of beautifully formed urns covered with more or less artistic ornamentation. The urns measure from five to twelve inches in height, and are hand-made, and are of the type known to archæologists as "food-vessels." All these urns contained calcined human bones and vegetable charcoal, both in dust and in pieces. Other evidences of a prehistoric origin of the town exist in abundance.

The Abbey of Dunfermline, in some respects, held the same relation to the Scottish nation, previous to the Union, that Westminster Abbey did to the English during the same period. Founded shortly after the death of Edward the Confessor, and by one of Scotland's greatest kings, it became a royal cemetery, and, like its great prototype, soon after its completion, became a great place of resort for devout pilgrims, who wished to offer up their prayers at the Shrine of the gentle Saint Margaret.

Malcolm Canmore was crowned King of Scotland, at Scone, in 1057, and the sacred stone upon which the royal coronation took place is now in Westminster Abbey, carried there by Edward I. It is generally supposed that the tower, known as "Malcolm's Tower," some ruins of which still remain, was erected by Malcolm between the years 1057 and 1068, and the following story would seem to favor this supposition:

The Saxon royal family of England was driven from their country by William the Conqueror, soon after the battle of Hastings, in 1066. Among the members of the family were Edgar Atheling and his fair sister Margaret. According to Buchanan, these fugitives had embarked for Hungary, of which country their mother was a native, and where Margaret was born; but by stress of weather they were driven upon the coast of Scotland. They anchored in a bay about four miles from Dunfermline, called St. Margaret's Hope; so called, because when reaching this place, Margaret exclaimed: "I hope we shall be saved yet!" Malcolm Canmore, or Malcolm of the big head, hearing of their arrival, sent the party a very kind invitation, which, it is needless to say, was gladly accepted; but royal though they were, they were obliged, it seems, to proceed to Dunfermline on foot, and the stone on which the Princess Margaret rested is still called St. Margaret's Stone. This has recently been placed on a pedestal, bearing a suitable inscription, in front of which is a bench for "ye wearie way-farer." Reaching court, the exiles were received with the most open-handed, large-hearted generosity, but, to the king—rough and wild as he of necessity was—the arrival at his court of such refinement and culture was a dream, a revelation from another world. Margaret had that rare, spiritual beauty which, exhibited in a far less degree, had been the charm of the court of Edward the Confessor. Her blue eyes, her golden hair, graceful figure, pleasing manners,

RUINS OF DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

gentleness of soul and purity of spirit, made a profound impression on Malcolm and his court. He soon learned to love and worship her with the deep, earnest and passionate devotion of his gloomy Celtic nature. They were married, according to Fordun, in 1070, not far from the bay where she landed, and the event was magnificently celebrated at the Castle of Dunfermline, which Malcolm had recently built and fortified. Historians do not agree as to the reason of the royal Saxons going to the court of the Scottish king. Mr. Freeman, in his "Norman Conquest," states that after the defeat of Edgar Atheling at York, by the Conqueror, Edgar with his sister Margaret and their retinue, went to Monks-Wearmouth, where Malcolm was then with his army; and hearing from Edgar's own lips the helpless condition of the Saxon cause, advised Edgar to sail directly for Scotland, and take up his residence with him in Dunfermline. The advice was taken, and the illustrious exiles set sail for Scotland in the month of October, 1069. The place of their disembarkment was to the west of Queensferry, in that part of the Firth known now as St. Margaret's Hope. It was supposed that they landed at the promontory on the north side, now occupied by the Castle of Rosyth—anciently, "Rosythe," or Queen's Landing-place.

Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, in his "Annales of Scotland," referred to the marriage of the Princess Margaret with King Malcolm as having been "accomplished with grate solemnitie at his village and Castle of Dunfermeling in the Woodes, in the 14th yeire of his rainge, in Anno, 1070."

The exact date of the founding of the Abbey is not known, but there is no doubt concerning its being founded and completed through and by the influence of Margaret. Being profoundly religious, of singular beauty of character and kindliness of disposition, her influence became paramount at the Scottish Court, and possessed it with a higher civilization than it ever before attained. Not only did she establish the church on a better footing, and secure respect and veneration for its ministers, but she also established schools and asylums, and learning flourished. Her husband aided, somewhat blindly, perhaps, but al-

ways with the same spirit of profound faith, in whatever she undertook to perform. Many stories are told of the gentle, womanly influence Margaret had over her uncouth, rugged lord, but nowhere is it on record that this influence was exercised to the disadvantage of the people, or for her own personal benefit. Canmore's hands had held the sword too long ever to hold the pen; and to his eyes the mystic scrolls called books never took definite meaning. It is related of him that he put the most implicit confidence in all Margaret told him of religion, and believed all he could not understand. His reverence for her prayer books and other properties pertaining to religion amounted almost to idolatry, and when handling them he would often kiss them before he would lay them down. It was this spirit of devotion to his wife and to religion that built the Westminster of Scotland, and eventually changed—for the better—the whole character of the Scottish race, and made Edinburgh a Saxon city. From this time out, a Saxon dialect—the Lowland Scotch—became the language of the court; the royal burying-place was removed from Iona—the Sacred Isle—to Dunfermline, and the church was more and more confined to the Roman model. The Celts then, and some of their sons of to-day, may, perhaps, have regretted the change; but it cannot be denied that it placed the civilization of Scotland on a higher and truer basis, and gave a firmness and purpose to the national life which it never afterwards quite lost.

The historian Burton, writing of this period, says: "This good Queen Margaret had an influence on the destinies of Scotland much greater than her husband, who, indeed, obtained on her account the deference that made him powerful. She held rank in the Roman Church as a canonized saint, and even the opponents of the old Church have had a good word to say for her from time to time. There had been a great scarcity of distinguished religious persons in Scotland for centuries before her day. The country does not seem to have been blessed with one saint since the time of Adamnan, who was, like Margaret, not a native of Scotland. She holds a more legitimate rank than those old missionaries whose sanctity was established by a sort of popular vote, since her canonization was formally completed, and the adjustment of the day appropriated to her in the calendar received the special attention of the holy college."

Malcolm died as a warrior was expected to die. He was slain at the siege of the Castle of Alnwick, in 1093, and his eldest son, Prince Albert, died three days afterwards, in consequence of a wound received during the flight of the Scottish army from Alnwick. Margaret, confined by illness in the Castle of Edinburgh at the time of her husband's death, was so affected with grief at the sad news, that her strength and spirits gave way. She made confession, received the holy sacrament, gave her dying blessing to those of her children around her, and, one of the sweetest and most amiable of souls that ever visited the earth, winged its flight to eternal bliss.

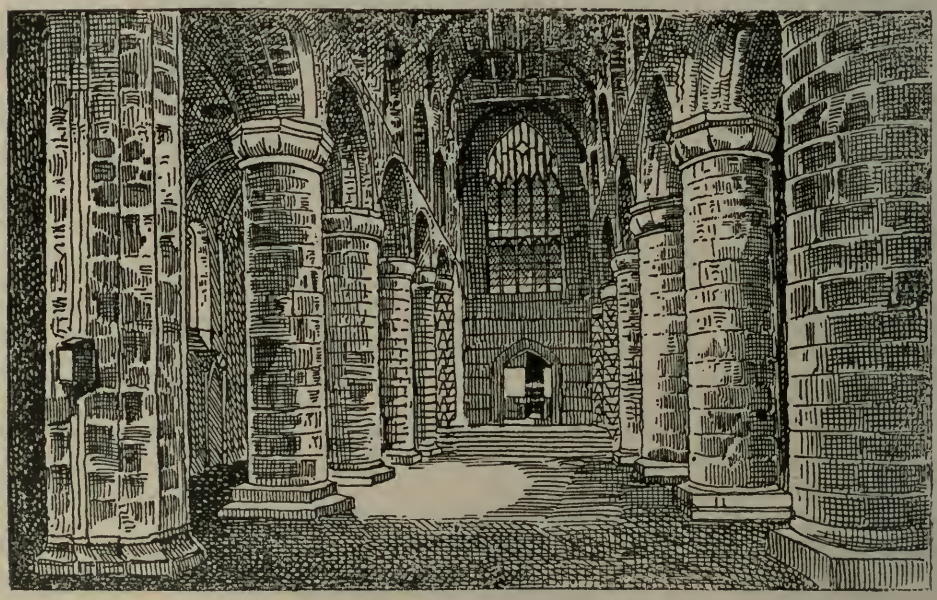
According to the chronicles, Malcolm was buried at Tynemouth, but his bones were afterwards taken to Dunfermline where she also was buried. In the year 1250 her remains were removed or translated from their grave to a shrine richly decorated with gold and jewels. The ceremony was attended by King Alexander III. and a brilliant concourse. The Breviary of Aberdeen tells us that as they were conveying the shrine with its holy contents to the tomb in which they were to be enclosed, at a certain point they had to stop, for they could convey their burden no farther. Much confused, they took to prayer for a solution of the mystery, when a voice, as if from heaven, told them that they were passing the spot where the bones of King Malcolm lay; that as the

sainted Queen and he had been one in life, so should they be in death, and no human power could convey her dust beyond her husband's resting-place. The alternative was obvious. Malcolm's bones were laid beside his wife's, and both rested in a new tomb.

To-day the old Abbey is a venerable and substantial pile, though over eight hundred years have elapsed since its erection; and it bids fair to stand for centuries yet, if kept in repair. On entering it, we tread upon hallowed ground. Here Scotland's kings, nobles and great men of "ye olden time" worshipped for centuries. Here, many of her monarchs, princes and great men in their generation, lie interred. These heavy walls have witnessed the coming and going of many generations, and here

"Through long-drawn aisles and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise."

within hearing of the good Queen and of many succeeding kings and princes, and of the great Bruce, and of the mother of the patriot hero of Scotland, Wallace, and we have good reason to believe that Wallace of Scotland himself worshipped within these walls. Here the great Bruce himself is taking his everlasting sleep, and not far from him rest the bones of that quaint and shrewd old Scotch poet, Robert Henryson, whose memory deserves some notice. Lord Hailes tells us that "Henryson acted as preceptor in the Benedictine convent of the time." But little is known of his history. He seems, however, to have been in comfortable circumstances and honored in a humble way by his townsmen. He wrote a number of poems,



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY. INTERIOR.

but is best known by his fables, which evince so much good common sense and quiet humor, and are rendered with such forcible expression as to make them well worthy of their place in early Scottish literature.

King Robert Bruce died at Cardross, Dumbarton, May 30th, 1329, and was interred in Dunfermline on the 7th of June of the same year, his funeral being attended by

"The grate and the good and the brave of the daie, and the weeping of the multitudes, insyde and outsyde, added solemnitie to the rite."

The King was honored by an eloquent oration, after he had been laid in his tomb, in the choir of the Abbey, delivered by Sir Gilbert Hamilton, one of the seven knights, who kept the King's person in the battle of Bannockburn.

> "For he was ane grate and naturale Oratore, who could exprime maist Matter in little room."

Bruce on his death-bed gave explicit directions as to the affairs of his kingdom, and bethought himself with regret of his grievous sacrilege in the murder of the Red Comyn in a church, and he confessed that he had long cherished a desire to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but, as we all know, affairs at home prevented the journey from ever taking place, so he left a command to his vassal and friend Sir James Douglas, to take his heart from his kingly body, and convey it to the Holy Land, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre.

How faithfully Douglas attempted to fulfil the trust, every one knows. The heart of Bruce, after Douglas's death in battle against the Saracens in Spain, was taken back to Scotland, and deposited in Melrose Abbey, where Sir James himself also lies. As is before stated, Bruce was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, this being proved beyond a doubt by events that occurred during some preparations for building which were made in 1818, when some workmen came upon a vault, which they supposed to be that of some distinguished person. The vault was laid open, and found to contain another, and, in that inner vault, lay the remains of a very large body, cased in lead, which had been wrapped around it like a cere-cloth. Fragments of some cloth, interwoven with gold, by means of which its texture had been so long kept together, were found, thrown loosely over the lead as a shroud.

Something like a crown was observed upon the head. Vestiges of mouldered oak lay strewn about the bottom of the vault, indicating the former existence of a coffin. Several fragments of marble, cut and gilt, and several silver nails, were picked up. The tomb was then closed and left so until November, 1819, when, in the presence of some of Scotland's greatest men, the tomb was re-opened. It was found that the breast-bone of the King had been sawn, longitudinally, from top to bottom, acording to the awkward mode adopted in those days for reaching the heart. This, with the evidence afforded by history regarding the exact spot where Bruce was said to have been buried, the appearance of the tomb, and the other evidence which the skeleton presented, did not leave a doubt in the minds of the scientific and legal gentlemen by whom the investigation was made, that this was, indeed, the grave of King Robert, the Bruce. A cast of the skull is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. After the remains had been viewed by thousands of patriotic Scotchmen, and others, it was re-interred, and it was intended to erect a monument on the spot, and the late Dr. Gregory wrote a Latin inscription for it, but the monument was never built, and the inscription is not yet in marble. The inscription however, may be of interest. It runs about as follows :—

> "Here, amidst the ruins of the old, in building a new church, in the year 1818, the grave of Robert Bruce, King of Scots, of immortal memory, being accidently opened, and his remains, by sure tokens, recognized, were, with pious duty, again committed to the earth by the people of this town. A distant generation, four hundred and eighty-nine years after his death, erected this monument to that great hero and excellent King, who, with matchless valor in war, and wisdom in peace, by his own energy and persevering exertions re-established the almost ruined and hopeless state of Scotland, long cruelly oppressed by an inveterate and powerful enemy, and happily avenged the oppression, and restored the ancient liberty and glory of his country."

Near the extreme end of the abbey church, outside, in what is called the "Lady's Chapel," is one of the large stone slabs of Margaret's tomb—the

only vestige remaining of the royal tombs of which there were so many at one time. The tomb has recently been enclosed by an iron railing by Her Majesty's Board of Works, who are now custodians of the abbey and palace. The remains of the Queen were removed from the still older portion of the church to the present tomb on the completion of the eastern church, in 1250.

The architecture of the old abbey is Anglo-Norman, and is impressive from the massiveness of its pillars, and the solid beauty of its groined arches. The pillars nearest where was the high altar, are, like those of Durham Cathedral, deeply cut obliquely, with a spear's head at every intersection. The eastern portion, which was erected in 1250, was almost destroyed at the Reformation, when the Reformers came

> "Wi' picks and spades,
> And wi' John Knox into their heads,
> Dinging the abbeys down."

So that all that now remains of the eastern portion of the church is that around it—Margaret's tomb. The following is a copy of a warrant, dated 1560, for the destruction of the abbeys:

> Traist friendis, after maist hearty commendacion, we pray you faill not to pass incontinent to the Kyrk of . . . and tak doun the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the Kirk-zayrd, and bvrn them oppinly. And siclyk cast down the alteris, and purge the Kyrk of oll Kynd of monuments of idolatyre. And this see faill not to do, as ye will do us singulare empleaseyr, and so committis you to the protection of God. Faill not bot se tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks nor durris be ony ways hurt or broken, either glassin-wark or iron-wark. Fro Edinburg . . . 1560.
>
> (Signed) AR. ARGYLE.
> JAMES STEWART.
> RUTHVEN.

The monastery was situated to the south of the church. The only remaining portions are the south and west walls of the refectory, or Fraters' hall. In the west wall is a large and handsome window, seemingly of fourteenth century work. In the centre of the head-lights there is a peculiar figure, somewhat resembling a heart, a crown, or a monogram, but no satisfactory explanation of its true meaning has yet been arrived at. At that point there is a connection between the monastery and the palace, in the form of a massive pended tower, underneath which the public road now passes. The ground to the north of that "pend" was the palace yard, a large open space between the abbey and the palace, and upon which both fronted. At the north side of that yard there was another pended tower, in which was the north gate of the palace. Very little now remains of the palace, but the west wall, built upon a steep slope, at the bottom of which was the water of Tyne, or "Tower-burn." Charles the First was born in this palace, in 1600, but since that time the structure has gone to decay rapidly.

The refectory, or Fraters' hall, was a very large room at one time, as the walls now standing show, the south wall being one hundred and twenty-one feet in length, and three feet six inches in thickness throughout. The great window spoken of before is quite entire, and is sixteen feet wide by twenty feet three inches high, with six mullions. An English historian, speaking of the abbey and its monastery, says of the latter: "The limits of the monastery were so great as to contain, within its precincts, three caracutes of land (as much arable ground as could be tilled by three plows in a year), and so many princely edifices that three distinguished sovereigns, with their retinue, might be accommodated with lodgings at the same time, without inconvenience to one another."

Edward I., of England, and his army, paid a hostile visit to Dunfermline, in November, 1303. They took up their quarters in the monastery and royal palace, and remained through the winter. When they left, in the spring, they set fire to both monastery and palace. The monastery, though afterwards repaired, never again attained its former magnificence.

Several explanations have been ventured as to the origin of the name Dun-

fermline. One authority gives it as derived from Doun (down), ferm (the rock), linn (the burn)—Down the rock, the burn—Dun-ferm-line. Dr. Robertson, however, says the etymology was the gaelic *Dun-fiur-linne*--the castle by the crooked stream. It is likely that this is the correct meaning of the name.

THE ABBOT'S HOUSE.

The Abbot's house is near the centre of the town, and, though somewhat modernized, is still quaint and picturesque. It is a many-gabled structure, long and irregular in its plan. Over the main entrance is placed an "advice stane," on which is carved the following admonition :—

"Sen. Vord. Is. Thrall. And. Thocht. Is. Free.
Keip. Veill. Thy. Tonge. I. Coinsell. Thee."

an advice that is always in order, and which, being rendered into modern English reads :—

"Since word is thrall, and thought is free,
Keep weil thy tongue, I counsel thee."

It is recorded that this quaint inscription was placed there by Robert Pitcairn, Archdean of St. Andrews, and secretary to James VI., as a caution to the inhabitants against talking too much. This building, according to Dr. Henderson, in his "Annals of Dunfermline," dates back to the thirteenth century, and was used as a convent of Blackfriars.

Recently, the west window of the abbey has been filled in with stained glass, at the cost of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who, by the way, was born in the town of Dunfermline. There are four prominent ideas in the four lights of the window—Unity, Piety, Liberty, and Victory. The left centre light represents Malcolm Canmore. Under him Scotland became united. That unity cost murder, suffering and death. Malcolm's father, Duncan, was assassinated by Macbeth; his grandfather, Malcolm II., was murdered, and his great-grandfather, Kenneth, was murdered also, and at last, Malcolm Canmore and his eldest son were killed at the siege of Alnwick, as before stated. The right-centre light represents Queen Margaret with her hand on the Bible—representing personal piety. The other two lights are filled with figures of Wallace, who represents Liberty, and Robert the Bruce, who is a symbol of Victory.

At the unveiling of the window, in 1884, the following letter from Mr. Carnegie was read:

"My Dear Mr. Robertson,

"As I am not to be present at the unveiling of the window, I beg you, on my behalf, to hand it over formally to the proper authorities.

"I believe the people of Dunfermline will find in this window a work of art not unworthy of the dear old Abbey, nor of the great artist, their distinguished son, whose heart has been in the task throughout. I rejoice to say that in the selection of the characters to be commemorated, Sir Noel and myself were equally enthusiastic. Our patron St. Margaret taught others to read, and the book she holds tells the secret of Scotland's glory. She has educated her children for centuries, and these in turn have placed to her credit a greater amount of solid achievement than any other aggregation of four millions of people will pretend to claim. You have The Bruce, after repelling foreign aggression, sheathing his sword, and, Wallace protecting lovely Scotland, who, cowering at his feet, craves his aid. In this man, neither king nor noble, but one who lived and died one of ourselves, a man of the people—a man whose fame grows greater and greater as his deeds are studied and the history of his time is unfolded; a character which realizes our loftiest ideal of patriotism—it is in him, I trust, as I did in my youth, the young men of my native town will find their true hero.

"I am gratified beyond measure that I have been able to add an attraction to the old Abbey of my love.

"Very truly, your friend,

"Andrew Carnegie."

It is said that Sir Noel Paton received $10,000 for the design of the window, and that Messrs. Ballantine were paid $1,700 for the glass work. To these amounts may be added some $5,000 for other repairs on the Abbey, paid for by Mr. Carnegie. It is stated that the total gifts of Mr. Carnegie to Dunfermline during the last twenty years amount to something like $100,000.

The application of superfluous wealth to the preservation of historical buildings is to be commended, and, next to building and endowing educational or charitable institutions, should be encouraged, as by such acts of generosity true patriotism and love of country are fostered and made stronger.

A SONNET.

"I cannot sleep," she moaned, "I cannot sleep,
  There is no noise, and yet I hear the sound
  Of dead men in their coffins underground.
I hear the black night's dusky garments sweep
About my grave and o'er that wooded steep
  Which hangs above a little narrow mound
  Where love so late I lost, and sorrow found.
A little sleep, O God, a little sleep!"
Up to the wintry stars that wandering prayer
  Mounted on angel lips; all Heaven was stirred.
  Then slower came the labored, fevered breath;
The patient eyes grew dim; we waiting there
Knew that some God that piteous cry had heard,
  And sent, not Sleep, but his twin brother Death.

—Alan Sullivan.

ON BOARD THE AQUIDABAN.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON WATT.

THE memory of last spring's naval parade dwelt long in the mind of fickle New York. And we, who were not of New York, and could therefore afford to be entertained without consciousness of unbecoming simplicity, will not forget—ever—our personal part in this great demonstration. The editor has asked me to write of my experiences on board the different war ships at that time assembled in the Hudson River, and especially of a visit I was fortunate enough to make to the now famous *Aquidaban*, Admiral Mello's rebel flag-ship. There was, then, no special interest attached to this vessel. The great *Blake* absorbed astounded American attention, to which Britain's easy superiority was a mortifying revelation. And the French *Jean Bart*, the wickedest looking vessel of the fleet, and the Russian *Dimitri Douskoi* (as nearly as I can give it in English characters) excited popular interest by reason of differences of make and equipment. The Italian, Cuban, Dutch and German ships received their compatriots living in New York daily and, in large numbers. No one considered the American vessels of any moment. There are, I suppose, comparatively few Brazilians resident in the Empire State, and consequently the *Aquidaban* received but few of the more or less pleasant visits of curious sight-seers. The accident of our visit was due to the humiliating fact that at the 34th street wharf, opposite which the Brazilian ships were anchored, a boatman was captured who would take us to the *Aquidaban* or *Republica* for one dollar each, while two dollars was the fare up-town to any of the other vessels. This rate, on the day we set out to "do" the fleet, appealed to us for reasons which need not here be stated, and which have become common enough since to half America. He was a genial, whole-souled-looking Irishman, but he exacted full return fare on the way over. Whether this was a reflection on our appearance, or whether he was even then meditating the treachery of not returning for us, I am unable to say. At all events, he made us vastly uncomfortable by reiterating that he was much too honest a man not to come back for us if he said that he would. We were invited to ask any boatman along the west side for corroborative evidence in regard to his character.

When we drew near the *Aquidaban* we waxed uneasy. It was Sunday morning, and whether the boat was open for inspection or not was doubtful. It is not cheerful to lie in doubt as to one's reception when one wishes to visit, and we stepped out by no means jauntily on to the ship's ladder, not much reassured by the boatman's advice to "go on up now and I'll be back for ye in an hour shure." At the head of the ladder an officer came forward with a pleasant interrogation in his face. He knew as little English as we Portuguese, and but for the fortunate foreknowledge that the officers of any war vessel speak "the language of diplomacy," we might still be exchanging dumb courtesies. As it was, the polite little request from one of us—how easy it is to be polite in French!—that we might be allowed to see over the ship, brought a relieved "Mais certainement, Mademoiselle!" and a graceful ushering of us to the fore part of the vessel. Here another officer met us, my officer, as in relating the story I have always called him. He was first lieutenant (*primeiro tenente*) and the last of his four names

on his card is de Barrios. Our guide explained to him elaborately and with many bows that we spoke French perfectly, thus leaving us with the pleasant obligation of so doing. My lieutenant led the way into what we subsequently discovered was the ward-room of the officers, an easy-chaired cabin, off which the officers' rooms opened. Here half a dozen officers were gathered and rose at our approach, and welcomed us as if we were expected and honored guests. The warm courtesy of the south at once shewed itself in many ways. I had my choice of at least three chairs and as many officers. We were assured over and over again of our great goodness in visiting the *Aquidaban*, and of the everlasting obligation her officers were henceforth under to us. It was a matter of deep regret that this not being their reception day the vessel was not togged out in her best. But we were very, very welcome a thousand times. It was all rather bewildering to an ordinary Canadian girl—these dark-skinned, be-mannered and be-decorated men bowing and smiling and lavishing compliments on everything complimentable, one's good heart, one's French, one's courage in mounting the ship's ladder, one's condescension—and withal, the indefinable deference and keen interest of southerners and intelligent strangers. Presently wine was brought out and odd little biscuits—and here a little incident which, at the risk of being personal, I must relate, because it illustrates the delicate courtesy of my officer. Some one asked me what sort of wine I should have, naming two or three, and I, because I should have much preferred not taking any, but not liking to refuse (indeed being warned in an English aside not to do so), took the first named and then held the glass in my hand, it not occurring to me to drink it. Another officer of whom I shall presently have to speak, "the first-lieutenant of the torpedo-boat," Gabriel de Mello, hovering about anxiously, was concerned that I was taking no refreshment. Was there anything else? *du liqueur?* I was rather nervously evading his inquiries when my officer overheard his query and in a quick undertone asked him not to urge me: "Don't you see she has merely taken the wine to show respect to us? It is not usual for her." That is one of the reasons I shall not forget the first lieutenant of the *Aquidaban*.

Presently some one offered a toast to the Republic of America, and one of us said quickly "*à l'Aquidaban*," and another "*à la republique de Brazil*." That was drunk as heartily as if they were not all now endeavoring to upset it. Then other complimentary references to the States were following, when we interrupted proceedings by explaining that we were from Canada.

'Ah!" came from half a dozen voices, "that explains the French." Further explanation was necessary, and we found that they knew considerably more about Canada than we about Brazil, in spite of her annual revolutions. They were in fact much better informed than the majority of Americans. They did not think we lived in a land of perpetual snow and ice, as do a third of the people one meets even in New York.

A pleasant five minutes was spent in a mutual interchange of opinions regarding the superiority of Canada and Brazil over other civilized nations. And through all, rapid conversation in French sparkled and darted in bewildering quickness. It is not easy for one whose French is college-born to follow three or four people talking to one at once, and each expecting a witty answer such as they had been led to expect from Canadian girls. Some one asked me if I objected to smoking, and in my confusion I replied that Canadian women did not smoke, which brought on a grave explanation from my officer that Brazilian women did not either, and that I had misunderstood. It was for permission to smoke

they had asked. The male representative of Canada who sat near me was unable to speak French, but he was not long in accepting the famous Brazilian cigarettes which were lavished upon him. He assured us afterwards that their strength had not been over-estimated.

When it was considered that we had sufficiently rested from the arduous labor of being conveyed to the ward-room, almost the entire company announced their intentions of escorting us over the ship. I was looked after by my officer and Gabriel de Mello, the latter a fair man with a light-colored beard, who was pining for ladies' society. He did not speak English, he said mournfully, and they did not speak anything but English, so when he walked on shore it was all alone. There was an indescribable pathos in the last two words. He went up to Central Park, and it was wonderful; yes, no doubt, but to go through it with an intelligent lady—ah, that would be heaven! He did not know one in New York, and those he had met at dinner could not speak to him. I remembered the Tammany Hall dinners the unfortunate visiting officers had been given, and the pure Irish of the hosts and their relatives, and I did not wonder. It was all so lonely. Mademoiselle would never understand what a pleasure she had given. Mademoiselle had considerable difficulty in sustaining an expression of sympathy, and raked over her French in order to change the subject.

There was no lack of topics for conversation. All about us lay evidences of another world. The difficulty was to ask questions about weapons and machinery of which we did not know the names. It was singular, too, that the man of the party who did not speak a word of French, understood quite readily all about the guns (everything from a cannon down is a "gun" on board a war-ship), while the women, who could all follow the explanations given, did not understand in the least. But our obvious misunderstanding did not interfere with the eager explanations we received of everything and everybody on ship-board. The search-lights, the revolving guns, one of them, I believe, a very famous one—everything shining spick and span. A war-ship is a frightful place. All the accoutrements of war surround us. All that human ingenuity can devise of the deadly order, is here brought to perfection. All that skilled workers in fire-arms of any nature can execute, is here, ready for use. Some one told me that the *Aquidaban* (which is of English make) carries one of the most formidable batteries of any modern man-of-war, and I can easily believe it. I was greatly interested in the little place in the bow, where the Admiral can stand during an engagement, safely protected from any kind of onslaught or missile, and manage the whole combat, from the steering of his vessel to the firing of its biggest gun. A wonderfully well-arranged system of electric bells and tubes communicates with the entire ship to its remotest parts. A projecting roof over this small space protects, and yet allows, a view commanding the whole range of water on every side. What I thought was particularly to the point was the fact that the men need not stay on deck to be shot at while the Admiral is thus enjoying the scenery. But all of this one can see, in the same kaleidoscopic view, of great guns, search-lights, sentry on guard, signal watches, electric bells, swarming sailors, big bales, boilers, and complicated machinery, on board of any man-of-war. But the other things we saw in addition were swarthy sailors, almost as black as negroes, many of them quite so, in picturesque dark blue and white, standing gravely with hands at their caps saluting the officers, much too polite to stare at us, and the odd furnishing of the numberless kinds of cabins on board. It was clearly a foreign vessel; none could

mistake that. The rules in Portuguese, the odd, foreign words passing quickly from officers to men, the pictures here and there of "the River of January," as their beloved capital is translated, the pretty clay water jars, which have the quality of keeping the water cool for an indefinite period, the slow movements of the sailors—all spoke of a far-off mother-land.

We were shown first into the room of the Commander (the Captain), a quiet, unassuming man, who received us courteously, and shewed us his pretty saloon, off which his bedroom and bathroom opened. There were quantities of flowers on the table and desk, the lovely American Beauty and English violets predominating. The Admiral was in his apartments, but so soon as he went away to New York (as he should do) for lunch, we should see them also, the Commander explained in a tone as serious as if it were a Presidential audience bespoken. From thence we went all over the vessel, up stairs and down rope ladders, examining a shining gun-room, watching the sailors' mess, seeing them mending their kits, avoiding stepping on others fast asleep on the floor, some on chests, some in hammocks—anywhere!

My officer had to leave me for a time, for which separation his apologies overwhelmed me. It was absolutely necessary that he go on duty for a few minutes only until the Admiral should have left the ship. So, with the first lieutenant of the torpedo boat, who was delighting in the long-desired society of ladies, and several others, we climbed aloft to watch the Admiral's departure. Sailors lined his passage; the Admiral's own steam launch awaited him at the bottom of the ladder down the ship's side. His officers were grouped at the head of the ladder. Sailors leaned from the rigging, for a moment suspending their labors. The Admiral stepped out of his quarters, walked quickly through the line of saluting sailors to where his officers, with bared heads, stood ready to receive him. Shaking hands with them all, he exchanged a brief "Good-bye," and, followed by two of the officers, went down the ladder, his stern profile turned toward us for a moment only.

Then my officer returned, and we set out for the Admiral's quarters. We saw a great many interesting photographs, a very elaborate one of Rio de Janeiro as the seat of government, and one of President Peixoto, of course in the place of honor; a great many books, and a great bunch of Maréchal Niel roses in the centre of the dining-room table. Passing out of here we came out on deck, and an excitable little officer, whose name I never discovered, who alternately scurried about us and ran up and down the stairs, implored us to be seated, hurried after more chairs, and presently dashed up again with a sailor bringing us coffee. Surely there is no limit to the hospitality of the *Aquidaban*, we thought. The coffee was of a flavor which one does not forget, and which many Canadians, possibly, tasted at the Fair. It was very strong and sweet, and one had to drink it quickly or one's will power would give out.

It was while we were taking our coffee that another pleasant little incident happened. One of the officers "A de Lima Torres," I have forgotten the rest of his name, had been standing by when we were looking interestedly at the water jars, and he now came up to me with a parcel in his hand.

If Mademoiselle would only be so good as to accept this little remembrance of the *Aquidaban*, she would confer a great favor. He was grieved that it was only a water-jar—*mais pour souvenir de l'Aquidaban*. Mademoiselle would understand. He would put his card inside, if Mademoiselle did not object. Would Mademoiselle be good enough to accept?

Mademoiselle accepted, and it will go hard with the person whoever even chips that water-jar.

But our visit was almost over, and we re-descended to the ward-room. Once again the jolly company closed in upon us, and bright speeches again bewildered. The cabin doors were open, and we flitted from one to another of the officers' quarters, filled with books and photographs, foils, clubs, pictures, boxes, and the uncomfortable-looking beds. It was all very novel and interesting, and I fear we asked a great many questions.

But there was one thing which happened, and that is why I say "my" officer. The others, when I told them of it, conceded their claims at once. I was alone for a moment in the centre of the ward-room when Lieutenant de Barrios came up to me and asked if Mademoiselle would have the supreme kindness to go with him. I followed him into his cabin, and he took a photograph out of a drawer and showed it to me.

"It is my little daughter," he said, as I took the sweet baby picture in my hand. "She has blue eyes," he added, proudly.

"This is very, very good of you," I said; but, some one else coming in, he quietly put the picture away and went on talking. Then, when the newcomer had gone, he turned to a curtain at the head of his bed.

"And this," he said, putting it aside gently and tenderly, and shewing the photograph of a beautiful woman, "is my wife."

There are compliments one feels humbly grateful for, and this was one of them, I think. The photographs were always, I felt, carefully guarded, and to show them to me was a rare compliment—one for which I could not sufficiently thank Lieutenant de Barrios.

We regretfully took leave of the officers of the *Aquidaban*, promising each other that it should not be for long. But only a few weeks have passed, and several of our party have gone through the deep waters of sorrow and death, and all of those kindly men are embroiled in the horrors of war.

They insisted upon sending us to shore in the Admiral's launch. Needless to say our boatman had never returned. And we got into the little craft, and looking back, as we steamed across the water, waved what I fear is a last farewell to the men who had treated us right royally. In the launch with us were two gentlemen in civilian's clothes who bowed to us, and one of whom I fancied I had seen before. When we reached the landing and took the nearest street-car, we noticed that they had got in before us. They took no further notice of us, and I thought I must be mistaken. However, when the man of the party went to pay our fares, he discovered that they had been paid. The gentlemen who came from the *Aquidaban* had paid for us This was highly embarrassing, and I spoke to the one whose face seemed familiar and told him that we were much embarrassed by his kindness. He answered in French, after a moment's hesitation, that he was the surgeon of the *Aquidaban*, and further attempts to thank him he either did not or would not understand. At last, after an unsatisfactory five minutes, he seemed to realize, and said, simply, "You are so kind as to visit our ship; we escort you as far as possible."

To such kindly courtesy as this there was no objecting, but the man of our party gets much vexed still when you speak of it. If only he "had known who they were and got ahead of them!" is his lament. We felt, indeed, that it was an embarrassment of kindness—that we, total strangers, should be beholden in these many ways to these gentlemen, and men whose courtesy was the outcome of real kindness.

Where the wrong may lie in this dreadful war I do not know. But I know where our sympathies are, and that we who made that visit watch eagerly the *Aquidaban's* fortunes. It

is saddening to think that even now the grave surgeon may be tending the wounded among his brother officers; that gallant De Mello may be in deadly peril; that Lieutenant de Barrios' beautiful wife may be anxiously awaiting tidings; that the kindly "A. de Lima Torres" may have fallen! And all of these and the friendly others are in danger! That they may escape the dread enemy!

SONG.

Worlds on worlds,
And all complete
To the setting of a star;
But what is a world
Complete, complete,
But a world where lovers are?

When without sound
A star shoots down,
Is it out of its element, think?
Like a flaming draught
From a cup alight
Spilt over the azure brim—
'Tis a love-wine quaffed
By the throat of night
Athirst for the fiery drink.

Worlds on worlds,
And all complete,
Though falleth many a star;
But what is a world
Complete, complete,
But a world where lovers are?

Oceans of water,
So deep, so deep,
Rolling from bottomless caves;
Who but the moon,
When the world's asleep,
Knoweth the secret of waves?
How their heart is her own,
As she gloats from her throne
On the mighty homage of waves;
Oceans of water,
One heart and one eye,
Aleap and agleam
At a glance from the sky.

Worlds on worlds,
These things must be;
Love rules the sea and the star;
And what is a world
To you, to me,
But a world where lovers are?

—Blanche Bishop.

THE SOUL-SNAKE.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE castle of the old counts of Hornberg stands on a lonely rock in the centre of the Black Forest. Every year it grows more ruinous, and its paved courts and empty halls re-echo the fall of no human foot. The fountains are dry, and the pleasure-gardens are bare even of vines and weeds, and only the raven, of all the birds, will dare to alight upon its broken towers, for the place is under the blight of heaven's anger, and it is said that at midnight, writ in letters of fire over the low, frowning portal of the fortress, may be seen the words of the curse, "*Lamentation, and Mourning, and Woe.*"

Two hundred years ago the earth wore a different aspect. Then, all was gaiety and joy within its walls. The gardens were lit with bright flowers; the fountains flashed with sparkling waters; gay birds flitted thro' the sunlit courts, and nightingales sang dreamily in the moonlight, under the heavy-perfumed boughs of rich exotics. The bravest and most beautiful in the land flocked to its masques and hunting parties, and the shepherd at night, far away on the lonely hills, has had his heart cheered by the snatches of song, or martial music, which the wind has brought him in fitful gusts. Count Friedrich von Hornberg had just come into the possession of his ancestral land, and was in full enjoyment of his power, but he cared solely for the gratification of his own pleasure. He cared for no religion; he bowed to no authority. He feared neither God nor man, and loved no one but himself, but he was handsome and affable, and squandered his money freely among his boon companions; his entertainments were more popular than those of any other of the nobles. In his state, he imitated the splendor of an emperor, and as six heralds in silver armor rode before his chariot down the valley roads, the simple country folk would stand afar off, and behold the pageant with awe and admiration. The crest of the counts of Hornberg was an eagle with its face turned up to the meridian sun, and a golden eagle surmounted the flag-staff on the central tower. Deer were plentiful then in the forests which the Count owned, so the hunting parties at the castle were numerous. Young Count Friedrich was a dashing rider, and always led the chase, and was foremost in attack. His gold-sheathed hunting-knife had been warmed by the touch of the living heart of many a noble stag. On hunting days, the company of knights and ladies, attended by their servants, could issue forth in the early morning, and when the chase was over, after partaking of refreshments by some cool mountain stream, under the overhanging trees, could return to the castle about three of the clock in the afternoon.

It was after a morning spent in the manner described that Count Friedrich came home one day, flushed with wine and the excitement of the chase. He went up to his room to attire himself for the masque which was to be held in the castle on that evening. Upon entering his chamber, which was covered with the gold of the afternoon sun, he was surprised and somewhat startled to find a gentleman lounging carelessly across his favorite couch. The stranger smiled to see the Count's surprise, but made no attempt to rise, or pay the common tributes of courtesy.

"Sir," said Count Friedrich, as soon

as he had recovered from his astonishment, "may I hope that tho' unbidden by, and unknown to me, you are enjoying the hospitality of my poor home."

"You may, Count; I am enjoying myself extremely," said the stranger with the utmost *sang froid*.

"That is well," said Count Friedrich, sarcastically, the color mounting to his cheeks.

"It *is* well," the stranger replied, quite undisturbed by the signs of rising passion in the Count's face.

"Sir," said the Count, trembling with rage, "your impertinence amazes me. If you do not leave instantly, I will call my servants, and they will eject you forcibly. Otherwise, I fear that I shall be unable to restrain myself from falling upon a man under my own roof."

"Friedrich," said the stranger slowly, as he sat upright on a couch, "don't be a fool. Sit down and listen to what I have to say to you."

There was something in the tone of his voice, and his manner, which the Count could not resist. He obeyed like a child, and sat before his curious visitor upon the broad window sill, with his back to the sunlight. There was silence in the room for a moment. Then the stranger began.

"Count, you are a great man. You are proud of your birth, proud of your position, as one of the nobles of the Holy Roman Empire; proud of your power, your wealth, your popularity, your good looks. You are indeed a great man, but you sit in the presence of a greater. A minute or two ago, you would have turned me out of your house. You little knew then to whom you made so bold a threat. Behold in me the emperor of half the human race. My word is sure and swift as lightning; my mandates are as irrefragable as the laws of nature, and the current of my will as irrevocable as the tides of ocean."

The Count smiled a bitter, sarcastic smile at what he considered the empty boasting of his visitor.

"You smile, I see," said the latter, "you do not believe what I say. Perhaps I may be able to prove it to you, so that you will never doubt my word again. Now, Friedrich, look me full in the face and note every feature, till the remembrance of my countenance be graven upon your mind."

The Count looked the stranger full in the face, and saw nothing in it to cause either wonder or fear. It was that of a man in the prime of life. The eyes were of a light hazel; the features were regular and handsome, and the upper lip was adorned with a light moustache. Fair, curly hair fell over the forehead.

"Do you think you could now remember my features distinctly if they were to be withdrawn?"

"I think so," said the Count, becoming slightly alarmed at the conduct of the man.

The stranger rose and stood before Von Hornberg.

"Give me your hand," said he, "and I will tell you who I am, and reveal my power."

Friedrich, unable to resist, did as he was bidden. He held out his right hand, which the stranger grasped, in such a way that his cold fingers lay along the pulses of the Count's wrist. A deadly numbness instantly pervaded the arm, and spread from thence over the Count's body. He sat there rigid, and unable even to utter a cry. The sense of paralysis increased until the daylight flickered before his eyes and went out, and he was grasped in the power of a dark-dream. Then from the wrist of his right hand came bounding pulses of all the passions that sway the heart of man, love, hate, pride, anger, ambition, and the hunger of gold. Sweet, haunting faces, and illusory dreams of greatness passed before him, and as his will goaded him on to follow, or plunged him into the madness of indulgence, suddenly there would flash across his path the mocking features of the stranger, and he would recoil in terror, for the lips

would open and say, "Thou art mine," and he would sink down, down, down, thro' rings of darkness into infinite abysses.

The hand on the wrist was withdrawn, and the Count regained his consciousness to find the stranger seated on the couch as before.

"Well," said the latter, "you perhaps know me now. You believe in my power. Doubtless you can repeat my name?"

"I can," said the Count, "it is Satan."

"Ha, ha! you know me well. I have had dealings with you before. We shall have more in the future. There will be many opportunities of cementing our friendship, and deepening our mutual obligations in the centuries which lie before us."

"Hideous fiend," shrieked the Count, "is there no power which will drive thee from me. By this Holy,"—but the Count's hand could not make the sign of the Cross,—"in the name of" —but the Count's lips refused to utter the Holy Name.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the fiend, "your piety won't avail you now. I should not have revealed myself to you if I had not been sure that you were in my power. It is too late to struggle."

"You lie," cried the Count, "I *will* be free."

'Try it."

The Count tried to move, but his limbs were cased in iron. Outside, the heralds in the court gave a flourish of trumpets as the Grand Duke arrived for the masque, but up in the sunlit chamber his host sat powerless before the fiend.

"Friedrich von Hornberg, I will tell you the secret of my power. It is in *yourself, in your own heart.* There fastens upon every infant's breast, after baptism, a demon parasite, which we in hell call a 'soul-snake,' but which the theologians, who do not understand it, call 'self.' This soul-snake, in the beginning, is but a minute germ, but it is, when well fed, of rapid growth, and, as it grows, it assumes more and more the shape of the being it inhabits. I have said that the soul-snake is a parasite. *It lives on the passions of a man's heart. There,* in the centre of his being it lies, and sucks, and sucks, and maddens him with its thirst for sin, and waxes stronger by the heart's indulgence of sin, and ever as it grows, it makes greater demands upon the heart, till the insatiable appetite can no longer be appeased, and the soul is crushed by its own emptiness. The only hope for man lies in *starving* the demon. *Then,* it will get smaller and smaller, and perhaps die away. But when, as in your case, the parasite has been fed for years upon a rich diet of unbridled passions, it becomes a huge darkness, filling, and even enveloping the body. To me, you do not appear the gay, sparkling being the world takes you for. The shadowy scales of the soul-snake cover you with the murkiness of hell, and emit a poison which contaminates all around you. Go where you will, do what you will, the monster will grow and grow, and you will have to plunge deeper each year into excess in order to satisfy its unconquerable cravings. You are in its power; *you are mine.* As soon as the shadow fills the whole body of a man, and bursts outward beyond the flesh, I know that that man is mine. He can hope no longer to finally escape me. Then, I come to him, as I have come to you to-day, and welcome him into my kingdom. Have no more fear. Struggle not to be free. Drink deeper, love more madly, hate more fiercely, fight more cruelly, corrupt more artfully. Look down your limbs, behold round your hands and feet, and over your whole body, the black shadow of the demon.

The Count looked down upon himself, and lo, a darkness enveloped him, which he had never perceived before.

"You see the soul-snake now," said

the fiend. "It will grow day by day, till it becomes a giant shadow of yourself, filling the world with evil. Guard it, support it, continue to give it meat and drink, if you would have even temporary peace."

The fiend paused and rose to depart. He held out his hand to the Count.

"Friedrich," he said, "there may still remain in you some desire to be free. Cease the futile struggle, and abandon yourself utterly to my service, and *love me.*

The Count looked up into the strange face bending over him, and a new love filled him with a furious joy—*the love of sin for its own sake.*

"I will," he said; and the compact was closed, and Count Friedrich found himself alone. He rose and attired himself for the masque, but at every turn he saw round him the scales of the demon parasite, whose hungry lips were fastened upon his heart.

Night after night there was mad revelry at the castle. The Count was gayer and more fascinating than ever. The company were intoxicated by his presence, and lingered in his enchanted palaces. The mountains and valleys re-echoed the merry minstrelsy, and the clatter of tournaments and jousts.

But the shadow grew larger round Count von Hornberg, and desire became more insatiable. The monster was devouring him, for the pressure upon him was a burden and a pain, and its hunger was as the sting of death.

Years passed away, and the presence of the demon had become so palpable that even the outside world was conscious of it, and all living things shrank from the owner of Hornberg castle as from the angel of the plague. Wherever he went, the shadow was round him, and poisoned the world to him, and crushed him with its unquenchable thirst for deeper draughts of sin. At last even his servants fled from him, and on one dark night, in his fortress castle, the Count found himself alone. He lighted with all the shining candelabra, the haunts of former splendor, and wandered from room to room, gaunt and grizzly as a skeleton. He knew that the end had come. He could no longer quaff the wine of sin; his lips were withered and dry, but the thirst was there still, the stinging thirst of the parasite, like the fire of an equatorial desert. He staggered feebly down the brilliant corridors, past the sparkling fountains, thro' the odorous gardens, and back again into the gorgeous salons. Nothing living met his sight. He called the old familiar names of his servants and his dogs, but his voice died away down the halls, and there was no response. The end had come, and he was alone. Shrunken and shrivelled in the heart of the monster he had nourished with his own soul, Von Hornberg sank down upon an ottoman, and sat there biting his long claw-like nails, till the lights died out in the massy candelabra, and the flowers faded in the empty gardens, and the flesh fell from his bones, and his bones crumbled into dust under the crumbling towers. But the end of the end never came, for he despaired on and on forever, and hungers still with a hunger which cannot be appeased, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

THE COCOANUT PALM.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

Member of the Institute of Jamaica.

NOWHERE in tropical America is there a tree so graceful, so pleasing to the eye of the traveller, as the cocoanut palm; and no tree is so typical of the tropics. To visit the tropics for the first time is like being transported into another world, for it is utterly beyond the limit of human imagination to conceive the wonders and the beauties that a tropical landscape unfolds and spreads out before the eye. Every one has previously formed an idea of what the tropics are like, pictured in his mind's eye the wonderful vegetation, the plants and flowers and the trees; but an actual realization proves so far beyond anything which he could imagine that he gazes in speechless wonder. But one feature of the landscape will not at first surprise the traveller. He has, from his earliest recollection, associated with the tropics in all parts of the world, the palm, a tree of grace and beauty, towering above all surrounding tropical giants; and as this tree is the most prominent feature in his imaginative tropical landscape, so it will be in the real one, and he almost feels as though he had been accustomed to see palms all his life. But he never tires at gazing at the lovely palms, with their tall, slender stems, crowned with feathery leaves, always gently waving in the steady, soft, trade zephyrs of tropical latitudes.

I presume there is no quarter of the globe where there are so many cocoanut palms as in the West Indies. I devote this article to the cocoanut palm, because it is by far the most plentiful of all palms in tropical America, particularly in the West Indies; because it is, to my mind, the most beautiful of all, and because its uses are the most manifold to the peo-

ple who inhabit the countries where it grows.

Jamaica may well be styled "the Land of Palms." Indeed it is a beautiful garden of palms, where nature, it would seem, has located her special palm nursery to show her fairest and most wonderful works in the vegetable kingdom.

There are several other varieties of palm in Jamaica, among which are the oil palm (in limited numbers), occasionally a Royal palm, and in the more elevated parts of the island, "cabbage palms" are plentiful. The Jamaica blacks call the oil palm "macca fat," the word "macca" referring to the long, sharp spurs with which the trunk of this tree is covered, and "fat," referring, of course, to the oil which the tree yields. But the typical palm of the island is that which bears the cocoanut. It is by far the most plentiful, and anywhere in Jamaica one cannot lift his eyes, or gaze in any direction, without seeing from half a dozen to a score or more of these wonderful trees.

Before proceeding further I will insert a brief scientific description of the cocoanut palm. "It is the species *Cocos mucifera*, perhaps once a native only of the Indian coasts and South Sea Islands, though now diffused over all tropical regions. It belongs to a genus having pinnate leaves, male and female flowers on the same tree, the female flowers at the base of each spadix." It has a cylindrical stem, about two feet in diameter, and from sixty to one hundred feet high, with many rings marking the places of former leaves, which curve downwards, and which are from twelve to thirty feet in length. The flowers proceed from within a large pointed spathe. I have now in my study one of these spathes, dried. It is about three and a half feet long, and will weigh, I think, five or six pounds—and would weigh fully twice that when green. The nuts grow in short racemes, which bear, in favorable locations, from five to fifteen nuts; and ten to twelve of these racemes in different stages may be seen at once on a tree, about eighty to a hundred nuts being its ordinary annual yield.

The tree bears in from seven to eight years from the germinating of the nut, and continues productive from seventy to eighty years. It defies storms and hurricanes, and its graceful form, with its evergreen foliage, towering above all other trees, with its leaves swayed to and fro by every breeze, make it a conspicuous feature, not only along the tropical coasts, but in the villages not very far inland.

The timber of the tree is utilized for many purposes,—for building houses and for rafts,—while the natives make use of the leaves for roofing their dwellings, thus securing immunity from the heavy rains that are so common in regions near the equator. I said that the uses of the cocoanut palm are many, and they do not, by any means, cease with the wood and leaves. A medicine said to cure kidney troubles is obtained from the trunk. It is a liquid secured by boring a hole in the trunk of the tree at a certain stage of its growth, afterward permitting the liquid to ferment for several hours. This liquid, when subjected to heat, supplies a crystallized sugar, and, by distillation, alcohol is obtained. In many places where the cocoanut grows, the natives make cups for various purposes by cutting the shells of the nuts in halves, often carving and decorating them in a most beautiful manner. The new nut contains a certain proportion of white liquor, somewhat resembling milk, which to the traveller in the tropics is very refreshing and healthful, and is much esteemed and often drunk by the natives themselves. When the nut is just ripe, the edible part, which is seen in the north only as a hard kernel, is simply a soft jelly-like pulp, which may be eaten with a spoon. This jelly is very delicate, but I always found it insipid, and I generally experienced a sickish sensation

after eating it; nevertheless it is much esteemed by many. This substance produces a white fat which will, in melting, and under pressure, give a kind of grease, in quantity about two-thirds its own weight. This material is used in the manufacture of butter, candles, and many other articles. The ripe kernel, as we see it in the north, when ground and subjected to a high pressure produces cocoanut oil, which is used as the basis for high grade perfumed oils, and there are many other uses for the husks and the fibrous wood near the roots.

But I will mention one more use to which it is put, a use which I was much interested in while in Jamaica. The floors in the houses of the better classes are always beautifully stained a rosewood color. It is done in this wise:—A black woman gets down upon her knees on the floor, and carefully washes it. She then chews some roots of a certain tree, which produces a rich red liquid; this she ejects from her mouth upon the floor, covering the surface evenly with a rag. She then takes the half of a cocoanut husk, that is, the covering of the nut, sawed in two at about one-third the distance from the end. This fibrous covering, flat on the sawed surface, is used as a polisher to the floor, which is given by smart rubbing a bright polish, bringing out the color of the dye and the grain of the wood. So, if, on account of ants and other insects, they can have no carpets in Jamaica, they have about the most beautiful floors in the world.

In developing a cocoanut plantation, land is selected as near the sea as possible, for the cocoanut tree flourishes best near the salt water. The planting is done by taking the young sprouts (which are obtained by piling up a quantity of ripe nuts, and allowing them to remain for some months, until the young shoots emerge from the eyes of the nut, or by gathering nuts that have fallen from the trees and germinated of their own accord), and placing them in holes dug in the ground, about twenty or twenty-five feet apart each way. The plantation then needs but little attention, except to keep pigs away from the young shoots until the tree has raised itself far enough above the ground, and become strong enough to take care of itself. It begins to bear nuts in from five to eight years, according to the weather. The cocoanut tree has a strong affinity for the salt water, and, therefore, grows best in near proximity to the sea. Indeed, it is said that the root, after breaking through the eye of the shell, turns at once in the direction of the nearest salt water, no matter what the original position of the nut may have been.

When the nuts are ripe, they are gathered by natives, who climb the trees, going up as it were "on all fours," clasping their arms about the trunk, and clinging, with their toes, to the knots left by previous leaves. It is very interesting to see a black boy go up a cocoanut tree in this way, looking more like a monkey the higher he gets. When at the top, he sits astride the bases of the great leaves at the crown, selects those nuts that are ripe and throws them to the ground.

The blossom of the cocoanut palm is a very beautiful and peculiar work of Nature's art. Appearing at the base of the long ragged leaves, it is a long pod-shaped sheath, green in color, and standing erect until its own weight causes it to bend downward, when it hangs until the stems it encloses, which are to bear the nuts, are sufficiently matured to proceed in their growth without further protection. When this outer covering splits, it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which will be found miniature cocoanuts, which require about fourteen months to mature and ripen.

In Jamaica, cocoanut palms are made use of for reclaiming swamps and marsh land near the coast. I saw such an enterprise in the various stages of its development, near Port

Antonio. There being no tide in the Caribbean—at least no more than in the Mediterranean—salt marshes take the place of flats washed by the ebb and flow of tides. In reclaiming a swamp with cocoanut palms, the soil or mud of the swamp is heaped up, at intervals of twenty-five or thirty feet, forming mounds six or eight feet in diameter, and three or four feet high. As soon as the surplus water has drained from the mounds, leaving a moist, rich loam, a germinated cocoanut is planted in the centre of each. The shoot soon begins to reach toward the salt water, and to grow luxuriantly, until about eight years old, when it begins to bear nuts. It is then that the swamp begins to cease to be a swamp, and as the cocoanut palms become large and bear more nuts, requiring much water—like the proverbial milkman—to store away in the form of "milk" in the nuts, the ground round about becomes less moist, the whole swamp begins to get dry, so that mule carts may easily be driven over it; the lesser vegetation changes, and in ten years a flourishing cocoanut plantation covers the land which was once a useless marsh. It is interesting, but only one of Nature's many wonderful chemical accomplishments, that, no matter how stagnant, how fever-laden, may be the water which feeds the roots of the cocoanut palm, the liquid in the nut is always pure, limpid and refreshing.

The cocoanut palm is certainly one of the most useful trees on the globe, and its uses to man are many. It furnishes him with food and shelter, medicine, household utensils, and even clothing, for a rude but excellent fabric is woven from a fibre which covers the bases of the leaves of a young tree, and which, as the leaf grows, falls downward, looking like a yard of canvas exquisitely woven on nature's loom.

As the voyager enters the tropics, and passes among the coral isles and tiny bays, he is first made aware that he is in the regions of romance, of bold buccaneers, of hurricanes and tornadoes, by the cocoanut palm, which adorns these minute emerald dots in the azure southern sea, where oftentimes no other tree could find room enough to grow. It defies hurricanes and tornadoes, but yields to one other less violent but more persistent form of the elements—the trade winds, which gently press the young tree as it grows, until, when it has attained its full height and completed beauty, its touching, slender stem, always inclines to leeward, and a perfectly straight cocoanut tree is never seen except in a sheltered valley ravine.

BEN SHALOM.

Ben Shalom read one night from out a roll:
"Vessel of honor! consecrate! ('O soul!')
Prepared for every worthy work! and meet
For the Master's use!"
And, finger on scroll,
He prayed aloud: "Make me His silvern bowl!"
Lo! Emeth at his side, God's angel fleet:
"Yea, in His mansion here; and when unfold
The everlasting doors, chalice of gold
Brimming with His great love—heaven's vintage sweet!"

McMaster University. —Theodore H. Rand.

MEN AND THINGS IN MEXICO.

BY ALLAN LEIGH.

We reached El Paso, Texas, about noon on Monday, and had two or three hours to stroll about this noted town of the South-West, before starting on our trip into the land of Cortez.

El Paso lies on the north side of the Rio Grande, a river forming the dividing line between the United States and Old Mexico, but which, in November, is simply a river bed, the water being dried up. The town is a mixture of the modern and ancient style of architecture, retaining the latter from its old Mexican inhabitants, while the modern is well represented by blocks of stone and brick, amongst which is the new post-office, a fine building recently completed. The houses of the poor whites and Indians are almost entirely built of adobe, a brick, not burnt as our bricks are, but simply sun-dried, and which every man wishing to build makes for himself. They stand the weather fairly well, and better than usual in this part of the country, where it rains seldom, and the sun is very strong. El Paso boasts of two banks, several hotels, and, as in all western towns, innumerable saloons.

It did not take us more than an hour to view the whole place, including luncheon at the "English Kitchen," which is conducted entirely by Chinamen, from proprietor down to the waiters. The rest of the time we spent at the railway station, promenading the platform or taking our turn at sitting on the one small bench provided by the railway company for the convenience and comfort of passengers.

ZACATECAS, FROM MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

At last the Mexican Central train backed over from the Mexican side and took us across the Rio Grande, to the fine station of Ciudad Juarez. There we were requested to alight and

PLAZA MAYOR, MEXICO.

attend to having our baggage examined by the customs officials. These gentlemen, being the first we had seen of Mexicans at home, somewhat impressed us, so that we did not wait for a second invitation, especially as they were well furnished with revolvers, knives, etc., to say nothing of their hats, which were fully two feet high. We learned afterwards that, to the Mexican, the hat is all important, and, as we noted later, a man might be barefooted and scantily clad, but he invariably had on his sombrero. These hats range in price from ten to sixty dollars, according to the amount of silver or gold trimming on them.

After the customs farce, gone through in much the same manner as in Canada, our baggage checked, and tea taken in the railway dining room, we boarded our Pullman, and started on the journey south.

During the first three hundred miles from Ciudad Juarez, nothing happened to interest the traveller. The country is barren, and the natives, chiefly Indians, that are seen, are about as miserable a class of humanity as could be found anywhere. Fortunately, through this part of the country. the restaurants are run by Chinamen, and, as a rule, are bad enough, but in the art of cooking, incomparably better than any Mexican native restaurants.

The first day out we took breakfast at Chihuahua, a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, and possessing a very fine cathedral.

Among other points of interest between Chihuahua and Zacatecas are the hot springs of Santa Rosalia, which, I believe, have made some wonderful cures of rheumatic complaints; and Torron, the town at which the Mexican International Railway joins the Mexican Central.

Our next stop was Zacatecas, in the heart of the silver mines, and a place of 75,000 souls. The output of silver from the mines about Zacatecas has, since the time of their discovery, amounted to an almost fabulous sum. A great many pleasant trips may be made from here, notably the one to Guadaloupe, to see the church and the beautiful paintings and frescoes it contains.

From Zacatecas south, the country begins to appear more fertile, and farming begins to occupy a prominent

position amongst the industries. The Century, or maguey, and the cactus, are also largely grown. From the former they make pulque, the favorite drink of the lower classes, which, when fresh, resembles buttermilk, and when fermented, is like cider. The cactus plant bears a pear-shaped fruit and is usually black in the inside.

After leaving Chihuahua, and until reaching the city of Mexico, the passengers are beseiged by natives at every station, who try to sell something. Every town has its specialty. At one place they sell oranges—another strawberries—another kid gloves, then, at another, basket ware, and so on, the articles of all descriptions, but all home-made or home-grown. The Mexican is a most persistent vender. One can rarely shake him off without making a purchase, although he does not understand a word of the English language.

Next in interest, after Zacatecas, comes Aguas Calientes. As its name implies, it is situated near hot springs. It is a popular health resort on this account—besides, it is a commercial centre and a fine city. A branch line of the Mexican Central runs from here down to Tampico, a seaport town on the east coast. We did not leave the train at Aguas Calientes, but only stopped for dinner. That same evening we passed Irapuato, otherwise known as "Strawberry Station." No matter at what time of the year one may happen to go there, he will always find the natives waiting for him with their baskets of beautiful strawberries. And the berries are comparatively cheap—a basket containing a quart being sold for about ten or fifteen cents, basket and all.

Then comes Celaya, an extensive cotton manufacturing town; and Queretaro, one of the old towns of Mexico, founded sometime in the fifteenth century by the Aztecs. It was here that Maximilian was taken prisoner and shot by the Republican forces.

We reached the city of Mexico in the morning, three days after leaving El Paso. The accommodation on the whole journey was excellent, and the railway officials were very polite and obliging.

Having been recommended to stay at either the Hotel Jardin, or Hotel Eturbide, we took a look at both, and decided on the latter. This hotel was formerly the palace of the Emperor Eturbide, a general in the Mexican army, who seized the throne during a revolution, He was afterwards shot when the opposite party gained the upper hand. The Hotel Eturbide is on the Calle San Francisco, one of the principal streets, and is an enormous structure of rough stone, the whole covered with a coating of cement, colored in about all the shades of the rainbow. We were received and assigned rooms by the proprietor, a Spaniard, in much the same manner as in our own country. The hotels are conducted on the European plan. One thing a little odd was that on one side of the

NATIONAL PALACE, MEXICO.

office hung a large blackboard, with the number of the rooms in the house, and our names were inscribed thereon for the proprietor's own convenience and the information of the public.

After breakfast, we started for a stroll about the town. But a word regarding Mexican cooking. From an English standpoint it is simply vile. The bread is coarse, the flour seeming to have been freely mixed with bran. Butter is a luxury, and, unless imported, is made from goat's milk, which gives it a peculiar flavor. The meats, vegetables, and in fact everything, are cooked in a style which is anything but agreeable to the palate.

CATHEDRAL, PLAZA MAYOR, MEXICO.

Our first place to visit was the Plaza Mayor, situated in the heart of the city. With its many fountains, walks, and flower beds, it is a really beautiful spot. On the north side of this square is the cathedral, a huge pile of stones and mortar. On the east side is the National Palace, containing the Government offices and an observatory. The Plaza Mayor seems to be the centre of everything. The principal streets lead from it, and the street railway lines make it their starting-point for all directions. The remaining two sides of the Plaza are occupied by shops.

The street railway methods of Mexico are worthy of notice. Not only in the city of Mexico itself, but in all the other cities and towns, an excellent system prevails. The cars are all built in England or in the United States, and are similar to the ones we use. Donkeys constitute the motive power, and little things they are, too —one would not suppose them capable of drawing the loads they draw. The cars are of two classes, distinguishable by their color: the yellow are first-class, the green or blue second-class. One kind immediately follows the other, so anyone may take his choice, The first-class fare is just double the second, and the latter is intended for the poor people and Indians. Baggage cars are also run on all lines, at intervals of about an hour, and afford a cheap mode of transportation.

The public carriages, or cabs, are of different grades, or classes, just as the street cars are. There are three classes of cabs, distinguished by the color of their wheels—yellow, red or blue. If you take a carriage having yellow wheels, it costs you one dollar per hour; but, should you choose the red,

EAST WING, CATHEDRAL, PLAZA, MAYOR.

you will pay seventy-five cents per hour, or, if the blue, only fifty cents. The difference in price is due to the difference in the horses. A yellow wheel cab will go just about twice as far in an hour as a blue one, so that, if going a long distance, there is no economy in taking a cheap cab.

Among the many short trips to be taken, within easy distance of the city, is the trip to Guadalupe, which can be made by carriage, or by the street cars. The latter way is preferable, owing to the pavements being chiefly cobble stones. The cars will take one there in three-quarters of an hour, and will charge only one real (12½ cents). The shrine is, of course, the main point of interest at Guadalupe. It is called the holiest in all Mexico, and is supposed to be the scene of the Indian tradition of 1531, in which the Virgin of Guadalupe appeared to the Indian, Juan Diego. The shrine is a series of connected buildings, built on the side of a hill, the top chapel overlooking the whole country around about. On this part of the hill is erected the sails of a ship, cut from stone. It was placed here in gratitude for the safe arrival of a ship supposed to have been lost at sea. Pilgrimages to Guadalupe from all parts of Mexico are made by the Indians, it being their chief place of worship.

Other trips may be made: to Chapultepec, the country residence of the President, built by Galvez, and once occupied by the Emperor Maximilian; and to the Floating Islands, another which need to be seen to be appreciated. The journey to the Islands is made in a gondola, through various canals, in a truly Venetian fashion.

By strolling down to the Paseo, a wide boulevard running from the Alemeda to Chapultepec, any afternoon between five and six o'clock, the fine horses and carriages of the Mexicans may be seen, for at this hour the heat of the day is over, and the evenings are not yet chilly, as they are at later hours. The Paseo, is fully one hundred feet wide, and is lined with statues, the chief, the equestrian statue of Charles IV. of Spain, the largest single casting in the world.

No heavy traffic is allowed on the Paseo, which is reserved for pleasure-driving and riding.

The Alameda, at the foot of the Paseo, a large public garden, beautifully laid out with flowers and tropical plants, is to the city of Mexico what Central Park is to New York. The military bands play there every Thursday and Sunday forenoon, and to the fair sex, who desire to "take in" the fashions, the Alameda, after church, Sunday morning, is a most desirable resort.

Our last excursion from the city of Mexico was to Pachuca, to see a real Spanish bull-fight. Most of the Mexican States have declared against this brutal sport, and among them the State of Mexico, in which the city of Mexico is situated. But it is not so with the

PUBLIC SQUARE, PACHUCA.

town of Pachuca. There the bull-fights occur every Sunday, and are attended by thousands from all parts of the country.

We left Mexico at nine o'clock, a.m., on a special train crowded with bull-fighters, sports and spectators, and among the last, the fair sex was well represented. Some men had their whole families with them, down to the baby in arms. It is thus that the children grow up to look upon the bull-fight as quite a natural, and in no way a cruel, pastime.

The distance to Pachuca was only fifty-four miles, but it took over three hours to traverse, and we were all ready for luncheon when we arrived. On the way out, some of the passengers bought roasted goat, which was offered for sale at the different stations we passed, in the shape of chops, to be, of course, eaten with the fingers. It looked rather good, but none of our party cared about trying its quality, although we were invited to do so by several of the bull-fighters and others.

A word here on the hospitality of the Mexican. Whatever he possesses, he wants to share with some one. His heart is almost as large as an Irishman's. If you want any information, he will not only give it to you, but will go out of his way to do all he can to assist you.

After a stroll about Pachuca we adjourned to the Plaza de Toro. The building is circular, the bull ring from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, while there is seating capacity for three or four thousand people. Although the performance was not to begin for an hour, the place was well filled, so anxious are the people to secure good seats.

Another odd, but practical, way of deciding the value of the different seats, is according to the position of the sun. Seats sold in the shade (*a sombra*) are worth just about three times as much as seats in the sun (*a*

BULL FIGHT WITH PICADORS, PACHUCA.

sol). Of course, a person sitting with the sun in his eyes cannot see nearly so well as if seated in the shade,—to say nothing of the heat.

In one part of the gallery sits the Governor of the State with his family and staff, and at his side stands a bugler from one of the regiments. It is the Governor who presides at the fight.

The bands play—the bugle sounds—the people cheer. The gates are thrown open and the first act in the cruel spectacle begins; in files the procession, headed by ten or a dozen men on horseback.

Their costumes are of velvet of various shades, and fairly glittering with gold and silver lace. The trappings of the horses match. These leaders of the procession are the Picadors, armed with long lances terminating with a spike. Next to them come the Bandoleras, on foot, in about the same costumes and numbers as the Picadors, carrying in their hands sticks about three feet long, having a hook in one end, very like a good-sized fish hook, but straight, the other end ornamented with paper flowers of all shapes and colors.

Then comes, with his long sword, the Matador or Toreador,—the lion of the day! The people cheer, he bows acknowledgment — they cheer again. He is their pet—in their minds the first man in the Republic. They would make him President if they could. The procession is finally ended by three mules abreast, gaily decorated. They are to take out the dead.

The bugle sounds—all, save the Picadors, leave the ring. Another gate is opened, and in rushes the bull midst a perfect din of bands playing and people shouting. He sees the horses and in an instant has charged one. Down goes bull, horse and rider, —a dreadful mingling—in the dust

BULL FIGHT WITH BANDOLERAS.

The bull is on his feet in a moment; other riders approach; he charges them, they all the time spearing him with their spikes. He becomes frantic; he bellows; he raves; he tears the ground up in his rage. Catching a horse, by his horns, he literally tears him to pieces. This part lasts from fifteen to twenty minutes. The bugle sounds again—a gate is opened, the Picadors, who have horses still alive, ride out and the Bandoleras take their place. With their scarlet shawl they madden the bull, and, when he charges them, they step lightly aside, and when he passes they plant in his back their bandeleros, which once placed never come out. Six bandeleros are generally placed in each bull.

But now in comes the Matador, again welcomed by shouts from the whole assembly. He has the bull and the arena all to himself, everyone else leaves it.

On his left arm hangs his shawl, in his right hand he carries his sword. He plays with the bull and endeavors to further and further enrage him, meanwhile awaiting his opportunity to make a home thrust. The bull rushes and is nearly upon him—the Matador does not move—the moment has come; the bull is upon him. He reaches over the animal's head; he strikes; the sword has pierced to the hilt. The bull quivers and falls. Then, 'mid the wild shouting and cheering, in come the three mules and, in the popular phrase of the day—they do the rest.

BULL FIGHT WITH MATADOR.

This performance was repeated again and again until four noble-looking animals and seven horses were laid low.

Needless to say we did not remain until the end of the day's sport, it not taking long to satisfy our desire to witness a bull fight.

THE JOURNAL OF A SOLITARY.

(A thrilling experience of the Franco-Prussian War.)

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN HICKS.

THE HERMITAGE, SEPTEMBER 3.

IT is six weeks, yesterday, since I broke my leg. It was the very day on which war was declared. While M. de Gramont was creating so much disturbance and enthusiasm in the Senate, I, on my way home from a fishing excursion, stumbled over a stake hidden in the grass on the bank of the Seine, and was carried back, in a woodman's cart, to my hermitage in the forest of Sénart.

After six weeks of fever, and suffering, rendered more acute by the news of war, I went out for the first time this morning. I have had nightmares caused by distant battles, and the ominous dispatches from Forbach and Reichshoffen are still confounded in my mind with the pain of my injury, the heat of the plaster bandage, and that powerlessness to move while in a state of agitation, which is the cruelest of corporal punishments At last it is over! After having, for so long a time, looked at nothing but the tree-tops, and those great spaces of blue sky over which wings alone pass, I was entirely happy to be able to set my feet on the ground and descend, ever so hesitatingly, my staircase. But how feeble I was! My leg, immovable for so many days, had forgotten how to move and balance itself. It seemed to me no longer a part of myself; I seemed no longer the master, to direct it. However, slowly and with that extreme lack of confidence, which redoubles infirmity, I was able to go as far as the poultry yard and to push open its little latticed gate, buried behind the tall grass. It was a pleasure to me to go in! During my absence, the woman in charge, my neighbor, has cared faithfully for all this little world, which looks at me with eyes at once astonished, bright and familiar. The rabbits came, one over another, to the edge of their cage, with their ears pricked up and quivering. The hens eternally pecked among the grass, which was dry as little pickaxes. The more demonstrative cock spread his wings with a resounding crow.

Then I sat down on the old stone bench, green and worn, which, with the wall, full of gaps, and two or three moss-grown apple trees, dates from the time when my house and the close surrounding it were part of an ancient monastery built in the forest. Never had my garden seemed to me so beautiful. The fruit-walls, beginning to lose their leaves, were heavy with ripe peaches and golden grapes. The gooseberry bushes stood in bright clumps, scattered over with occasional red spots; and in this autumnal sunlight which ripens all the berries, splits open the husks, and shakes down the seeds, the sparrows followed one another in unequal flight, with baby cries in which one detected, across the strip of garden, the recruiting of new

broods. From time to time the heavy wing of a pheasant passed above the ruined wall and alighted in a field of buckwheat. In the top of a big tree a squirrel frolicked and cracked nuts. The gentle warmth, in which everything stirred so softly, lent to this little rustic nook a peculiar charm. I forgot the Prussians, the invasion, . . .

Suddenly the keeper and his wife came in. It was so surprising to see Père Guillard at the Hermitage during the day—he the eternal *coureur du bois*—that I knew there was news.

"Read that, Monsieur Robert," the good fellow said to me.

Drawing from his capacious vest a number of the *National*, crumpled and badly folded by hands little accustomed to handle newspapers, he held it out to me with an air of dismay. On the first page was a black border and these ominous words: "THE FRENCH ARMY HAS CAPITULATED." I read no more.

Dazzled and with closed eyes, for some five minutes I continued to see that little line surrounded by specks and gleams as if I had just read it on a white wall in the bright sunlight. Then, full of despair, I thought: "The last barrier is broken down; it is the invasion, the great invasion." The keeper believes that in eight hours the Prussians will be among us.

"Ah, my poor master, the downfall is evident, even on the roads. Between here and Paris it is choked up with troops and wagons. Everybody is on the move—fleeing. At Champrosay there is nobody left. Only farmer Goudeloup remains, and he didn't want to go away. He has sent away his wife and children, and loaded his two guns, and is waiting."

"And you, Père Guillard, what do you intend to do?"

"I, sir! I am going to do the same as Goudeloup. Our bosses have forgotten to give us orders. I am going to take advantage of it to stick to my post and take care of my forest till the last moment. When the Prussians come we will barricade ourselves in the Hermitage, and I'm pretty certain you'll not go away either—you with your bad leg. And then if they attack us — well, we'll defend ourselves. You'll fire through the casements, I'll guard the Pacôme gate, and Mère Guillard will load the guns. Won't you, mother?"

Worthy man! My heart grew warm to hear him speak. In spite of his sixty years, the Indian, as he is called throughout the countryside, still makes a fine soldier, with his tall figure, broad shoulders, and bright eyes full of life and cunning. Looking at him, I thought there truly would have been something to employ one in such a fellow's company. One might have lain in wait on the edge of that forest which he knew so well, and demolished some of the Prussians as they passed. But then the feeling of my weakness and uselessness suddenly came back to me and rent my heart.

When the keeper and his wife had left me, I remained alone, sitting on my bench meditating. A strange distress was mine, feeling within me that need of excitement and vital expenditure which the approach of danger gives, and not being able to take ten steps alone in this little garden! How long would I remain so? The physician says I have two months more of it, at least. Two months! Horrors! The wind was freshening, my leg was making me feel ill. I went indoors and dined dispiritedly. After dinner the keeper came, as he has done every evening since my accident, to smoke his pipe with me. He was more than ever determined to remain at the Hermitage. While he was describing to me in a loud voice his plans and projects for defence, I was listening at a distance, by the open window, to the ordinary twilight sounds, wheels creaking in the carriage-ruts, trains in motion, the rustling of the leaves in the thicket; and now and again another sound, composed of all those mingled and aug-

mented, seemed to me to mount to the sun, and follow the course of the river and the little hills against the horizon, — growing, growing always greater. It was like the united tramp of a marching army, hastening at evening to find a halting-place, while the first moonbeam lights up the barrels of the guns and the gilded points of the helmets.

Suddenly a hollow detonation close to the earth startled us. Mère Guillard, who was clearing away my little meal, felt the pile of plates she was carrying tremble in her hand.

"It's the Corbeil bridge being blown up," said the keeper.

That pretty country place, where I used to go so often to breakfast on hunt days, seemed to have receded fifty leagues from us. We looked at one another for a moment, all three of us, without speaking. Finally, Père Guillard rose. He took his gun and his lantern, and with a heroic gesture, speaking through his clenched teeth, said: "I am going to close the Pacôme gate."

To close the Pacôme gate! That means something. However, I am afraid the good fellow will have trouble. For almost a century the old cloister gate has stood half-open, and the forest has taken advantage of the opportunity to glide into the intervening space, its inquisitive brambles clambering over all the clefts in the disjointed planks. If we have a siege to undergo, I do not count much on that gate!

SEPTEMBER 5.

For a long time I had been looking for a solitary spot, not too far from Paris, and yet where the Parisian did not come too often.

One day while crossing the forest of Sénart, I discovered the Hermitage, and for the last ten years I have spent all my summers here. It is an old monastery of the Cordeliers, which was burned in '93. The four great walls remain standing, slightly impaired, with gaps caused by the falling stones. These make rough mounds in the grass, which are quickly recovered by the rich, usurping vegetation, wild poppies, oats, rapidly growing plants with regular pointed leaves, losing their way among the stones like inlayings of metal.

One gate opens on the main road; the other, the famous Pacôme gate, opens on the thicket, and on little, faintly-traced paths, full of balsam and wild mint, where on misty mornings I have often seemed to see the cowl of an old monk looking for simples.

Up and down the whole length of the walls, little low posterns, closed for centuries, shed long rays of light through the darkness of the old forest trees, as if the cloister enclosed all the sunlight in the woods.

Within are unconfined grounds, covered with scorched grasses, little peasant gardens, orchards fenced off with lattices, and two or three houses built of the same red sandstone found in the quarries in the forest. The keeper lives in one of these houses; the other is always to let; mine, a sort of turret, irregular and queer, is distinguished chiefly by a hop-vine, which completely covers it. I have cut away just so much of it as was necessary to allow me to open my windows.

Leaving intact the kitchen, with its great worm-eaten beams, and doorstep worn with use, I have contented myself with raising the roof of a hay-loft in the attic, and letting a window into the side; and this has made me a splendid atelier, where I have nothing but pigeons' and magpies' nests, poised on the tree-tops, for neighbors.

When I am there, the forest surrounds me with a solitude like that of the sea,—with the surging of leaves, the backward and forward swelling of the wind, the murmur of calm days.

On summer afternoons, at the hour of deep and drowsy heat, a bumblebee passes regularly, and, attracted by its brightness, hurls himself against my window; then, like a rebounding ball,

he shakes the golden dust from his great wings, and goes on to lose himself amid the scents of honey in the privet-hedge. That bumblebee is my clock. When he passes, I say to myself: "Ah! it is two o'clock." And all is well with me.

In fine, it is a wonderful place to work in, and I have done some of my best pictures there.

Ah, how I love it, this old Hermitage! For ten years I have adorned it with my best.

Here I have brought what I call my riches: my books, my sketches, my collections of etchings and old weapons. And now I would have to give up all this and abandon my home to these bandits! For what? To go and shut myself up in Paris? But since I cannot walk, of what use would I be to them there? They have too many useless mouths already.

Well then, I shall not go. Decidedly that man is right; we must not leave here. *Pro aris et focis!*

Not being able to defend my country, the least I can do is to defend my hearth.

SEPTEMBER 6.

This morning the keeper came into my bed room. He was in full dress, as on the fifteenth of August,—green coat, cap, shoulder-belt and hunting-knife,—altogether a fine figure of circumstances as solemn as his demeanor.

"Bad news," he said, planting himself before my bed. "All the keepers in the forest are called to Paris, to be formed into a company at the custom-house. We are going immediately."

He spoke with emotion, brave Père Guillard. As for myself, I was agitated by the sudden announcement of this departure. I dressed hurriedly and we went down. The chief guard was below, on his way, with some twenty game-keepers and road-makers — all the men employed in the wood—as well as women, children, and setter-dogs, and two great wagons filled with furniture, rabbit cages, and chickens tied by the feet. Mère Guillard was going and coming before her open door, looking out what she should leave or take with her, for the wagons were full, and those who had started first had taken up all the room. The perplexity of the poor housewife was a thing to be seen as she ran with one piece of furniture and another, dragging a great bureau as far as the door and leaving it there, and forgetting the most useful things, to gather together things which were of no value save as remembrances—such as the old clock with its globe, some incredible portraits, a hunting-horn, a distaff, all full of dust, that good dust which is an appurtenance of family relics, each grain speaking of youth and fair days passed.

"I hope you're not going to stay here, Monsieur Robert," the good woman called to me as she was crossing the court. "You can be put on a wagon."

And then, to finish convincing me, she said:

"First, if you stay, who will do your cooking for you?"

In reality, these worthy folk were a little ashamed of leaving me. This departure, although it was involuntary, seemed to them a treason. I tried to reassure them on my account, taking the same occasion to reassure myself also. After all, who knew? Perhaps the Prussians would not come that far. Besides, the Hermitage, buried in the forest, was not on the line of march; consequently there was not the least danger. A few days of solitude, to be sure, but that did not alarm me.

Seeing me so determined, the keeper shook hands with me.

"Good luck, Monsieur Robert! The wife is going to leave you our key. You'll find wine and potatoes in the cellar — take what you like. We'll settle when we get back. Now then, mother, off we go! The fellows are getting in a hurry. Above all things, you know what I said to you, try and don't cry."

Yet she had a mind to do it. Turn-

ing the key for the last time her hand trembled, she compressed her lips. At that moment a formidable hee-haw made the Hermitage ring. The keeper and his wife looked at each other in consternation.

"Its Coloquet! What's to be done with him?"

This unhappy Coloquet that they had forgotten in the trouble of leaving, was their donkey, a pretty little grey donkey with a frank and ingenuous eye. Some days before, he had been stung in the nose by an adder, and had been put out to grass in a little field of stubble; and now there he was watching his owner's going away and looking, with his swelled head resting against the hedge, like a beast out of the Apocalypse.

How were they going to take him away? He would die on the road; and the veterinary surgeon had promised to save him. The fate of the poor animal, not unlike my own, touched me. I promised to watch over Coloquet and put him in the stable every night. Then the good folk thanked me and departed.

A sorrowful departure! The heavy, overladen wagons, creaking over the pebbles, slowly followed the main road into the forest. Alongside ran the children, animated by the unexpected journey. The men, all old soldiers, well trained and inured to war, filed along the border of the wood, guns on shoulder. Behind them, scarcely stepping aside to listen to the flight of a pheasant or scent the track of a rabbit, followed the dogs, uneasily and with lowered heads. Domestic animals are not fond of being taken to a strange place, and they followed, in the track of the wagons, the now itinerant households. Mère Guillard came last, carrying her magpie's big cage in her hand. Now and again she turned round.

Seated on the mile-stone near the great gate, I watched them till the whole convoy disappeared beyond the perspective of the lengthening roads. I saw the glimmer of the last gun—I heard the creaking of the last axle. Then the dust of the great roads engulfed them all in an eddy. It was ended! I was alone. This idea has left me with an inexpressible anxiety.

SEPTEMBER 7, 8, AND 9.

This is a novel life, and would not be devoid of charm, were it not troubled by an agony, an unrest, a strange expectancy, which renders all artistic labor impossible. I can occupy myself, only as the beasts do, with those details of the material life of which I have always had a horror, but to which I must resign myself now that I am my own domestic. Should I acknowledge it? This nonsense does not annoy me greatly. I can understand the recluses who amuse themselves by carving roots and plaiting baskets. Manual labor is a great regulator for lives encumbered with leisure and freedom. So every morning I begin by making a visit to the poultry-yard, and when I feel the warmth of an egg under the straw, I am happy. Then, leaning on a stick, I slowly make the round of the garden and gather the ripe fruits; and then, in the great dry branches burned by the sun, I gather the Haricot beans, the pods of which suddenly burst open and shell between my fingers. One would laugh to see me seated before my door, cutting up the bread for my soup, or washing my salad, full flood. In all these things I experience a well-being which is slightly infantile; but is not convalescence itself an infancy—a recommencement of life?

To avoid going up and down stairs with broken, irregular steps, I have made my bed in the hall on the ground floor. That room serves me for drawing-room, bed-room and kitchen. During the mild weather, the door stands wide open to the garden all day long. I hear the noise of the fowls, always busy and chucking—the little steps on the sand, the rustle of the straw. At the side, in the keeper's enclosure,

I see poor Colaquet stretched out, shaking off the flies, and idly, as becomes his rôle of invalid, lolling his tongue, quite violet with innumerable bunches of Lucerne. When evening approaches, it is with difficulty he comes up to the fence that separates us. I, too, drag myself there. I wash his wound, give him fresh water, and throw a blanket over his back for the night, and he thanks me by shaking his long ears.

What costs me most in the state of suffering in which I now am is to go and bring the water from the old convent well at the extreme end of the close.

When I get there, I am forced to sit down for a moment on the edge of the broken curbstone, intergrown with foolish grasses. The cast-iron ornaments of the fine old curb have the appearance, under the corroding rust, of climbing plants despoiled by autumn. This melancholy appearance is in harmony with the great silence of the Hermitage, and the air of desertion surrounding me. The bucket is heavy. Returning, I pause two or three times. Down at the further end is an old gate that slams in the wind. The sound of my footsteps re-echoes and fills me with terror. . . . O Solitude!

SEPTEMBER 10.

I have just breakfasted on the lawn —an excellent breakfast, indeed!— fresh eggs, and grapes gathered from my beautiful crimson vine. There I sat abstracted, surrounded with light and warmth and silence, and very much interested in watching the smoke of my pipe, and my decorated plates, where a stray wasp was exciting himself over the empty clusters. Around me I was sensible of the same absorption—the same drowsiness in everything, in that clear autumnal day, under its deep and pure blue sky, lovelier than the skies of summer, which often appear clouded and sickly through the warm mists. . . . Suddenly a tremendous detonation, quite close, made the house tremble, shook the windows and the leaves, and evoked distracted flights of birds, cries, and starts of terror—a panic! This time it was not the Corbeil bridge, but our own—our pretty Champrosay bridge —which had just been blown up. That meant that the Prussians were there! Immediately my heart stood still; a veil passed before the sun. Then this thought came to me: to-morrow, perhaps to-night, the forest roads will be invaded, they will be black with these scoundrels, and I shall be compelled to find shelter behind some earth-work, to go out no more. And I had wanted to see my dear forest, from which I had been shut out for two months, once more.

The forest alleys, wide, free from tall summer grasses, were wonderful, with their branches opening away above one's head, and gleaming in a long luminous line. In the open places, flooded with sunlight, slightly faded prairie-roses were blooming in clusters; and in the thicket among the black trunks, like a little forest beneath the great one, the ferns reared their strange-foliaged, microscopic trees. And what silence! Usually a thousand vague sounds come to us from afar:—the moving trains that mark the line of the horizon, the quarrymen's mattocks, the axles of wagons turning slowly in the ruts, whistles resounding through the ridges. To-day there was nothing. Not even that continuous murmur which is like the breathing of sleeping forests, not even that stirring of foliage or insect humming, or that pretty rippling noise, like the unfolding of a fan, which birds make among the leaves. It seemed as if the sudden report had paralyzed nature.

Slightly wearied, I was sitting under a great oak when I heard a crackling in the branches. At last! I was expecting to see a hare or a buck skip across the path. but when the leaves parted a great ruffian all dressed in

black, with a gun on his shoulder, a revolver in his belt, and an immense Tyrolese cap on his head, bounded within ten paces of me. I was terrified. I thought I was about to have an encounter with a Saxon or Bavarian sharpshooter, but, instead, it was a French sharpshooter belonging to the Parisians. There were a score of them in the forest at that moment, receding day by day before the Prussians, and lying in wait to watch their march and occasionally dismount a Uhlan of the advance guard. While this man was talking to me, his comrades, coming out of the thicket, joined us. They were nearly all old soldiers, workmen in the suburbs of Paris. I took them to the Hermitage, and gave them something to drink. They informed me that the division of the Saxon prince had reached Montereau, just one halting-place from here. I also learned from them what works of defence had been commenced around Paris, and what the organization of the troops was; and to hear them speak with that tranquillity and confidence, and above all with the Parisian accent, warmed my heart. Ah, brave fellows! If I had only been able to go with them, wear their ridiculous habit, and fight in their ranks under the walls of the good city! But, unfortunately, my leg is swollen and I am in pain from having done no more than take ten steps in the wood. However, it is all the same! The parting with them affected me. These are the last Frenchmen I shall see, perhaps for a long time. They went away in the evening, enlivened by my wine. I gave them one fowl, but they carried off four.

SEPTEMBER 11.

Nothing.

SEPTEMBER 12.

Still nothing. Why? What is happening? Will they be forced to retreat? This suspense is truly unbearable.

SEPTEMBER 13.

I have bread enough for only two days more. I noticed this this morning when I went to open the chest where Mère Guillard used to put my weekly amount—six great loaves, floury and golden, which she took out of the oven for me every Sunday, How am I going to manage? I have an oven, 'tis true, and a kneading-trough, but not a bit of flour. Perhaps I might find some at the Champrosay farm-house, if Goudeloup remained, as he intended. But how could I get there in my present state of weakness?

Sitting on the garden-bench before my door, I was reflecting sadly enough when I heard the sound of a gallop in the keeper's field. It was Colaquet—Colaquet, usually so indolent, gambolling around the close, heaving up little tufts of grass under his hoofs, and turning up his four shoes in the air in the contentment and joy of living! At my call he came with two bounds and leaned his head, reduced to its normal size, on the trellis; and the shaking of his long ears, the language of which I am beginning to understand, expressed to me his happiness at feeling himself free, released from suffering and weakness. Lucky Colaquet, he is cured before me! While I was looking at him with an envious eye, I remembered that down in the shed there was an old cart which Père Guillard used to make use of on fête days to take parties of Parisians about the forest. If I put Colaquet before the cart we could go and bring the flour. Away I went to rummage in the shed. Among rusty pick-axes, hay-rakes, and worn-out harrows, I succeeded in unearthing a worm-eaten jaunting-car, abandoned and idle, with its two shafts on the ground. With some nails and ends of strings, I put it partially into condition. That took me until evening, but what delightful work! I was enchanted with searching about among these old nails and worn-out pegs. Once or twice I was surprised to find myself whistling while I worked. A fine way to wait

for the Prussians! Now all is ready—the cart, the harness. To-morrow morning, if nothing new happens, I am off for Champrosay.

SEPTEMBER 14.

I have sworn to keep a journal entirely faithful to the strange and terrible life I am living; if I have many days so disturbed and dramatic as this one, I shall never get to the end. My hand trembles, my head is on fire. However, let me make an effort.

When I left all went well. The weather was superb. I had put a bundle of hay into the cart and Colaquet, although his eyelids were still swollen with the sting, drove well enough; he had travelled over that route so many times to carry bundles of linen to the river. In spite of some little jars, I found the drive charming; not a suspicion of the noise, not the least sign of a pointed helmet or a gun glittering in the sunlight. But when I reached Champrosey, this profound silence which had impressed me so strongly while crossing the wood, now seemed more significant. The pheasants' little houses were unrecognizable, roofs without pigeons, closed doors and silent courtyards. Above rose the clock in the little church, vigilant, mute, with hourless dial-plate. Farther away, all the villas which bordered the road, with parks running back to the forest, were also securely closed, Meanwhile their summer *parure* continued to blossom, and beneath the rows of yoke-elm, the paths, bright with warm sand, had scarcely even any dead leaves. Nothing better imparted the idea of enforced departure, of flight, than these deserted houses, guarded behind their high gratings. A living warmth was felt there, like a vibration, and sometimes turning down the paths I had visions of straw hats, lifted umbrellas and goats tethered in the accustomed place, in the middle of the lawns.

What seemed really dead was the road—the great Corbeil road, which I had left so full of life, with its coming and going of carts, coaches, greengrocers wagons, itinerant poultry-yards full of cackling and scolding, carriages borne away in the gust of wind caused by their own swiftness, or fluttering in quieter time with veils and ribbons, and those high hay-carts filled with scythes and forks, leading a great shadow across the path. Now there was nothing—nobody. In the filled-up tracks, the dust had the peaceful look of a fall of snow, and the two wheels of my cart glided along without the least noise. The farm house which is at the end of the *pays* seemed, from a distance, close and silent from the foot of its walls to the highest tile in its windowless mansard. Had Goudeloup, too, gone away? There was the main gateway before me. I knocked; I called. A window was opened above the dairy, and I saw the slightly savage, weather-beaten head of the farmer appear, his beard bristling, and his round, suspicious little eyes in ambush behind great eyebrows.

"Ah! It's you, Monsieur Robert. Wait; I'm coming down."

We went together into the little lower hall where the teamsters, harvesters and threshers came usually to get their pay at the end of the day. In one corner I noticed two guns ready loaded.

"You see," Goudeloup said, "I am ready for them. If they leave me alone I'll not budge, but if they are unlucky enough to touch the farmhouse—look out!"

We conversed with hushed voices as if in the enemy's country. He handed over to me some loaves, and a sack of flour. Then, everything piled in to my cart, we parted, promising soon to see each other again. Poor man!

Having seen nothing of the Prussians, I had the curiosity, before going back, to go down the little lane which leads along the walls of the farmhouse to the Seine. A painter's fantasy! The river is the soul of the landscape. It is that which above all

gives life to the landscape, with its waves in constant motion, with all that passes along it during the day, and that enlargement of nature by reflection,—the double banks and the setting suns deep as abysses of fire. At that time the water reflected well the melancholy surroundings. The broken bridge, its fallen piers heaped up on both sides in fragments of white stone, the iron cords dipping in the water, all appeared against the horizon like a great rent, speaking of invasion. More boats, more wooden rafts. The river becoming again wild, was wrinkled with open currents, rapids and eddies around the remains of the bridge, bearing only bunches of grass and roots on which the wagtails, tired with flying, abandoned themselves to the course of the stream. Above each steep bank there was still standing wheat, squares of vineyard, and freshly cut fields, where the high ricks were surrounded by shadow—all a lost, abandoned harvest.

I paused a moment to look at this great disaster when I heard two gunshots, followed by cries and roars. It seemed to come from the farm-house. Quick, let us go and see. As I approach the cries redouble.

"Help! Here!"

I recognize the farmer's voice in the midst of a frightful jargon of other angry voices. I strike Colaquet with the whip, but the hill is rough and he makes no advance. One would say he is afraid. He lays back his ears and presses close to the walls. With that the lane turns and I cannot see what is passing above on the main road. Suddenly, through a breach which the falling of the neighboring bridge seems to have made in the wall expressly for me, all the interior of the farm appears—courtyards, sheds, men, horses, helmets, long lances, sacks of flour ripped open, one dismounted horseman stretched full length before the walls in a pool of blood, and the unhappy Goudeloup, pallid, terror-stricken, horrible to look upon, howling and struggling between two gigantic Uhlans, who have knotted a cord around his neck, and are in the act of hoisting him with the pulley of his hay-loft. Impossible to describe what passes in me—indignation, pity, revolt and rage. I forget that I am disabled and unarmed. I make a sudden effort to leap through the gap and rush upon those scoundrels. But my foot fails me. I hear something like the crackling of dry wood in my leg, followed by a horrible pain. I see everything revolve—the courtyard, the sheds, the pulley——

I found myself before the Hermitage door, stretched out on the hay in my cart. The sun was setting; the wood was silent. Colaquet was tranquilly browsing the grass through the chinks in our wall. How did I get there? How did I succeed in evading the Uhlans, of whom the main road was full, unless Colaquet conceived the idea of taking across the fields and gaining the forest by the quarry road? The fact is, the noble beast raised his head proudly and shook his ears in the air as if to say to me, "I've got you out of a fine scrape!"

I was suffering greatly. To get out of the cart, unharness, and get into the house, required genuine courage. I thought I had broken my leg a second time. However, after an hour's rest I have been able to rise, eat a little, and write these pages. Already the pain is not quite so severe—no more than a great weariness. It makes no difference: I believe I shall sleep but little to-night. I know that they are prowling about; that they are there; and I have seen their work. Oh, that ill-fated peasant, assassinated in the courtyard of his own farm, dragged and hung to the walls!

SEPTEMBER 20.

From the four corners of the horizon, in the far distance of those courses which the wind in passing takes to bear it to my ears, there is a confused but continued rumbling—the noise of

a dull and monotonous flood which envelops the forest and rolls slowly away towards Paris, there to pause where the great roads terminate in the immense zone by which the city is invested. Up to the present the inundation has spared me, and here I am, crouching anxiously in my Hermitage, listening to the rising flood, like a shipwrecked man on a rock surrounded by water.

Luckily for me, if the country is invaded it is not yet regularly occupied. Troops pass and do not remain. However, two or three times already I have heard mounted patrols passing the Hermitage walls at night. At the beginning of the hunts the gendarmes of the forest used sometimes to pass thus, pausing a moment under the gateway to call out a resounding "Good evening!" to the keeper's little house. The dogs used to bark and crowd panting against the kennels. Then a door would be opened and Père Guillard would bring out to the road a great jug of wine, sparkling in the moonlight, which they would empty without dismounting. How different from these phantom patrols, who make my heart throb! They pass in silence. From time to time the click of a sabre, the snorting of a horse, some whispered words in a rough, barbarian tongue, sounding harsh against the mist—that is enough to keep me awake the entire night.

During the day, shrill clamorous trumpets come to me in swells in the little garden, with drum beats loudly marking the feet of a skipping, irregular rhythm, which seems to lead a dance of cannibals. And it is to the sound of these savage drums that all the northern races—the Goths, the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths—defile over our beautiful highways in the Isle of France, where this supurb autumn dazzles them with an unknown sun and an incomparable sky. All this time I am living as secretly as possible. In order to cut off the smoke, which makes the roof noticeable, and gives it the appearance of being lived under, I no longer make a fire in the fireplace. I no longer go out, even into the courtyard. I am sure there is grass growing across my threshold, and that the encroaching forest is already barricading me. Lastly, to assure my safety, I have killed my cock. That was a hard sacrifice. I loved that brusque reveille at early morn, that call to life and labor that the cock, erect on his battle-spurs, with a great flapping of the wings, launched at the whole horizon. But the Prussians could have heard him. Now I have in my poultry-house only three or four silent and tranquil hens and some rabbits, which I cannot run the risk of shooting.

SEPTEMBER 21, 22, and 23.

I am writing this at night by the light of a little fire of dry turf—a kind of brazier lighted on the tiled floor in a corner of the hall. I have no longer either oil or candles. It is raining. All around the Hermitage I hear the water streaming over two leagues of foliage. The wind is blowing. I have my revolver ready loaded near me, and a fowling-piece loaded with buckshot, and I am waiting till the bandits return, for they have come.

I received the first visit from them three days ago, on the afternoon of the twenty-first. Heavy steps on the cloister pavement made me open my dormer-window a little, and I saw five or six great red-faced brutes in Tam o'Shanter caps, with mean and ferocious countenances, like the assassins of Goudeloup. They were whispering and advancing timidly, cowardly as thieves. I would have had only to fire on them to put them to flight, but the alarm once given, they would return in greater numbers. I waited. Thanks to the wild appearance of the house; to the vines and ivies which closed it in like a ruin, the bandits passed without stopping. However, one of them, the last, bent down a minute to the lock. Standing upright behind my door, re-

volver in hand, I listened to his breathing while I held my own. Perhaps he had seen the light of my fire, already burned down to cinders, and almost extinguished. At any rate, the miserable scoundrel did not go away, but commenced to fumble about my lock with his bayonet. Fortunately his comrades called to him—

"Hartman! Hartman!"

Then he went to join them, and I was able to look into the enclosure through my dormer.

They had just forced open the keeper's door. Poor Mère Guillard! That was the penalty of trusting me with the key. Soon after, roars of delight announced the discovery of the cellar. In order to drink more at their ease, they carried a cask of wine into the yard, and hoisted it on a large stone bench. The head staved in, they began to drink out of their caps and their hands, shouting and bullying one another. The bending heads disappeared in the hogshead, and came out smeared with lees, and others quickly took their place. The new, black, grape wine, hard and sour, soon made all these beer-drinkers tipsy. Some were singing and dancing round the barrel; others went into the keeper's house, and as there was nothing there to tempt them, that they might satisfy their desire for pillage, they threw the furniture out of the window, and made a fire with a walnut wardrobe, the boards of which, dry and impaired with age, lighted up like a bundle of straw. Finally they went away drunk, through the beating rain. Before the gateway there was a quarrel. I saw the gleam of bayonets, and a man roll heavily into the mire, and get up bleeding, his uniform soiled with the yellow clay of the quarry. And to say that France is at the mercy of these brutes!

Next day they came back, the same ones. I understood by that that they had not noised abroad the secret of their windfall, and I was slightly reassured. Meanwhile, here I am, virtually a prisoner. Quite near, in a bit of enclosed wood, I have shut Colaquet up, lest his gallopings may reveal my presence. The poor beast takes his captivity very well, sleeps part of the day, and occasionally shakes himself all over, surprised at no longer feeling the fresh air around him. At evening the Prussians went away drunker than before.

To-day I have seen nobody. However, the cask is not yet empty. I am expecting them.

SEPTEMBER 24.

This morning there is a furious cannonading. They are fighting below Paris; the siege has begun. This has given me a feeling of pain and rage impossible to describe. They are firing on Paris, the wretches! It is the brain of the whole world they are aiming at. Oh! why am I not there with the others?

On the instant all my apprehensions of the evening before disappeared. I was ashamed of my mole's life. I, who for eight days had drunk only cistern water, went expressly to fill my jug at the cloister well. I do not know why, but it seemed good to run some risk. Passing, I looked into the Guillards' house, and my anger was still more excited before this little dwelling, torn to pieces, the furniture destroyed and burned, the windows broken. I thought of what they were doing to Paris, if they had got in. . .

I had just closed my door when I heard footsteps in the courtyard. It was one of my scoundrels of the previous day, the same who had fumbled so long at my lock. He looked to see if there was any wine remaining in the hogshead, and, after filling his flask, began to drink, lying stretched out on his stomach on the stone bench, his head propped up by his elbows. As he drank, he sang. His young, vibrant voice filled the cloister with a strain in which the month of May—*mein lieb, lieb Mai*—recurred again and again. I had him just opposite my dormer, quite within range of my revolver. I remained a long time look-

ing at him, and asking myself if it was necessary to kill him. In the direction of Paris, the cannonading rolled continually, shaking my heart with a terrible emotion. After all, perhaps by killing this man I would be saving others—myself, those who were falling there on the ramparts.

I do not know but that the unseen, hostile look, which went from me to him, did not end by troubling him—giving him a warning. For suddenly he raised his head—a head with rough, shaggy locks, albino eyes, and reddish moustaches, through which the teeth laughed fiercely. He looked around him an instant suspiciously, and, after readjusting his belt, and filling his flask, went away. As he passed near my window I had my finger on the trigger. Well, no! I could not. To kill for the sake of killing, with perfect certainty, and almost without danger, was beyond my power. It is not so easy as one thinks to take a life in cold blood.

Once out of the Hermitage, escaped from that vague impression of fear, the rogue recommenced his song more lustily, and I heard him in the distance, trolling to all the trees in the wood his "*mein lieb, lieb Mai.*" . . .

Sing on, my lad, you have well escaped the seeing it no more,—your merry month of May.

OCTOBER ——

What day? What date? I no longer know anything about it; everything is confused in my head. Meantime, it appears to me that we are in October. The days, uniform for me, are growing shorter and shorter, the wind colder, and the great trees around me grow thinner with every blast. The incessant cannonading in the direction of Paris forms a lugubrious accompaniment to my whole life—a deep, heavy bass unceasingly mingled with all my thought. It must be that the Prussians have work there, for my marauders have not returned. I no longer hear even those rumblings of wagons and drums that used to resound along the roads about the wood. I have again made a fire in the hall, and I wander across the court freely.

From day to day material life grows more difficult. Everything is gone—bread and wine, and oil to burn. For a month, with sunlight, open doors, and the beneficent presence of heat, the privations were endurable; but now it is hard. In the poultry house there are only two hens left, hidden under the beams from the gusts of the continually driving rain. I make brushwood of the branches of the fruit-trees that break and fall, fragile since the leaves no longer protect them. The apple trees have golden mosses the plum trees long lines of clear gum under the resinous bark, and these give me great, merry fires, retaining a little sunlight in their heat. I have also gathered the last of my apples, all red with the frosts; and I have succeeded in making a little bad cider, which I hoard in place of wine. As for the bread, it is more difficult. With the ill-fated Gondeloup's flour, I tried to knead some dough in the bottom of a drawer of the chest, which answered for a kneading-trough; after which I manufactured, under the ashes between the hot bricks, some thick bannocks, of which the crust was burned and the inside scarcely baked. It reminded me of those little rounds of dough which, when a child, I used to put between the pinchers to make little loaves, the size of lozenges.

Occasionally a windfall comes to me. Thus, the other day, while ferreting in the keeper's house, I found on the shelf of a cupboard, mouldy with the damp, some bottles of nut-water, which had escaped the pillage; another time, a large sack, which I opened with beating heart, believing it contained potatoes. I was much distressed when I drew from it magpies' beaks, vipers' heads, dry and grey as dust; squirrels' tails, with fine, reddish fur, and tails of field-mice, like silken tresses. They were the little gains of the forest-

keepers, who were given so much a head, or tail, for mischievous animals. They guard these trophies of the chase very religiously, that the government may buy them every month.

"That always pays for the tobacco," as the worthy Guillard used to say.

I swear that at that moment I would willingly have given all that ossuary for some packets from the excise office. I have not had any tobacco for two or three days, and that is in truth the sole dearth that alarms me. The forest is for me an inexhaustible larder. When my poultry-house is empty, I shall be able to snare some of those beautiful pheasants that come about the Hermitage to peck up the grains of buckwheat buried in the moist soil. But tobacco, tobacco!

I read a little; I have even tried to paint. It was the other morning, with a beautiful red sun in an atmosphere opaque with fog. Under the cart-house, there was a pile of apples that fascinated me with their brilliant colors, varying from the tender green of the new leaves to the warm tones of the dead ones. But I was not able to work long. After a moment the sky grew dark. It rained in torrents. Great flocks of wild geese, with flapping wings and outstretched necks, passed above the house, presaging a hard winter and early snow, by the white down which fell from their wings.

THE SAME MONTH.

To-day a great excursion to Champrosay. Re-assured by the silence of the surroundings, I harnessed Colaquet early, and we set out. In default of the human face, I found the country as deserted, as silent, and as lugubrious as on the last occasion. The Prussians had only passed, but everywhere they had left their mark. I imagined I saw an Algerian village after a rain of locusts—something bare, stripped, gnawed and riddled; houses open, doors, windows, even the gratings of the dog-kennels, and the lattice-work of the rabbit-hutches. I went into some of the houses. Our peasants are a little like the Arabs. They are seen in the fields, in their courtyards, or on their doorsteps, but it is not without difficulty that they admit a Parisian to their homes. Now I was able to rummage to the bottom these unknown lives, these abandoned dwellings.

The customs were still evident, showing on the mantel-piece of the soot-blackened fire-places, hanging from cords in the little courts where the washings dry, fastened to the walls with vacant nails, and discernible in the walnut table by the marks made with a wanton knife—notches which had been dug between mouthfuls. All these village interiors resemble one another. I visited one, however, which had one luxury more than the others: a drawing-room, or at least something that wanted to be a drawing-room. In a little tiled room behind the kitchen, green paper had been put on the walls, colored glass let into the windows, gilt andirons, a centre-table, and a large fauteuil, covered with warm chintz introduced. All the ambition of a country life might be felt there. Surely this man must have said to himself: "When I am old, after I have run up and down and drudged, I shall be a bourgeois. I will have a salon like the mayor, with a good *fauteuil* to sit down in." Poor fellow! They had fixed it for him—his salon!

I left Champrosay with a heart full of distress. The sadness of these deserted houses had seized and penetrated me like the cold that falls from the walls of a cellar. So to get back to the Hermitage, I made a long detour across the wood. I needed air and nature.

Unluckily, all that side of the forest has a wild and deserted look, which is not very enlivening. Worked-out quarries have left obstructions of rock there, and a general scattering of small stones make the soil more dry and sterile. There was not a blade of grass on the roads. Lonely

wall-flowers, brambles and ivies, climb up these great gaping holes, all their roots grappling to the rough edges of the stones, and in this interlacing of leafless branches the quarries seemed still deeper. . . . We go on for a moment across the rocks. Suddenly Colaquet halts, and his ears begin to tremble with fright. What is there? I lean over. I look. It is the corpse of a Prussian soldier, who has been thrown head foremost into the quarry. . . . I vow I shuddered. On the main road, in a field, this body would have startled me less. Where there are so many soldiers coming and going, anticipated death seems to wander all day long; but here in this hole in the corner of the wood—that had the appearance of assassination, of mystery. While looking, I thought I recognized my marauder of the other day, him who sang the month of May with so good a heart. Was it a peasant killed him? But where would this peasant come from? There is no longer anyone in Champrosay, Minville, or Meillottes. More likely some quarrel between comrades, one of those drunken brawls such as I had witnessed from the Hermitage windows.

I hastened home, and all the evening I kept thinking that I had for my sole guest my sole companion in the great dreary forest, that corpse stretched out on the red sand of the quarries!

DATE UNKNOWN.

It rains, it is cold; the sky is dark. I go and come all alone in the Hermitage, making fagots and bread, while the cannonading resounds incessantly, and (a singular phenomenon) shakes the ground more than the air. With my prison-like labors, my self-centred and silent life in the midst of this terrible drama, I appear to myself like an ant, deaf to the sounds of humanity, which is too great for its littleness, and surrounds it without causing it trouble. From time to time, for a distraction, I undertake a journey to Champrosay, fearless of the Prussians, who have undoubtedly abandoned the Corbeil route and advanced on Paris by way of Melun and Villeneuve-Saint-Georges. Two or three times, however, the gallop of a horse has forced me to take refuge in some shed, and I have seen the *estafette* passing rapidly, crossing the country only to bind it again to headquarters, to take possession of the route and mark it with the shoes of Prussian horses.

This deserted village, with wide open houses, interests and charms me like a sort of Pompeii. I go about in it: I rummage it. I amuse myself with re-constructing the lives of all these absent people.

ANOTHER DAY.

Something very extraordinary is passing around me. I am not alone in the forest. There is evidently some one in hiding near here, and some one who is an assassin. To-day, in the *lavoir* at Champrosay, I found a second corpse, a Saxon, stretched out, with his blonde head lying on the wet curbstone above the water. As for the rest, he was well buried, cast into oblivion, in that little *lavoir* surrounded by copse, as surely as the other down there had been thrown into the forest quarries. I had accidentally led Colaquet down to drink. The appearance of that great motionless body thrilled me. Without the pool of blood which deluged the stone around his head and mingled in the water with the last rays of a purple sun, one might have thought he was sleeping, so calm and tranquil were his features. I have often remarked that on the faces of the dead. For one gracious moment he had something more beautiful than life—a serenity without a smile, a sleep without a sigh, a rejuvenescence of all being which seemed like a halt between the agitations of life and the surprises of the yet-to-be-revealed unknown.

As I was gazing at this unfortunate creature, the evening fell. In the twi-

light, clear yet not dazzling, a great softness descended upon all things. The roads stretched away straight and regular, and already more luminous than the sky. The wood spread abroad in sombre masses, and beneath me a little vine-path gleamed vaguely in the moonlight. On this Nature, reposing after its day of fatigue, on the silent fields, the mute river—on all this calm landscape, softly withdrawing into the night, there was the same air of contemplation and expansion as on the face of the soldier assailed by death.

ANOTHER DAY.

Between Champrosay and the Meillottes, in the midst of a park which lies along the Seine, there is a fine Louis XV. house, of the time of the Marquis d'Etoilles and Mme. de Pompadour. Two rows of yoke elms, straight and thick, lead down to the river, in summer showing at the tips of the bending green foliage a mirror of blue water lost in the blue of the sky. All the shadow of the old footpaths seems to be escaping through these two apertures of light. At the entrance, near the gates, a wide ditch borders the lawns, and a circle of mossy lime trees, with posts indented by carriage wheels, telling the antiquity of this discreet house. I had a fancy to go into it the other day.

Up a winding path I suddenly reached some flights of steps. The doors were open, the shutters broken. In the grand salons on the ground-floor, where panels were taken out of the entire length of the white wainscoting, there remained not a single piece of furniture—nothing but straw. Among the carvings of the balconies fresh marks, slight scratches, witnessed to the descent of the furniture through the windows. The billiard-room alone remained undisturbed. The Prussian officers are like ours—they are fond of billiards. Only, these gentlemen had fired at a mirror for a target, and with its grooves, its radiating cracks, and little round holes showing black in the light, this glass resembled a frozen lake furrowed by sharp skates. High window-casings, broken in by bayonet thrusts and gun-butts, admitted the wind, which was scattering dead leaves upon the floors. Outside, forgotten, on the pond under the nave of yoke elms, floated a large boat full of broken twigs and gold-colored willow leaves.

I followed the paths to the end. There in a corner of the terrace was a red brick lodge rising above the river. As it was buried among the trees, the Prussians could not have seen it. However, the door stood half open. I found within a little salon, hung with a bright chintz bearing a leaf pattern which seemed a continuation of the Virginia creeper clambering between the window-shutters. A piano with scattered music, a book, forgotten on a bamboo folding-chair, were in this room, which overlooked the Seine, and in the dim light made by the closed blinds, elegant and sombre in its gilt frame, was the portrait of a woman. Wife or maid? I do not know. Dark and tall, with an ingenuous air, enigmatic smile, and eyes of varying color—those Parisian eyes that change according to the flame that lights them,—it is the first face I have seen for two months, and so life-like, so proud and young in its gravity! The impression this portrait has made upon me is singular. I dreamed of the summer afternoons which *she* must have passed there, in that corner of the park, in search of coolness and solitude. The book, the music, bespoke a refined nature, and there remained in the half light of this nook, as it were, a perfume of the ended summer, the departed woman, and a vanished grace, all included in the smile of this portrait.

Who is she? Where is she? I have never seen her; I shall probably never meet her. And, meanwhile, though I know not why, I feel less alone while looking at her. I have read the book that she was reading,

delighted at finding marks in it. I do not pass a day without thinking of her. It seems to me that if I had that portrait here the Hermitage would be less dreary; but to complete the charm of the face it would be necessary to have the climbing vine of the summer-house, the reeds at the water edge, and the little wild plants in the moat —the bitter flavor of which comes back to me while I write these lines.

ONE EVENING, ON RE-ENTERING.

Found another dead Prussian. He was lying in a ditch beside the road. This is the third. And always the same wound—a frightful gash in the nape of the neck. It is like a signature always in the same hand.

But whose?

NOVEMBER 15.

For the first time in many days I am able to put a date to my journal, and know partly where I am in the confusion of uniform days. My life is entirely changed. The Hermitage no longer seems to me so silent, so dreary. There are now long whispered conversations over hidden fires with which we fill up the chimney of the hall. The Robinson of the Sénart forest has found his Friday, and under some such circumstances as these.

One evening last week, about eight or nine o'clock, just as I was about to roast a fine hen-pheasant, on a spit of my own invention, I heard some gunshots in the direction of Champrosay. This was so extraordinary that I remained on the alert, all ready to put out my fire, to extinguish that little glimmer that could betray me. Almost immediately I heard heavy, precipitate steps on the gravel of the road, followed by the baying of a dog and furious galloping. It gave me the impression of a man transformed into a wild beast, hunted down, with horses and furious dogs at his heels. Possessed by that living terror which I felt coming towards me, I tremblingly set my window ajar. At that moment a man entered the moon-lighted close, running towards the keeper's house with a certainty which arrested my attention. Certainly he was acquainted with the surroundings. As he passed, I was not able to distinguish his features. I saw only the peasant's blue blouse, disarranged in the excitement of a mad race. Through a broken casement, he leaped into the Guillards' house, and disappeared into the darkness of the empty dwelling. After him a great white dog appeared at the entrance of the cloister. Baffled a moment, he paused there, with quivering tail and distended nostril, then laid his whole length down before the old gateway, baying to attract the hunters. I knew that the Prussians often had dogs with them, and I waited to see a patrol of Uhlans appear. The villanous beast! how willingly would I have strangled him if he had been within reach of my arm. Already I saw the Hermitage invaded and my retreat discovered; and I felt a grudge against this unhappy peasant for having come to take refuge so near me, as if the forest had not been big enough. What sentiment is there so egotistic as fear?

Happily the Prussians were not in large numbers, and the night, and ignorance of the forest intimidated them. I heard them calling back their dog, which kept up his howling before the door— his little cries like those made by a setter. Finally, however, he decided to go away, and the sound of his leaps across the branches and dead leaves was lost in the distance. The silence which followed froze me. There was a man opposite me. Through the round aperture of my dormer-window, I tried to pierce the darkness with a look. The guard's little house was always gloomy and silent, with its ominous black holes of windows on the white façade. I pictured to myself the unhappy creature cowering in a corner, chilled, perhaps wounded. Was I going to leave him without succor? I did not hesitate long. But just at

the moment when I was softly opening my door, it received a violent push from without, and someone precipitated himself into the hall.

"Don't be afraid, Monsieur Robert. It's me—it's Goudeloup."

It was the Champrosay farmer—he whom I had seen with the cord about his neck, ready to be hanged in the courtyard of his farm. By the light of the fire I recognized him instantly, although he had changed somewhat; pale and thin, and with encroaching beard, his keen look, and lightly compressed lips, made a person very different from the happy, easy-going farmer I had known before. On a corner of his blouse he was wiping the blood from his hands.

"You are wounded, Goudeloup?"

He had an odd little laugh.

"No, no. It's one of those fellows I've just been bleeding down there, on the road. Only, this time I had no chance. Some more of them came while I was working—But that's all right. That one won't get up again."

And he added (always with his fierce little laugh, showing his teeth with spaces between like wolf's teeth):

"This is the fifteenth I've despatched inside of two months. I think that's pretty well done for one man alone, and with no other weapon than that."

He had drawn from beneath his blouse, a pair of pruning-shears—those great gardener's-scissors, which are used for clipping rose-trees and shrubbery. I looked with a shock of horror at this assassin's tool in that bleeding hand; but I had been so long deprived of communication with a human being that, after conquering my first impulse of repulsion, I made the miserable creature sit down at my table. Then, in the comfort of the little hall, the warmth of the brushwood, and the scent of the pheasant, which was being colored a golden brown before the flame, his dismal face seemed to soften. His eyes, accustomed to the shadow of long nights, squinted slightly, and in a quiet voice he told me his story.

"You thought I was doomed, Monsieur Robert! Well I thought so myself. Fancy! when the Uhlans arrived before the farmhouse, I first tried to defend myself. But they didn't even give me time to discharge my second gun. I had hardly fired the first shot, before the door was forced open, and I had thirty of those bandits on my back. They put the granary rope around my neck, and up I went! For a moment I was giddy at no longer feeling the ground under my feet, and I saw the farmhouse turn round me, and the sheds and kennels, and those great red faces laughing as they watched me, and you yourself I spied down there in the gap in the wall, pale as a ghost. It seemed to me like a dream. Then all at once, while I was strugging, I don't know what idea came to me to make the masonic signal of distress. I had learned it in my youth, at the time when I belonged to the Grand Orient Lodge. The bandits immediately loosened the rope, and I again found the ground under my feet. It was their officer, a big fellow with black whiskers, who had had me taken down for nothing but my gesture.

"'You're a Free Mason,' he whispered to me in very good French. 'So am I, and do not like to leave unassisted a brother who besought me. Fly, and don't let us see you again.'"

"I went out from my home with lowered head, like a beggar, Only, I did not go very far, as you may guess. Hidden under the wreck of the bridge, living on raw radishes and wild plums, I witnessed the pillage of my own estate, the emptied granary, with its pulley grating each day as it let down the bags, great wood-fires lighted in the open courtyard, around which they drank my wine, and pieces of my furniture and also my cattle going away along the roads. At last, when there was nothing left, they went away,

setting fire to the house and driving my last cow before them. That evening, after I had made the tour of my ruin, when, thinking of the children, I calculated that in my whole lifetime I should not be able to again collect such a property, even if I killed myself working, I grew mad with rage. The first Prussian I met on the road I leaped upon like a wild beast, and I struck him in the neck with this.

"From that moment my one idea was to hunt the Prussians. I kept on the look-out night and day, attacking stragglers, marauders, *estafettes* and sentinels. All I kill I carry into the quarries, where I throw them into the water. That's the hardest part of all. For the rest, it's as gentle as a lamb. I've done enough to say what I like. However, the one to-night was stronger than the others, and then it was that cursed dog that gave the alarm. And now it's going to be necessary to keep quiet for a bit, so with your permission, Monsieur Robert, I will spend a few days with you."

While speaking, he again assumed his sinister look, and that singular fixity which his terrible practice of lying in wait had given to his expression. What an ill-favored companion I was going to have!

NOVEMBER 20.

We have just passed a terrible week. For eight days Prussian patrols have never ceased to scour the forest in every sense. They went along the walls of the Hermitage, even entered the court; but the guard's little house, pillaged and wide open, and the ivies and brambles which give mine so dilapidated an appearance, have saved us. My companion and I remained all the time secluded, muffling our steps in the hall and our voices near the fireplace, and making a fire only at night.

If they had discovered us this time, it would have been death. I felt a slight grudge against Goudeloup for having made me his accomplice by taking refuge here. The peasant understood it, and has repeatedly proposed to go away and seek shelter in some other place. But I have never been able to consent to it To thank me for my hospitality, he does me a crowd of little services. Assiduous and adroit in all the duties of practical life of which I am ignorant, he has taught me to make eatable bread, genuine cider, and candles. It is a pleasure to see him busy all day, restricting to the narrow sphere of our single hall his faculties for work and management to which he formerly gave scope in directing his great farmhouse and fifty acres of land. Otherwise, he is gloomy and silent, sitting motionless for hours in the evening, with his head in his hands, like all those desperate laborers in whom, the physical life overworked, the moral life sleeps; and yet I smile sometimes, remarking, that in spite of the dramatic circumstances in which we live, he has retained his habit of leisurely eating, and makes a pause between each mouthful. Such as he is, this man interests me. It is the peasant in all his native ferocity. His land, his property, represent to him something other than home and native land. He tells me quite innocently the most monstrous things. If he hates the Prussians it is only because they burned his house, and the hatefulness of the invasion does not move him except when he thinks of his lost harvest, and his waste fields, with neither labor nor seed.

NOVEMBER 22.

To-day we had a long talk together. We were under the shed sitting on a ladder, and in spite of the cold of the rain-charged air which reached us from the forest, laden with scents of moist wood and soaking soil, we managed to breathe the pleasure of two marmots coming out of their burrow. Goudeloup was smoking a queer pipe which he had made out of a snail-shell, and he assumed an exaggeration of com-

fort and content which was not without malice. In spite of my great longing to smoke, I have several times already refused to help myself to his tobacco, knowing well how he obtains it and always expecting to see in it little flecks of the blue cloth of which the Prussian uniforms are made. Detecting my open nostril inhaling that good smell of smoke, he smiled that cunning peasant's smile which wrinkles the eyes and lends an evil thinness to the lips, and said :

"Oh, now ! so you don't smoke?"

"No, thank you. I have already told you that I do not want your tobacco."

Goudeloup—"Because I took it out of their pockets? But that was my right. They robbed me of enough for me to rob them in return, and a few handfuls of bad tobacco are not going to pay me for all my wheat and oats."

I—"With the difference that these people left you life, while you—"

Goudeloup—"Yes, it's true they left me life, but they burnt my house—my poor house ! I built it myself. . . . And my cattle and my crop, ten *ares* of crop. It was all insured against hail, fire and thunder, but who could have told me that so near Paris, with so many taxes as we are obliged to pay to have good soldiers, it was necessary to insure myself against the Prussians? Now I have nothing any more. Are not such catastrophes worse than death? Oh, yes ; they left me life, the wretches ! They left me life to go from door to door and hold out my hand to the wife and children. You see, when I think of that, red fury comes over me. I long for blood, for——"

I—"What? Have you not killed enough of them?"

Goudeloup—"No ; not yet. I am just going to confess everything to you, Monsieur Robert. You are a good fellow—you have entertained me well, and a fireside like yours, at such a time, is not to be despised. But all the same, there are times when I am tired of your place. I want to fly away and begin my watching at the roadside again. It is so amusing to wait for one of those scoundrels passing, watch him, follow him, say to myself, 'Not now'; and then, hoop ! to spring on him and throw him down. . . . One more who will not eat of my wheat !"

I—"And how can you, whom I have known to be so gentle and quiet, speak of all that with composure?"

Goudeloup—"It must be that at the bottom of me there was an evil beast that war has brought out. But I ought to say that the first time it did scare me. It was that soldier on foot whom I met the night of my ruin. I stamped with all my might on the uniform without considering that there was a man underneath ; then when I felt the body give way, and that blood and living warmth surging over me, then I was afraid. But all at once I thought of the bags of flour burst open and ripped up in my courtyard, and I had no more fear."

I—"Since you hate them so much, why do you not try to get back to Paris or join the provincial army? You could fight openly and kill the Prussians, without treachery, on a battle-field."

Goudeloup—"Go to war, Monsieur Robert ! But I'm not a soldier ! My parents paid dear enough to prevent my being one. I am a peasant—an unhappy peasant, who takes *vengeance*, and needs nobody to assist him."

According as he talks, I see the ferocious creature whom I took in one evening reappear in him. His eyes—those of a madman—come closer together. His lips are pressed hard against each other. His shrivelled fingers feel for a weapon.

NOVEMBER 28.

He has gone ; I might have expected it. The miserable creature was tired of murdering no longer. With the promise to come some time at night and scrape on my door, he plunged into

the shadow, which seemed less sinister than himself. Well, brutal as he was, I miss him. Solitude leads at length to a torpor, a sluggishness of existence, which has something morbid about it. There is something in speech which sets the ideas at work. On the strength of speaking to this peasant about home and native land I re-awakened in myself all that I was furiously bent on calling out in him. I feel very different now. And then my recovery, my consciousness of strength returning day by day! I should be in action—fighting.

NOVEMBER 30,
DECEMBER 1 AND 2.

Frightfully cold weather. In the direction of Paris the cannonading resounds with all the dryness of the ground and air. I have not heard anything to equal it before. This must be a genuine battle. At times it seems to me to come closer, for I distinguish the fire of the platoons, and the horrible rending of the artillery. All about here there is a general agitation, as it were the rebound of the battle. On the road to Melun there is a continual moving of troops. On the Corbeil road terror-stricken *estafettes* file at full gallop. What is happening? In spite of the cold I walk, I move about, seeking the roads in the forest, where the cannonading comes to me most distinctly.

Sometimes I dream in this fashion: Paris comes out over the ramparts behind which she is a prisoner; the French troops arrive at this exact spot; the Sénart forest is full of red trousers, and I myself join them to fight the Prussians, reconquer France, and ——Lord!

DECEMBER 5.

To the incessant cannonading of these last days there has succeeded a silence as of death. What is happening? I am in horrible anxiety. If Paris had come out from her walls and was now marching along the roads, the Prussians, disbanded and driven back, would be stopping up the country and changing their encampments. But no; since yesterday I have done nothing but scour the four leagues of forest surrounding me like a wall, and in vain I examine the surrounding paths, which are as silent and dreary as usual. Afar off, towards Montgeron, I spied through the branches a company of Bavarians drilling, to the detriment of an immense field. Outlined gloomily against the low yellow sky, they were mechanically tearing up the soil of that dead, seedless earth. Evidently Paris has not yet made her opening; but neither has she surrendered, for these soldiers had a pitiful air for conquerors.

Over their heads, circling companies of crows were passing, going in the direction of the great city, crying, and settling occasionally on the uneven rises of the ground. Never had I seen so many, even in peaceful winters when all France was sown with wheat.

This year it is another harvest which draws them.

DECEMBER 6.

God be praised! Paris is still standing and among the living. I have had a delightful proof of its existence. This morning I was at the well in the cloister when I heard a sharp discharge of musketry in the direction of Draveil. Almost immediately after, an odd sound like the flapping of a sail in open sea, and the tension of cordage creaking as it stretches, passed in the air above me. It was a balloon, a fine yellow balloon, quite distinct against the sombre tint of the clouds. From where I was it seemed to me to float at the tops of the trees, although in reality it was much higher. I cannot tell how much the fragility of this balloon, the texture of the covering which I saw quite plainly, has moved and roused me to enthusiasm. I thought that, in very truth, above all that vanquished France, there still hovered the soul of France, a living force stronger than all the Krupp cannons combined; and I, a Parisian, was proud of it. I wanted to weep, to

call out, to cry aloud. I raised my arm in air towards two motionless black spots on the edge of the car, two human lives tossed by every breath of heaven, above rivers where drowning was possible, precipices where one might be shattered to atoms, and Prussian armies appearing from above like immense congregations of ant-hills close on the ground.

A slender black line was visible beneath the balloon. I heard in the branches a sound of sand being emptied, and the vision was lost in the clouds.

DECEMBER 9.

What am I doing here! Verily, I am beginning to be ashamed of my inaction. To-day I had bread to bake, and I have not had the courage to do it. All those details in which I took pleasure—like recluses and lonely men, those egotists in disguise—I now find contemptible. Here I am, quite cured, with the exception of a few aches during the days of intense cold. I have no right any longer to remain at the Hermitage. My place is on the rampart there, with the rest. But can I manage to rejoin them? The investment seems to be very close; it appears that from one sentinel to another there is only the range of a gun. If I only had a companion, or at least someone belonging to the country, who knew the roads well! I think of Goudeloup. I should not have allowed him to go away. Who knows where he is now? Perhaps hanging to some wayside cross, or dead of cold, in the bottom of some quarry. However, the other evening I heard a cry in the direction of Meillottes—nothing but a cry, but horrible, long, despairing, like a sob; and suddenly I thought, "There is Goudeloup!" Yes, that man is an assassin. But at least he bestirs himself, he grossly satisfies a need for vengeance and justice which is in him. As for me, I eat, keep warm, and sleep. Of us two, which is the more contemptible?

DECEMBER 10.

Returned from Champrosay through a freezing cold. The houses along the road, blind with all their dark windows, looked like mournful beggars. I again saw the park, the summer house at the brink of the stream, and the smiling portrait that dwells there. The cold had not impaired the reposeful countenance nor the soft colors of the summer gown. But the expression seemed to me to be firmer, more severe, as if it contained a reproach. On the threshold I understood that I was no longer welcome there. Discreetly I closed the door and descended the steps covered with frozen moss. And all night the clear gaze of that Parisian girl pursued me like a remorse.

DECEMBER 11.

This morning on going to take up the snares at the foot of the garden, I found a pigeon. It astonished me. The common pigeons do not stay about deserted houses, and up to the present I had snared only wood-doves. This was a domestic pigeon, quite large, with rose-colored feet and beak, its wings mixed with russet and white. The snare had not injured it; it was only benumbed by the cold. I carried it into the house to the fire, and holding it in both hands, while like a tame animal it made not the slightest effort to escape, I distinguished on one of its wings a printed number—523, and below, *Société de l'Espérance*. Then under the feathers I found a quill a little stronger than the others, from which trembled a little closely-rolled leaf of foreign paper. I had snared a carrier-pigeon. Did he come from Paris or from the provinces? Was he carrying victory or defeat, good news or bad? For a long time I gazed at him with a religious tenderness. Free in the hall, he moved about, tranquilly pecking between the tiles. Little by little his feathers puffed out in the warmth, and his strength returned. Then I opened wide the window, and set him on the edge. He remained there a moment looking at the sky, stretching his neck, and trying to recover his bearing. At last he mount

ed straight into the air; then at a certain height, white against the dark sky, he turned abruptly towards Paris. Ah! if I could take the same road as he.

DECEMBER 15.

It is settled; we leave to-morrow. I say "we," because Goudeloup has come to find me again. I saw him come yesterday in the dusk of evening, more emaciated, more frightful than ever. The unhappy creature is at his *twenty-first!* However, his vengeance is beginning to have enough of blood. Frankly, he is entrapped. Lying in wait is growing very difficult. I have even had difficulty in persuading him to undertake the journey to Paris with me. We are going to leave to-morrow night in my boat, which was left down on the Seine, moored to its buoy under the willows on the bank. It is Goudeloup's idea. He thought that with a very dark night we could gain the Port-a-l'Anglais by water, and from there, crawling along the tow-path, reach the first French barricade. We shall see. I have prepared my revolver, blankets, two or three loaves of bread, and a large gourd of brandy.

Of a certainty, the adventure is hazardous, but since I have resolved to attempt it, I feel more tranquil. Instead of troubling, the cannon of Paris electrify me. They affect me like a call, and every time they roar I long to reply: "I come!" I think the portrait in the summer-house has resumed its calm picture-face, and is smiling on me from its gold frame. My sole regret on leaving the Hermitage is, what will become of my poor Colaquet? I am leaving the stable open, so that he can find his living in the forest. I pile up near him my last bundles of straw, and making these preparations, I evade an encounter with those kind, astonished eyes, which seem to say to me reproachfully: "Where are you going?"

And now, open at this unfinished page, I leave my journal on my table, with these words, which doubtless will end it: "*En route* for Paris!"

WRITTEN WHILE GROPING MY WAY, AT NIGHT.

I am returning. Goudeloup is dead —journey proved abortive.

DECEMBER 26.

Ten days! I have been away only ten days, and it seeme to me that with the multitude of images, silhouettes and impressions, confused and terrible, which I bring back from my short journey, there would be enough to fill several lives. Now, that since my return within the limits of my Hermitage, all these remembrances haunt and torment me, I am going to try to write them down, one by one, to rid myself of them.

Went away on the night of the 16th. Night very cold, with no light in the sky—lighted only by the ground, white with hoar-frost. The frosted trees looked exactly like great hawthorns blooming before the coming of the leaves. We passed through Champrosay, dreary and silent as the frost that fell and gathered on the bleak roofs, instead of melting softly at the edge of the eaves with the heat of the lighted fires. Not a Prussian on the horizon; and fortunate it was, for on the great, bare plains, our two silhouettes were very distinct. I found my boat in a little creek, hidden between the banks. It is a very light Norwegian. The oars muffled with linen, we embark noiselessly, alone on the river, struck from time to time by pieces of ice which float level with the water, like blocks of crystal. Oftentimes, in years past, I had embarked on nights as dark and cold, to go to pose or visit my *verveux*. But what life was in motion on the river around me then! A slightly mysterious, pensive life, impregnated with silence in the surrounding slumber. The long wooden rafts, with their fires fore and aft, silhouettes standing upright near the helm, floated slowly down towards

Paris, passing through all this rural shadow to enter openly the noisy and crowded quarters of Bercy at daybreak. On the bank, wagons were passing; the night express unrolled itself like a fiery-eyed serpent along the winding way. And one dreamed of all the reasons, lugubrious or pleasant, these people had for thus leaving their homes. Farther and farther, on the bank of the river, which carries its moisture almost to their walls, sluice-keepers' houses, ferrymen's boats, and inns for seafaring men, reflected in the uncertain water the lights of their hazy panes.

Now, there was nothing of that. We had before us, as it were, a new river, dark and deserted, and rendered unfamiliar by all those broken marks changing the currents. Meanwhile, I steered our little Norwegian well enough, taking strokes enough only to keep the middle of the stream and avoid the submerged islands marked by the tops of some willows.

"That's well done," whispered Goudeloup to me.

At that moment the sound of an oar falling into a boat reached us from the bank; then a strong southern voice cried across the night:

"Come, ferryman, hurry up!"

"It's the doctor from Draveil," murmured my companion.

I, too, had recognized that worthy man's voice, heard night and day on all the country roads, ever urgent and encouraging. How did he come to be there? Had he, then, remained at Draveil? I wanted to call: "Good evening, Doctor!" but one thought restrained me. A happy thought indeed! for almost immediately we crossed a heavy wherry passing from one side to the other, with a lantern in the stern, and I perceived beside good Dr. R. and his eternal felt hat, wet with all the rains of the Seine-et-Oise, some gleaming helmets.

We were, fortunately, beyond the ray of their lantern, which made the shadow where our boat glided the more obscure, and we passed unperceived. Another danger, not less grave, awaited us a little further away—the railway bridge, three arches of which had been blown up and were blocking the river with the gigantic débris. Truly I know not how, without being submerged and crushed, we succeeded in overcoming this sinister obstacle. At Port Courcelles similar difficulties menaced us in the enormous knotted willows, like two islands, forming in the darkness so many stumbling blocks that we were fortunate in evading them.

Here at last is Ablou and its weir. Here the cannon of Paris, distinct and terrible, send us each moment the fiery gleam of their thundering. We have to wait here—the weir is closed. Fortunately our boat is light, and together we are able to hoist it, as I have so often done, up the steep bank, and pass to the other side of the dam. We come alongside of that little flight of steps where the Ablou innkeeper skins his eels on Sundays in the summer-time, and where anglers install themselves in the flooding sunlight, with the point of their bargemen's hats at their *espadrille*-booted feet. It is astonishing how danger changes the appearance of things. When I reach the lowest steps of the flight, I perceive, ten paces from me, in the darkness, a sentinel walking up and down the quay. Lower down, the sluice-house, transformed into a Prussian post, has all its windows alight. I wish to go down again quickly, re-embark and gain the other bank; but Goudeloup does not listen to me. His eyes remain obstinately fixed on that shadow, outlined against the mist, which walks whistling above our heads. I try to drag him away. He escapes me, makes a bound. . . . I hear a dull thud, a stifled cry, the sound of shoulder-belts shaken off, and the heavy fall of a body.

"Twenty-two!" says Goudeloup, sliding breathlessly along the bank.

But the unfortunate soldier, whom

he has just stretched out on the bluff, before dying has found strength to discharge his gun. The report throws both banks into commotion. Impossible to keep to the edge. We quickly gain the middle of the stream, and vigorously resume the oars. It is like a bad dream. The wind, the current, both are against us; and, while from the weir a boat lighted with a great lantern is detached which plunges, reappears awaits us and comes straight from our bank, another boat approaches from the opposite direction.

"To the dredge!" says Goudeloup in my ear.

Near us, moored fifteen or twenty metres from the shore, a dredging-boat rears its sombre mass above the water, with its paddle-box, and grappling chain for drawing the sand. The Seine, now very high, half submerges it, breaking noisily against its stern. We come alongside it, but in our haste to take refuge on this wreck we forget to fasten our Norwegian, which drifts off on the swell, with the blankets and provisions she contains. That it is which saves us. Five minutes later a formidable "hurrah!" tells us the Prussians have just found our boat. Seeing it empty they must believe us drowned or swallowed up, for after a moment the lanterns gain the bank and the whole river returns to its silence and darkness.

It was a genuine ruin, that dredge on which we found ourselves. A strange refuge, creaking and groaning in every part, and beaten by the raging river! On the deck, covered with remains of wood and bits of casting, the cold was unbearable. We were forced to take refuge in the engine-room, where happily the water had not yet come. It was very near it, though, for in several places the partitions of the room were broken through almost to the height of the waves, and we found ourselves lighted by the glassy reflection of the night on the water. What hours of foreboding we passed there! Hunger, fear, a terrible cold in which our limbs were seized by a torpor of slumber against which it was necessary to struggle. . . .

All around the water bubbled, the wood moaned, the rusty links of the chain ground together, and up above our heads something like the cloth of a drenched banner flapped in the wind. Impatiently we waited for daylight, not knowing just by what distance we were separated from the land, nor how we should manage to reach it. In that state of half-slumber, pre-occupied with the thought of escape, and with the tossing of the dredge, and the sound of the water around us, I had the impression sometimes of a distant voyage, and a tempestuous night in mid-ocean.

When, through the holes in the room, which were blackened and rent as if by a bombardment, we saw the river paling under the wan light of a short winter day, we sought to discover our exact location. The Juvisy hills rising out of the mist, which the tall trees pierced with their dead tops, appeared above the more distant shore. On the other side, twenty-five or thirty metres from the dredge, the bare, open fields leading to Draveil spread away without a soldier. Evidently it was in that direction we must flee. The prospect of a cold bath in mid-December in this water, deep, yeasty, and furrowed with currents, was sufficiently dreadful. Fortunately the iron chain that fastened the dredge to the bank still held fast to its ring, and we had the alternative of clinging to it and being guided by it. While we were deliberating, the report of a cannon, coming quite near, proceeded from the Juvisy heights. The whistling of a shell, its fall into the water near us, followed almost immediately. Some seconds later, and before our astonishment had abated, a second shell fell near the dredge. Then I understood the reason of that flag, those remains of wood and splinters of iron-castings, and that smell of burnt powder which we had noticed in the cabin. The

abandoned dredge served the Prussians as a target for their cannon exercise. We must get away speedily. The coldness of the water and its danger were no longer of any account. Away! I grasped the chain with both hands, and slipped into the river, Goudeloup after me. With fingers blistered with the friction of the iron, we advanced slowly, paralyzed by the current, the freezing water. A fresh cannon-shot came to redouble our energy. Look out, there is the shell! This time it falls full on the iron-plated prow of the dredge, shivers it into pieces, and covers us with débris. I hear a great sigh behind me. No, never shall I forget the final movement of that chain as I feel it tremble, struggle a second, then quickly rise on the water, loose, abandoned and light between my hands!

I turned round, there was nobody, nothing but a bloody bundle that the stream was carrying away. The unhappy man must have been struck in the head by the shot. A great despair seized me. This comrade slaughtered beside me, my inability to aid him —— for nothing I, too, would have let go the chain. The instinct of preservation bore the feeling away, and some minutes later I reached the bank. But I was not able to go far. After ten steps, succumbing to emotion, fatigue, and that terrible cold which penetrated me through all my wet clothes, I allowed myself to fall on the road-side in the dry grass of the ditch.

The well-known trot of a horse, the whirling of an old gig, and the good voice of Dr. R——, roused me from my torpor.

"How! This you? What are you doing there?"

In a twinkling he had wrapped me in his cloak, and buried me in the straw under the carriage apron, and we went speeding towards Draveil, where the worthy man had transformed his house into a field-hospital. From the gig I went into the coach-house. There, with dry clothes and some piping hot grog, I was soon revived. I remained there till evening without venturing to stir, knowing well, although the doctor had said nothing of it to me, the great risk he ran in taking me in. The house was full of soldiers and attendants; boots sounded on the pavement of the little courtyard, and all around resounded loud laughter, sabre-strokes, and that rude German speech, still accentuated by insolence. I heard all this with closed eyes, enervated with comfort, retaining still a vague recollection of the past danger, and the cold sensation of the river, and the heartrending sigh of poor Goudeloup still ringing in my ears.

At night the doctor came to release me, taking me to the bedroom belonging to his children, whom he had sent away at the approach of the Prussians. Here, next morning, I re-opened my eyes. After the horrible scenes of the previous day, these three cots surrounded by white curtains, the children's playthings scattered pell-mell in the room, with school-books,—even the faint odor of the dispensary exhaling from acupboard where the doctor keeps his drugs under lock and key,—everything was well-suited to calm me, and compose my overstrained nerves. A cock was crowing in a neighboring courtyard; a donkey began to bray; the village was beginning to awake. Suddenly a ringing of bells, breaking in on these peaceful sounds, recalled to me the sad reality. There was going and coming, slamming of doors. . . . I went to the window. The doctor's house looked on the street, above the flower-beds of a narrow garden in front. It is familiar to everybody in the country; and the little bell—a brass button standing out in relief against the white, newly-painted wall—and the furniture of the little salon, visible on the ground-floor, gave it a modest bourgeois look. Hidden behind the closed Venetian blinds, I saw the street black with lines of Tam O'Shanters,

calling, numbering, ready to leave. Among these caps, some Bavarian helmets appeared. They were the quarter-masters, running from house to house, marking numbers with chalk on the doors, and preparing lodgings for the new troops coming. Soon came the regiment, appearing to fall back at the sound of the drums, while, from the opposite side, the Bavarian clarions noisily approached. For three months matters had stood thus in the ill-starred village. The straw of the encampments had not time to get cold between the departure of one regiment and the arrival of another.

The doctor, who had just entered, made me leave the window.

"Take care, M. Helmont; do not show yourself. There is a government at the *Commandantur*, set up by some inhabitants remaining in the country, and they watch us all. After eight o'clock in the evening, nobody, except myself, has the right to go out. There have been so many Prussians assassinated in the neighborhood! Draveil suffers the penalty of it. We are requisitioned three times as often as the others. At the least word they imprison; at the least revolt they shoot. Our unfortunate peasants are terror-stricken. They spy upon and denounce one another, and if one of them found out that I was hiding anyone in my house, he would be capable, in order to escape a requisition, of going and warning the *Commandantur*. What would await both of us I can imagine."

He was so fearful of my imprudence, this poor doctor, that during all the time of my stay with him, he kept the key of my room in his pocket. The closed windows and Venetian blinds gave me a dungeon-like daylight, barely sufficient to read in. I had some medical works, some old translations of the great Packoucke collection, and from time to time a copy of a French newspaper, published by the Prussians at Versailles. This also was a traducement of the French—our defeats, true, or false, related sneeringly, with gross pleasantries, awkward and dull.

When I had read enough, I looked at the street through the interstices in the Venetian blinds. It was a genuine country-town street, the houses in a row along the pavement, having little gardens in front, and showing in the space dividing them, branch-woven trellises, the trunk of a big elm, and horizons of field and vine, ill hid by the low roofings. Then sheds, stables, a fountain spouting up from an old well, and a great farm-gate beside the notarys' spruce white, house, decked with scutcheons. Upon all this was the mark of occupancy: woollen nets drying on the gratings and on the window shutters, great pipes at all the windows, and boots, boots! Never had I conceived of so many boots. Opposite my casement was the *Commandantur*. Every day peasants were brought there, urged on with strokes from gun-butts and sabre-sheaths. Women and children followed weeping, and while the man was dragged inside, they remained at the entrance to explain their business to the soldiers, who listened disdainfully with set teeth, or laughing a great brutal laugh. No hope of pity or justice! All at the good pleasure of the victor! They knew it so well, these unhappy villagers, that they scarce dared go out or show themselves, and when they did venture into the streets, it was heart-rending to see them skulking along the walls with wary eye and bent back, obsequious and despicable as Oriental Jews!

Something heart-rending, too, were those ambulances drawn up before our door, in wind, cold, rain and snow, and those groans of the sick and wounded, leaving the ambulances, at the mercy of the arms that bore them. At evening, to close this awful day of melancholy, a Prussian bugle-call sounded under the leafless elms, with its slow, measured rhythm, and its last three notes like the fern-owl's

cry thrown into the advancing night. At that moment the doctor came into my room, draggled and weary. He took me to sup with him, and with his usual good nature recounted to me his journeys, his visits, what he had heard from Paris, the sick who had been brought to him, and his disputes with the Prussian major, who had been associated with him in directing the hospital, and whose Berlin pedantry exasperated him. We spoke in whispers, sadly. Then the worthy man bade me good-night. Left alone, I opened my window softly, and breathed the night air for a moment. In spite of the intense cold it was refreshing to me. In slumber, the country became itself, once more resuming its appearance of prosperity. But soon a patrol's step, the moan of a sick man, a cannon-shot resounding on the horizon, recalled me to the reality, and full of rage and anger, I returned to my prison. After a time, this cell-like regimen in the midst of occupation became unbearable. Having lost all hope of being able to get into Paris, I regretted my Hermitage. There at least I had solitude, nature. I was not tempted, as here, to mix myself up with injustices, brutalities and endless vexations of the street, at the risk of compromising my host. I resolved to leave.

To my great surprise, the doctor did not even attempt to turn me from my project.

"You are right," he said, quietly. "You will be safer there."

On thinking of it I have always believed that some neighbor must have spied me behind my blinds, and that my host, without wishing to confess it, feared denunciation. We decided then that I should leave Draveil next day, in the same way as I had come. Night having fallen, I went down to the stable. I cowered in the straw in the gig, with the doctor's cloak over me, and away we went. The distance was covered without obstacle. Every two or three hundred metres a sentry-box, built at the expense of the commune, rose by the wayside.

"*Wer da?*" cried the sentinel to us, cocking his gun.

The doctor replied.

"*Lazareth?*"

And the little gig rattled on over the stones. At the edge of the forest he halted. The road was deserted. I leaped quickly to the ground.

"Take this," said the excellent man, holding out a basket filled with bottles and provisions. "Shut yourself up and don't budge. I'll come and see you soon."

Then he whipped up his horse, and I plunged into the thicket. A quarter of an hour later I was inside the Hermitage.

JANUARY 3.

For some days a fine snow has been falling in thick clouds. The forest is shrouded with it. Around me the silence is such that I hear the soft rustle of the flakes as they are heaped up. To go out is impossible. I watch this snow whitening everything as it falls from the yellow sky. Famished birds come even to my threshold. Deer have taken refuge in my stable, in place of my poor Colaquet, of whom I no longer know anything.

JANUARY 10.

A visit from the doctor. The news is bad! Paris ever surrounded, the provinces in a disastrous condition. And the conquerors, weary of so tardy a victory, multiply the humiliations and brutalities. At Draveil, on Christmas night, five or six Bavarians, drinking in a tavern with old Rabot, the late forest keeper, cracked his head with a pistol-shot. The brother of the unfortunate man, living opposite, runs up at the report, and falls in his turn, shot dead. Another man of the same family was seriously wounded. As many as came they would have slaughtered, the wretches! The affair having created a great disturbance, a semblance of inquiry was instituted, and the whole matter was settled by an

indemnity of *forty thousand francs* which the commune of Draveil is condemned to pay to the Bavarians.

JANUARY 15.

This morning the staff of the Prince of Saxony had a great beating for game in the forest. Hearing the firing so near me I was greatly excited. I believed it to be the arrival of some French advance guard; but from the atelier windows, which command the whole wood, I saw between the leafless branches swarms of fellows in Saxon Tam o' Shanters, beating the bushes and running and calling in the thicket, while the sportsmen, bedecked with gilt and plumes, were in ambush at every turning of the path. At the cross-roads of Gros-Chéne a great bivouac fire blazed before a tent. There the sportsmen came to breakfast at the sound of a flourish of trumpets. I heard the clinking of glasses, uncorking of bottles, and the hurrahs of the drinkers. Finally the massacre of roes and pheasants recommenced. Ah, if Père Guillard had been there, who knew so well the number of his game and the favorite walk of his deer, and overlooked coveys and terriers—how pained he would have been to see all this jumble! The pinions hesitated in the air, no longer knowing where to fly to escape the shots. The dismayed hares and rabbits fled between the legs of the hunters, and in the midst of the rout one wounded roe came to take refuge in the courtyard of the Hermitage. The eyes of hunted animals have an expression of astonishment and tenderness which is truly heart-rending. This one made me pity her, pressed close to the curbstone of the well, scenting the wind, marking the soil with her bleeding feet. I felt a redoubled indignation against these pillaging people who fling themselves, with the voracity of locusts, upon vanquished France, her vineyards, houses, wheatfields and grand trees, and after razing the country exterminate even the game in order to leave no living thing.

I shall never forget that hunt, hand in hand with war, under that lowering and sombre sky, in that landscape white with frost, where the golden gleam of helmets and horns passing among the branches, the galloping and the halloaings, recalled the Black Huntsman of the German ballads. At the fall of day files of carts came to pick up from the roadside all this piteous, moaning game. It was sinister as a battle night.

JANUARY 20.

All day they have been fighting below Paris. But the tumult of the artillery did not reach me so distinctly as on the second of December. I found that there was in the sound of that distant battle I know not what impression of weariness and discouragement.

JANUARY 30.

It is ended. Paris surrenders. The armistice is signed.

FINAL REMARKS.

I here conclude this journal, into which I have attempted to put the impressions of my five months of solitude. To-day I returned to Draveil in the doctor's carriage, but this time without hiding. The roads were full of peasants returning to their homes. Several have already recovered their land. All the countenances are sad, but no complaint is heard. Is it fatalism or resignation? In the village, which is still occupied, the Prussians display their triumph, tranquilly insolent. Meanwhile, they appeared to me to be less fierce with the residents. I saw that those going away were holding country children by the hand. There was a sort of impulse to return to their forsaken homes and their sluggish life which had been disturbed by this long war. . . . Returning in the evening I saw, at the threshold of the keeper's house, Mère Guillard in deep mourning and scarcely recognizable. Poor woman! her husband dead, her home in ruins! It is complete misfortune. I heard her weeping as she

tried to set the remains of her household in order.

Now all is silent in the Hermitage. The night is clear; the air is soft. Surely the spring is already under this snow which is beginning to melt. The forest will not be late in budding, and I expect soon to see the grass blades springing above the dead leaves. From the great tranquil fields below rises an incense like the smoke of an inhabited village; and if anything can offer consolation for the war it is this repose of man and nature, this universal calm of a bruised land repairing its strength in slumber, forgetting the lost crop to prepare the harvest of the to be.

GABLE ENDS.

PIONEER LITERARY ENDEAVORS IN WESTERN CANADA.

During the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, there has been displayed, now, for several years in succession, within the building known as the Pioneers' lodge, a collection of printed matter of a rather unique character, calculated to throw light on what we may term the incipient literatureism of Western Canada. In addition to the early views, maps, plans, portraits and soforth adorning the interior of the lodge, a group of books has been set out in a separate compartment and distinguished by the homely title of the *Log Shanty Book Shelf*. In each successive year the group has been a different one, but on each occasion the books have consisted of promiscuous gatherings likely only to be considered of importance during a primitive era in the history of a new country. In each group, however, additions, similar in character, have been made from time to time subsequently. A pamphlet catalogue of each shelf was prepared, and at the head of each list was a brief explanatory preface containing many particulars of local biography and history which will be likely to interest future enquirers. The subjects of the catalogues, in general terms, were the following, respectively:

Number 1, for 1887. Pioneer School Books. Aids to Self Culture and General Knowledge.
Number 2, for 1888. The Collection of a not Forgetful Pioneer Emigrant from Devonshire. Tracts, Pamphlets, Guide Books, Legends, Dialects, Local Histories and Maps relating to the West of England were eagerly secured and carefully garnered by the collector.
Number 3, for 1889. Some Pioneer Bibles.
Number 4, for 1890. Specimens of Pioneer Typography.
Number 5, for 1891. Relics of a Pioneer Anti-Obscurantist. (Erasmus o (Rotterdam.)

This department of the Book-Shelf originated in the use of the Colloquies of Erasmus as a class book at school. The young scholar thus became an admirer of Erasmean ideas and a collector of Erasmean books. Rejoicing in the check given by Erasmus to the prevalence of Dark Age doctrine in the 16th century he aimed to be within his little sphere an anti-obscurantist himself.
Number 6, for 1892. Pioneer Shakespeare Culture in Canada. (An early collection.)
Number 7, for 1893. Books of a Sententious Character, Proverbs etc. (A pioneer gathering.)

The preliminary observations explanatory of the last mentioned catalogue are the following, and these may serve to exemplify the kind of information prefixed to each of the seven groups just described.

"In the great dearth of general literature in these parts in the old pioneer days, any books or pamphlets which furnished forth a supply, however scanty, of proverbs, pithy sayings, aphorisms and similitudes, were very acceptable to any one having the least inclination for reading and study. Such expressions seemed always to contain so much in so small a compass. The local almanac generally supplied a few proverbs, adopting occasionally the style and even the language of Franklin's 'Poor Richard'; sometimes the local newspaper furnished a few, even when its columns in other respects were very scantily supplied. These were all conned over with gratitude, in the absence of other matter for consideration. With homely primitive folk, a small stock of proverbs is found to be very useful in many emergencies of the head, heart and hands. In short, the compact set of sayings thus stored up might be compared to the old-fashioned pocket-knife which young lads aforetime were so proud to possess, containing in its handle, besides several blades, a great variety of little imple-

THE STUDY, NO 6, TRINITY SQUARE.

ments—a corkscrew, button-hook, gimlet, turnscrew, tweezers, pincers, fleam or lancet, etc. Don Quixote, when a copy was secured, of course became a favorite, especially for the sake of the utterances of his garrulous companion. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and even Robinson Crusoe came to be especially valued for the sake of the many aphorisms contained therein. Solomon's Book of Proverbs was easily accessible and became more and more appreciated, as also were the many sententious conclusions to be observed in Ecclesiastes, the Psalms and other books of the Bible. Even the apocryphal books began to be examined for the sake of the sayings of the wise son of Sirach. In point of fact, the whole Bible had assumed more or less of a sententious appearance since the days of the famous French printer, Robert Stephens, to whom is due, since 1556, the modern familiar divisions of chapter and verse. From every line of Scripture, whether embracing an aphorism or not, the commentator, Matthew Henry, could draw pious conclusions. To him, happily, the familiar words of the psalm were a reality:

"The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether."

"More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey comb."

"Moreover, by them is thy servant taught, and in keeping of them there is great reward."

"But it was from the Proverbs of Solomon that Matthew Henry's deductions always seemed especially inviting and instructive, rendering the contemplation of the whole character of Solomon and his comprehensive grasp of all things most interesting. It was not only in the area of Palestine but throughout all the regions of the east that Solomon's fame as an author of sententious wisdom prevailed in the olden time as well as in the present day. Solomon's wisdom, we are told (I. Kings iv. 30), excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt.

THE STUDY, NO. 6, TRINITY SQUARE.

' For he was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol and Darda, the sons of Mahol, and his fame was in all nations round about.

"And he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five.

"And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

"No wonder, then, that the written relics still extant of the wise king took a strong hold on the youthful imagination, and numerous books allied thereto in style and spirit began soon to be collected.

"Sometimes an antiquated English dictionary in use in the house, a bit of salvage from the home in the old country, was found to contain proverbs as well as mere words, and was prized accordingly. This was the case with Nathan Bailey's Dictionary, and at a little later period with Maunder's, each page of which was garnished on its four sides with proverbs. Ordinary school books also furnished a few pithy precepts, and, as time went on, in the old district grammar school, first under Dr. Strachan, then under Mr. Armour, and then under Dr. Phillips (its curriculum embracing Latin and elementary Greek), the grammar and other class books abounded in aphoristic matter, furnishing to some young minds much food for thought. The Greek Delectus and the Latin Delectns, in fact, consisted of brief excerpts from writers of note, and appended to the ever-to-be-remembered Lexicon of Schrevelius were copious collections of Greek moral sentences including the sayings of the seven sages of Greece. The mottoes subjoined to coats of arms in heraldic books likewise attracted attention, as also did the curt Latin sentences attached to printers' devices in title pages, emblems, impresas, etc.

"In the case of the gatherer of these specimens, even before the migration from the old land, his childish ear was captivated by the shrewd sayings, maxims and tales of one, known as a wise man or wizard, over the whole countryside in the neighborhood of the very rustic villages of Dunkeswell and Luppit, in Devonshire, Jan Baker, as he was

called, whose intellectually-formed head might, under other conditions, have been that of a divinity professor; while subsequently after the transfer across the Atlantic it was his lot to come within earshot of the talk of another primitive character who was ever formulating phrases and rules of conduct, such as would at a later period have been not unworthy of Artemus Ward, Mr. Joshua Billings, or Abraham Lincoln himself, and giving those in contact with him the benefit of the same,—and this was a curious hermit of a man dwelling in a sort of cave, on the banks of the Don, in a portion of what is now Riverside Park. Early settlers will remember Joseph Tyler, a mysterious stray squatter here from the Southern States, who acted as ferryman on his own account, at this point of the river, by means of a large canoe constructed by himself, formed of two long logs, hollowed out and dovetailed together. To the very successful cultivation of melon and maize, it may be remarked in passing, Tyler added that of the tobacco plant. Under varied stimulants of the kinds described, the taste for sententious literature was evoked and sustained, and the foible thus early indulged continued latently to subsist, and was humored from time to time, and to this day a book of sage summaries and aphoristic conclusions is enjoyed. Thus commenced, the collection was catalogued, and thus it grew to its present dimensions.

"Looking at the vast heritage of packed and preserved practical wisdom which we have in such form derived from our forefathers, it is to be hoped that whatever developments in this direction may hereafter take place within the bounds of our young Dominion, and whatever institutions and policies amongst us may be based thereupon, they will be such as shall be worthy of the great and understanding nations from whom we have sprung."

HENRY SCADDING.

GAUN TAE GLASGOW.

MAN, Wullie! arna' thae trains a bother? Last Thursday, Betty an' me thocht we wad tak a sma' trip in haun; juist over tae Glasgow tae a great meetin' o' the coal carters, which I had heard wis tae be there on Saturday.

So I gaed doon tae the station-man tae get our tickets the day before, so as tae hae nae bother, ye ken, when we wantit tae get awa. Havin' got the tickets, I askit him when oor train wis tae gang. He pitched a sma', blue bookie at me an' says: "Tak that, it'll tell ye."

I wisna vera sure aboot it, but I took it an' said naethin', an' then I saw by the cover o't that it wis a Time Table; so I thocht I wad tak it hame an' let Betty see't, for I could mak nither heid nor tail o't, an' I didna like tae ask the man onything mair aboot it, he lookit sae angry. I think surely some ane had been botherin' him ower muckle that day.

Weel, I gaed hame, an' Betty an' me set tae wark tae study oot when oor train wis tae lave. Gosh, man, bit it wis a job! Betty seemed tae understan' a' aboot it, but she wis sae crabbit whenever I wad ask her onything, that I whiles made up me min' no tae gang at a'. At last she gaed it up, an' lookin at me vera sternly: "Auld blockheid!" says she, "ye've let him gie ye the wrang Time Table; that's no the thing at a'. Every train hit's on that is comin' *frae* Glasgow, an' we want tae gang *tae* Glasgow."

"Weel," I says, "dinna be sae flechtit, Betty; it's no me fault; I juist took what he gaed me, for I thocht he wad likely ken better nor me. He's back and forad that way on the trains mair than iver I wis, am sure."

"It's nae difference," says Betty, "ye should niver tak onything hame without lookin' at it."

But tae mak a long story short, I gaed asleep on the chair; for it wis gettin' gay an' late; an' in a little, I wis wakened wi' Betty cryin' at the top o' her voice:—

"Sandy, I've fund it! I've fund oor train."

"Fund it at last!"

"It laves at 8.05 i' the evenin'."

"Losh, Betty," I says, "it canna be i' the evenin', surely."

"Sandy Robison," says she, "d'ye think I dinna ken what I'm readin'?"

Then I explained that we widna be there near early eneuch for the meetin'.

Then she lookit again an' says: "No, it isna' i' the evenin'. What am I sayin'?

It laves at eicht meenits after five i' the mornin'."

"Aye ; that's mair like it," I says.

"An' ye ken naethin' aboot it," says Betty, "for if I hadna thocht an' stoodied that Time Table, we'd niver hae gotten tae Glasgow."

Weel, we fixed up our best claes ; so as tae hae naethin' tae dae i' the mornin', an' then I lookit ower the Time Table an' gaed tae bed, no feelin' vera sure whither oor train left at five meenits after eicht, or eicht meenits after five. Man, Wullie, why canna they let thae trains gang at eicht, or nine, or ten, an' no pit a body tae sik a heap o' trouble for the sak o' five meenits ? Am sure five or ten meenits is neither here nor there.

Neist mornin' I wis up gay an' early ; for tae tell ye the truth I sleepit vera little that nicht ; an' sure the boy cam roon wi' the cart, for I had made arrangements tae drive tae the station, so as no tae file oor good bits o' claes wi' walkin'.

It had rained a' the nicht afore, an' the road wis a' in a gutter, an' whiles when the driver wad flourish his big whup, I wad hae tae dodge the great lumps o' gutter the horse wad fling up wi' his heels. Ance, a great piece o't I had successfully dodged struck Betty richt on the nose ; fer ye'll no hinder her tae be sittin' richt ahint me, i' the back end o' the carriage.

Man, but she wis wild aboot it ! I tell't her I couldna help it, but my certy, that made her waur than iver. "I really believe, Sandy, ye'd rejoice if I wis kill't." says she. She scoulded awa for a lang time, while I, wi' great presence of min', made nae answer, but lookit oot ower the front o' the carriage at the puir horse, wha, at the meenit, wis dooin' his vera best to get up a extraorinar steep hill.

We were juist at the tap o't, when I thocht I heard somethin' fa' vera heavy. I lookit roon, an' losh !—the end-boord had come oot o' the cart-box, an' there wis Betty rollin' awa doon near tae the bottom o' the hill. She couldna stop, for the hill wis sae steep. I was sae frichtit I couldna be expected tae dae onything.

"Whoa ! Whoa ! Betty ! Stop ! Whoa !" I cries, wi' great presence o' min'.

But the horse couldna stop until he got tae the top o' the hill. I jumpit oot, an' pickéd up the umbrella. It wisna muckle the war. Then I fand her bonnet, which she had juist bocht the day afore, an' which Mrs. Jeemison thocht becam' her the best o' ony bonnet she iver had Doon the hill I ran wi' a' mi micht, pickin' up her basket, then her shawl, an' her pocket handkerchief wi' the money in it. I was glad tae see she wisna muckle hurted.

"Sandy," says she ; "I wish I'd niver seen yer face. Ye've alwas dune yer vera best tae shorten me days. Ye kent vera weel 't yon boord wisna solid—or, at any rate, ye could hae grippit me afore I fell."

But tae mak a lang story short, Betty widna get i' the cart again. So, after brushin' aff her claes as well's I could, we startit oot tae walk tae the station. 'Twisna faur noo, sae we thocht we could mak it oot a' richt.

Noo, Betty's fa' had delayed us, an' when we turned the corner at the station, there wis oor train juist beginnin' tae move.

"Rin, Betty, rin !" I cries, "or we're left. Gie me the basket. Mischief's i' the driver, disna he see we're comin' ? Hi ! Hi !"

It gaed vera slowly for a little, but whenever we wad get near, it wad gie a start, an' lave us ahint again. Twa or three times, when I wis rinnin' wi' a' me micht, I juist touched the back end o' the caur. Then I made a desperate effort, an' wis juist ready tae grip the railin', when I gaed heels ower heid intae ane o' those confoondit holes i' the track—cattle-guards, I think, they ca' them. Betty was richt ahint me, an' afore I could tell whaur I wis, she fell on the tap o' me, an' there we war, like twa big turtles, in aboot three feet o' water. I scrambled oot, an' pood Betty up as quick's I could. Man, Wullie, but we war a sicht —baith o' us fairly drookit. The crood at the station were a' cheerin' an' lauchin'. Oor train wis gaun puffin' awa' up the track, an' sae we had tae gang hame. Wullie, I niver wis sae mortified in a' me days, an' Betty says noo she'll niver gang tae Glasgow.

SANDY.

(W. ROBERTSON.)

BOOK NOTICES.

Venice and other Verse. By ALAN SULLIVAN.

This little work of about fifty pages, printed beautifully by The J. E. Bryant Co., Toronto, is a welcome addition to the poems which Mr. Sullivan has already given us in similar form. Mr. Sullivan has undoubted poetic genius, and, although young, has avoided both imitation of other poets in form and manner, and the prevalent vague and obscure treatment, which in poetry may be likened to the impressionist school in painting, and which is one of the defects of much of the American poetry of the day, and of not a little of the Canadian, including the poetry of some of our best writers of verse. The tone is wholesome, vigorous, non-pessimistic, and the subject matter is very varied. From the exquisite beauty of the *Lago di Como*, and chastened sentiment of the English Cemetery at Rome, he turns and treats with equal grace of the lumbering scenes of Canadian backwoods, or addresses in witty metaphor :

Fair Nocotia,
" While her dull priest, O brier brown of mine,
His fading red morocco cloister keeps."

There is the spirit of joyousness, which, while characteristic of the youthful period of life in which the author now is, also seems to be a characteristic belonging essentially to his mind, and which will probably be marked through all his future life. Pensive sadness, too, is asked in many of the poems, and in one at least, *Then and Now*, the strongest and tenderest of sorrows is expressed with a passion and beauty not often equalled in Canadian or other verse. An intense love of beauty pervades the poems, as for example in *Venice* and *Villa D'Este*. spiritual strength is shown in eminent degree in *Oceans Twain*. *The River Drive* has a true Canadian ring, with the colors of the woods, and the rough vigor of pioneer life about it. The little volume is modestly presented to the public in *L'Envoi :*

"Take friend, the lines, though phrase and rhyme
Lack subtle turning, finer skill,
Expression of a thought sublime,
Record of deed sublimer still.

If something of that pure deep tone,
The west wind whispers to a pine
When all its tasselled top is blown,
Be woven in a song of mine,

Or, if I catch the peace that sleeps
In stormy depths, or silver lake,
When the white moon her vigil keeps,
And all the Northern Lights awake,

Or, if one kindly thought be stirred,
One moment's rest be found from pain,
If memory lingers on one word,
It has not all been writ in vain."

We hope for much from Mr. Alan Sullivan.

The Paradise of the Pacific : Sketches of Hawaiian Scenery and Life. By Rev. H. H. GOWEN, late Chinese missionary in Honolulu. London, Skeffington & Son, 163 Piccadilly, W. Crown 8vo., 180 pp.

This is an interesting book, characterized by the descriptive ability which is so marked in the magazine and other writings of the author. The views taken by the author, of Hawaiian life and affairs, are broad and sympathetic. Many details of Hawaiian life are given, which at any time are interesting, but especially at present, in view of the prominence into which recent political changes have brought the islands. Altogether the work is that of a close and intelligent observer, and it presents much that is new to the public, especially with regard to the foreign elements of Hawaii, and their influence on the national life and character.

A LOG HUT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE

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A PHYSICAL CATASTROPHE TO AMERICA *

"There is no sufficient reason why we should assume that the subterranean forces may not, in ages to come, add new systems of mountains to those which already exist. . . . Why should we suppose the crust of the earth to be no longer subject to the agency which has formed the ridges now perceived on its surface? Since Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, Sorata, Illimani and Chimborazo, the colossal summits of the Alps and Andes, are considered to be amongst the most recent elevations, we are by no means at liberty to assume that the upheaving forces have been subject to progressive diminution. On the contrary, all geological phenomena indicate alternate periods of activity and repose: the quiet we now enjoy is only apparent."

THAT is what Alexander von Humboldt said in his work on the Cosmos, which I was reading in the spring of 1894—a youngster of twenty—in the city of Toronto, Canada—I, who, in this year, 1960, have almost alone of my contemporaries reached a ripe old age, and propose to give such account as I can of the great movement which, in a few dreadful seasons, changed the face of the earth.

It began without any premonition. There had been a period of great disturbance on the sun; huge sun-spots had come and gone during 1892 and 1893; there had been conjunctions of the planets; sundry small comets had appeared and vanished; singular auroral displays had testified to unusual magnetic activity on and around the globe; the summers had, in several countries, been abnormally dry and hot, while in others the winters had been unusually cold. Violent storms of wind and rain had produced unwonted disasters. Financial troubles had testified to the over-population of many regions, the world's annual increase having reached ten millions of souls. The nations were uneasy, having great fleets and enormous armies in readiness for war. All mankind was in a state of anxious suspense, expecting strange developments of a political nature, instead of which the New Era was ushered in by physical occurrences of a most surprising kind.

Many of the steamships which entered the port of New York, then one of the finest and most thriving American cities, reported singular appearances at sea, about a hundred miles from shore. The ocean had, in places, a turbid look; in others it was seen to be blackish, while unusual currents were noticeable, as if some commotion were happening in the depths. In a few weeks alarm was transferred from the waters to the land, for it soon became apparent that the harbors along the whole Atlantic coast of the United States, now, alas, physically riven in twain, were rapidly shoaling. Steamers began to touch bottom in places they had been wont to pass over without hesitation. Dredges failed to maintain the required draught at important wharves. Bars and shoals began to block navigation, and the few

*This article is written by Arthur Harvey, Esq. and respectfully dedicated to Sir Henry Howarth.

ships that were imprisoned in various ports were considered lucky when reports arrived of the wreck of hundreds of others on new reefs and uncharted sand banks. From Boston to Savannah, a general elevation of the ocean floor and of the land along the coast was in rapid progress, and the axis of elevation was soon ascertained to be nearly upon the meridian of 75° west longitude and to extend at least 100 miles on each side of it.

This was considered very curious, because a number of highly scientific people had recently persuaded themselves and many followers that old theories of a fluid or viscous interior of the earth, which claimed for it a crust not over twenty miles in thickness, resting on material melted by fervent heat, were quite mistaken; that the liquifying power of the internal heat of the earth was so counteracted by pressure as to cause extreme solidity. "Rigid as steel" was indeed their favorite expression for the mass of our planet.

Curious, or not, and whatever may may have been the theories, it is certain that, while the first intimation of the change occurred in April, 1894, by the end of May consternation had seized the "dwellers by the sea," and by midsummer, ocean navigation was completely disorganized, foreign commerce ruined, domestic trade paralyzed. As the disturbance progressed manufacuring ceased, currency vanished, and panic held undisputed sway. But this anticipates.

There was, at first, little interference with the traffic of railroads, with the working of telegraphs or even ocean cables, and a convention of learned men, meeting at Washington on the invitation of the President, whose name was Cleveland, to discuss the phenomenon and advise the now alarmed Government as to its probable duration and scope—what, in short, to do about it—had no trouble in assembling. It was, however, but too soon made evident that there were few men among them of original or independent thought; the facts had already been gathered by observers all over the country who had some common sense (if they were 'mere amateurs'), and there was much discussion of a somewhat bitter nature, not free from personalities.

There had been two schools, one called Uniformitarians and the other Cataclysmists.

The Uniformitarians had contended for a very slow rate of change, without any violent commotion. They could not deny that the North Cape in Norway was rising, but they said it was only four or five feet in a century, while the elevation was less to the southward of it, dying away to nothing at the Naze. They held it impossible, at this stage of the earth's history, for any notable growth to occur—that, in brief, however the hills may have skipped, whether like young rams or not, during the youth of the world, nothing of the sort could take place now—the ocean basins, with their great currents, the continental masses, with their mountain ranges, plateaux and river valleys, were fixed and stable, and no change was possible, except by miracle, while in miracles they utterly disbelieved. Little washings away of a sandy shore here, or a *coulée* there, were admitted; but this was like the growth of a twig or two in the forest, which was itself sempiternal, but for human agency, and that they believed but transient.

The Cataclysmists, on the other hand, contended that the earth had by no means arrived at a state of restfulness. They pointed, like their adversaries, to the geologic record. It proved, they said, its want of uniformity by its very imperfections, showing by the frequent super-imposition of a late stratum upon an old one, without a sign of intermediate layers, that elevations and depressions had never been continuous or even rythmically alternate, but that irregular oscillation was the law. How could such move-

ments occur in a rigid body; and if it were once fluid within, but had now become rigid, at what period did oscillation cease? One of their best arguments was urged by a Canadian geologist, who had been at a place on the St. Lawrence called Bic, where there were cliffs of conglomerated sea-beach gravel. Within the larger stones of this conglomerate were smaller ones, which when fractured showed still other pebbles inclosed in their substance. Four times, within a recent period, it thus appeared, this beach had been compacted of the same materials, in the same place; four times elevated and four times depressed. A mammoth found there in an old sea beach, thirty feet above the present one, showed that the time of elevation was either still in progress or had quite recently come to an end. Further, it was shown that earthquake tremors were still frequent, that there were from thirty to fifty of such shakings of the earth each day, in one country or another, and this proved that if the earth was a corpse, it was, in slang phrase, a lively one.

To the writer, it seemed that those who thought the earth contained a liquid interior under a moderately thick crust had the best of the argument, but that none had touched the real cause of the great movement we were witnessing: viz., the local cooling of a portion of the heated mass under that crust. The polar ocean current, flowing from Greenland southward along the coast; the effects of the clearing of the forests during the previous 100 years; the general translucency of our air, which would easily permit local radiation into space—these and other circumstances might easily cause more rapid cooling and greater contraction on and under the American seaboard than elsewhere in the world. The fluidity of the interior could hardly be like that of water, and the transference of heat would probably be less easily and rapidly accomplished than in the case of water in a cistern. Therefore it was credible that a thousand miles of surface — only four per cent. of the earth's circumference—might be affected by the shrinking of the core immediately underlying it, without disturbing the remainder of the planet, which would of course tend to wrinkle the envelope, on which we all exist. This small change of form might even be the cause of the slight periodical changes of latitude which had been lately noticed as a consequence of the difference between the polar axis and axis of gravity.

Small comfort we had, then, from the meeting. A report was drawn up, but the printing of it was, as usual, delayed, and was ultimately abandoned. The truth was in this crisis clearly manifested to us all, that the system, which had grown up during the last fifty years, of teaching people at the cost of states or municipalities, had brought into existence a class who professed science that they might live by it, instead of living as scientific men of old were wont to do, that they might advance the sum of human knowledge. Molière's phrase might be travestied "Serve Science, to live; do not live to serve Science." The speech of the people shewed they had a perception of the change, for they called these professors "scientists," a new coinage which seemed to imply limited knowledge, and which, though it befitted the numerous salaried teachers in educational institutions, would belittle such great men as Herschel, Galileo, Franklin, Watt, if applied to them.

These people, meeting at Washington, spent the time in acrimonious disputes. Before adjourning they composed them, outwardly, and passed resolutions highly complimentary to each other, but, as to the cause of our troubles, they came to no understanding, and as to the probable duration and scope of the change which was in progress they told us nothing (following the advice of a well known writer who counselled his friend "not to prophesy unless he knew"). Measures for

preserving life, law, and property, therefore, had to be devised by more practical people, who, though not "scientists," had some common sense, and could translate their thought into action.

The elevation did not cease for all the papers delivered at the convention, and the next curious feature to frighten us was the gradual change in the water-shed of many tracts. As the land kept rising along the indicated line, which was soon seen to be a new and important anticlinal axis in the course of development, it turned the drainage of many a lake basin and plateau from the Atlantic towards the west, and when heavy rains occurred, it was made evident by the behaviour of numerous brooks and rivers that novel hydrographical features would have to be reckoned with. As the St. Lawrence was shoaling at a place called the Traverse, below Quebec, it seemed certain that the trend of the waters from the great lakes of the interior would soon take a southern direction, and it was hoped this might happen without submerging extensive areas, though it was on the other hand feared that if the new discharge through Lake Champlain should not be sufficient, Montreal would be inundated, and Lake Ontario be filled to the level of its old beaches . . . But why should the ever changing apprehensions be recounted when the results are known? The fact soon thrust itself upon us that as New York was rising, New Orleans was sinking, that the whole northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico was subsiding, and the unwelcome conviction that the sea was about to invade the Mississippi valley sent a shudder through all who thought of the calamities that must ensue.

The Governments of the United States and Canada acted in this emergency with commendable vigor and promptness. They formed a united committee for joint action, called out their militia and volunteers, seized the railroads and other means of transportation, organized a continental commissariat, and forcibly conveyed most of the population of the threatened lowlands to the regions of highest elevation. No pen can describe the scenes which occurred meanwhile. The whole proceeding was too deliberate to give occasion to panic; the masses moved in obedience to orders, with dull resignation, taxing to excess the carrying capacity of the rolling stock, of the steam-boats on rivers, and every other species of conveyance. Many, of course, preferred to await events, and thousands of these were afterwards lost. Many prepared to move by easy stages, on foot and in their own vehicles. The deaths from exposure, from over-fatigue and even famine, as well as from excitement and anxiety, were indeed countless. There was woe to the maimed, lame, halt, puny, weak in body. Diseases of old and new forms swept off untold multitudes, young and old, white and colored. The soldiery behaved with self-sacrificing bravery; they formed, of course, a sort of rear guard between the fleeing population and the stealthily advancing waters. The observers at the signal stations of the weather bureaux were in constant communication with headquarters, and the movement of the millions was therefore on the whole well directed by competent authority. The map which recent travellers have made may well be presented here, as an examination of it in comparison with the old map of the continent will save many words. It shows no more Mississippi; the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson Bay are united by a new Mediterranean, whose billows cover what were the undulating fields of Indiana and Ohio, the prairies, too, of Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba, not to speak of Louisiana and the States on the lower Mississippi. This new sea has only been explored of late, for its features have only just begun to be established with permanency, its gulfs are uncharted still, and only here and there

can we say there is a harbor or an attempt at lighting its most dangerous promontories.

The years 1894 and 1895 are those now always referred to as the Years of Migration; it was active during

two seasons, and no true settled comfort was had for many more. The governments had to substitute military for civil law in many districts; dictatorial powers were conferred upon the governors of states and provinces; all rights of property were placed in abeyance and summarily vested in the State, which requisitioned food, shelter, labor of every kind, as needed, and as for payment—why, not even gold was thought of value to the individual and was gladly surrendered to the government for the purpose only of buying things from abroad that were absolutely needed, such, for instance, as quinine, raw sugar, supplies of sundry seeds.

In wars or in ordinary floods and famines, gold had seemed to be the

chief object of desire, for all people felt instinctively that the conditions were but transient, and that when the stress was over, gold would still be valuable, therefore, during such periods it had a purchasing power equalled by nothing else. But when the stable earth itself lost its balance, when years of uprising and down-settling only indicated more years of disturbance, individualism was seen to be useless, and salvation lay in communism. When giving ceased to be a merit or a credit, taking was punishable by death, and the paramount authority, with its deputies and well disciplined officials, took the place, seemingly for ever, of father, mother, landlord, shop-keeper, judge and priest—then gold lost its charm, and, as being of national, not of personal, benefit, was less useful than an old blanket, or a little tea. We gave up *wanting* money, nor have we ever reverted to its use. We have been surprised to find we do not need it, any more than Egypt did under the Pharaohs.

The loss of property by a catastrophe for which the losers were in no sense responsible, seemed at once to lead to a conviction that those who lived in regions not invaded by the waters had no rights of exclusive holding, and in the same way that the early Christians, looking for the speedy end of the world, put all their means into one common stock, so now, not knowing what next to expect, the millions who lived near the Alleghany range and the hills and valleys connected therewith—those, too, who dwelt near the Rocky Mountains and their associated chains—obeyed with ready good will the decrees which vested all lands in the commonwealth, for the advantage of the whole, including the millions who had lost their belongings, their houses and lands, and even their country. All debts were cancelled when military law was substituted for civil authority; no interest could be remitted to Europe, even could it have been collected; indeed, interest at once became, and has since continued, another obsolete idea, and is now considered a form of bondage unsuited to a truly free people, and one which should have ceased when slavery was forbidden.

To the Years of Migration succeeded another unexpected development of a surprising character—the growth of a new mountain system. This was another of the things many of the scientists had declared impossible. A reflective gnat, said Dr. Johnson, once told his fellow ephemerides that while they had been dancing in the sunbeams, he had been watching the progress of the sun; it was moving steadily westward across the sky, and must soon disappear, when the world would grow cold and the race of gnats would utterly perish. The philosophers of the conventionalized type of 1894 reminded one of this scientific gnat, or, perhaps one might better say, of a colony of August wasps. They, better informed than the cultivated long-legs, know that sunrise ever follows sunset. But their parent colony, all whose members have left the egg since May, are ignorant of winter, or have but a faint tradition, traceable to a queen wasp long deceased, of a snow and ice age anterior to historic times, and void (their critics think) of historic truth. So they deride the idea of change. During their experience, summer heat has been fairly steady, the supply of material for their paper house shows no sign of failing, the grubs they feed on are as plentiful as ever, while ripe fruits, their luxuries, increase in number and variety, indicating an ever growing vitality of wasp civilization. Yet the unexpected happens, the frost does come, and, after a short struggle, all but the queen wasps die.

Like them, because there were no written records of mountain-building on a large scale, we had deluded ourselves into the idea that we were never to have another such physical contortion of the terrene surface.

Mountains, it was said, even by those not given to the theory of absolute rigidity, had their roots too deeply set to admit of changes now. An elevation of a few hundred feet on one side of the Alleghanies and coast ranges, and a corresponding depression on the other side, being in all a change of gradient to the extent of only one foot in 5,000, might be quite within comprehension. In volcanic regions isolated hills might rise, like Jorullo, which, after eighty days of earthquakes and subterranean thunder, was suddenly lifted out of a plain, some 1,700 feet; but as for such an event in a settled region like ours—that was only the frenzied dream of a lunatic! Nevertheless, such assurances, though comforting and well meant, were empty, and the deeply-seated source of the intumescence which had raised the coast regions caused a strain which, with a sudden crack, tore the crust in twain. We hardly know at which point the rent began, but in an hour or so it seemed to have extended from both sides, after the manner of a tear across a sheet of paper. The shock of this parting of the strata was tremendous. The fissure formed near Charleston, in 1888, might have been taken as a forerunner of it, just as the sinking of the earth at New Madrid, in 1811, might have been seen to be a presage of the depression of the Mississippi valley. If the accounts of the shaking of buildings, the falling of church towers, the twisting of railroads, the inrush of ocean waves, the loss of life, which were given by the journals of those days, were multiplied a hundred fold, some idea would be given of the catastrophe which wrecked New York and Boston. The latter place had suffered much by the destruction of its harbor, though it had managed to handle some of the Government imports at a new port which came into existence some miles out to sea, where vessels had a roadstead to lie in and discharge into lighters. New York had not fared so ill as one might have thought; the Hudson, still flowing through its gorge, had after a long effort cleared out its own old channel, and large vessels could still come to a point not more than five miles from the Battery, whence means of transfer had been hastily extemporized. This shock, however, was at its worst there, though it terribly injured Montreal and Quebec to the north, and Washington, Richmond, and other cities to the south, all being near the new-formed anticlinal. The cities were very crowded at the time with refugees from many cities of the late Mississippi valley, including a number from Chicago, that great mushroom growth which arose like vernal lilies—like them bloomed with exceeding beauty, and like them lasted but for a day. The fissure yawned hundreds of feet in width, taking no account of hills or valleys, but crossing the whole with an impartial rending. Then, indeed, was an hour of misery and blank despair. It had been observed before, that, however terrible the destruction man might bring upon his kind by war, no campaigns could be so destructive to life and treasure as shocks of earthquake, and the force of the remark was now fully realized. No count of the deaths, injuries, or losses was possible at the time, nor has it been since. As in the days of old, the numbering of the people of Israel seemed to imply vain-glory, and an attribution to man of results due to the higher law; so, after such a terrible loss—a million of lives, a million of crippled and maimed bodies, hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of what had been private property—it was at once felt that estimates of the loss, or attempts to measure the chastisement we were suffering under, would be useless, perhaps impious; that irreparable ruin had come upon the land—the ruin, that is, of all old things and systems—that we should have to repeat the experience and the methods of the Years of Migration in new forms, and deal with the victims of this new

catastrophe as best we might, receiving the wounded where they could be attended to after the best fashion possible, and setting the able-bodied men and women to the procuring of food by agriculture, to the obtaining of fuel and the making of clothing along with ourselves, hoping that in time our afflictions would be lightened, and eventual good be wrought out of present trials—nay, perhaps, in unforeseen ways, the elevation of the survivors.

The great fissure had closed almost as soon as it appeared. The east side of it seemed to sink or the west side to rise, this motion lasting for a day or more, while the difference in level steadily increased to about 200 feet. There was then at some points an overflow of lava, at others of mud, at others an emission of gases; and, in proportion as this developed, the crack closed up. By contraction, the crust had been fissured throughout its thickness. Semi-fluid materials came up to fill the crack, as water will when an ice sheet breaks; the eastern side of the fissure settled along its whole length, showing that the materials to fill it flowed slowly up from that side chiefly, as was natural, considering the gradient both of the land and of the sea bottom. Then, of course, the walls jammed together.

In places, the force with which they closed—a thousand miles of solid crust pressing the edges together—made them pile up ten thousand feet.

In others, the upper strata of the western earth-field, as by analogy to the ice-fields in the Arctic seas it may be called, were driven over the surface of the lower strata; so, at least, it seems from appearances, therein resembling the spots on the foothills of the Rocky mountains visited in 1892 and 1893 by the late Professor Coleman, where, he said (agreeing with McConnell, of Ottawa), the mountain strata had been floated over those of the plain, like a huge ice-block over an ice floe in a jam—which, of course, nobody then believed, though we now see how true it may have been.

Where the crack ran under the sea, very violent disturbances likewise occurred, while the ocean was observed to be now inky black, and now discolored with mud, as in the West Indies in the great earthquake of 1755, when Port Royal sank—an earthquake which, like this, was felt from the West Indies to Europe on the one hand, and to the great lakes of Canada on the other. That convulsion seems to have been on the same lines of fracture as this of which we speak, though it was much less important, and, as it were, a mere premonition 140 years or so beforehand.

In places, the sea boiled, or seemed to do so, from the escaping gases; and where the elevation took place from the jamming together of the two sides of the crack, volcanic vents speedily formed. The ocean waters, getting at the heated interior through the fracture, doubtless caused the peculiar appearances which alarmed many sailors who observed them, and caused a few wrecks, but not so many as might have occurred had the seas been as much frequented as they were before the calamities befell the continent, and while trade was active.

It had been noticed that volcanoes are always near seas, or places where seas had been; the connection was now practically exemplified; but it was singular and fortunate that no new volcano appeared in what had

been land, but only where upheavals of the crust took place through what had been water.

But why do I linger with this brief account? Are not the full statements of the sufferings of the people, the mixing up of their possessions, and all manner of interesting details, given in the pamphlets of those veracious and eloquent historians, Marcus Twain, William Nye, and others?

I must hasten to the end of what is intended mainly as a *resumé* of physical results, and at once attend to the climatic change which has occurred. The subsidence of the Mississippi valley, which absorbed the waters from the Gulf and lessened the volume of the Gulf Stream, had undoubtedly much to do with the earthquake change. As this great ocean river no longer met the polar current with sufficient volume, the latter, doubtless, cooled and caused contraction in the ocean bed and supplied the last straw which caused the break. When this occurred, and the rising of its lips took place, the flow into the new sea became more decided, and as the sinking had progressed so far as to open the way to the Hudson Bay, the stream swept up in this direction. The scour to the sea bottom is yet proceeding, and millions of tons of material are being taken out each year, to fill up more northern oceans. The country which was Canada and the Eastern States has a charming equable climate, resembling that of France and Italy as it used to be, for the winds from the unchanged Rocky Mountains are mollified as they cross the new American Mediterranean. The warm waters, pouring out of Hudson straits, have melted half the glaciers of Southern Greenland, and the rest are vanishing apace. That country has become another Ireland for verdure, is rapidly becoming afforested, and has been taken possession of by sons of Erin, who, in a climate very similar to their own, have at length found a country to themselves, which they appear to be ruling with contentment. We of course could not have claimed or possessed the land if we had wished, and the generous Danes, at the request of the Princess of Wales, assured it to the Irish from all parts of the world, and helped to transport many to its shores. For fuel, the only want at first apparent, they soon began to use the excellent coal found there in several places, which must have been formed at a time, æons ago, when the climate of the peninsula resembled what it has again become.

Newfoundland, being a long way east of the meridian of maximum disturbance, suffered little, nor has its outline materially changed, but as there is no more a polar current to bring icebergs to its shores, it is now one of the most delightful spots in the world with a climate like that of France.

It had been feared that the diversion of the Gulf Stream would destroy a great deal of life in Europe, but this has not occurred, for its diverted waters are still warm when they reach the North Atlantic, and though the glaciers of the Norwegian mountains and of the Alps are advancing so that in the course of time habitable valleys will be filled up and cultivable areas restricted, the process will be gradual, and ample time be given for the accommodation of the people to their new circumstances.

The social and political changes which have occurred here are as startling and as little anticipated as the physical. Martial law, the just but unbending rule of the few over the many, was found so suited to the needs of the terrible times, that we have not reverted to the old systems, and now wonder how our ancestors can have valued so highly what they called liberty but what was really license.

We look back with feelings of compassion, on the political levities of the past. It has been remarked, that in the supreme emergencies of the Years of Migration and, we may add, in those

of the Years of Destruction too, the majority behaved with almost dumb docility. Attempts at robbery and individual violence occurred but rarely, and were speedily put down. As there were no sufficient means of imprisoning culprits, death became the recognized penalty for all offences, and the method of trial was much simplified—witnesses met as judges, and their verdict was carried out, whether there were three or a dozen.

Virtually, we have abolished degrees in crime, much to the advantage of the community. Why one measure should be meted out to a murderer and another to a thief, both being criminal in intent, we cannot now understand. Nobody regrets when a thief is drowned (our new way of executing outlaws); we reflect with satisfaction that one more breeder of bad men has gone to his doom. Some such system was once before in vogue, and it was stigmatized by the name of its reputed author as Draconian, but it was doubtless an excellent one, solidly founded on the doctrine of heredity, in those days well understood, and suited to the times.

The government now allots to each of us his tasks. Laziness in their performance disentitles one to participate in the general distribution of necessary and sufficient food and clothing, which is made by the government officials at the public stores. Since, therefore, starvation swiftly follows on idleness, drones cannot exist.

It may be worth noting that money of all kinds is prohibited, lest there should be debt, a form of bondage from which we are happily free. We shall never again witness the sad scenes of the spring of 1894, when thousands starved outside the walls of grain elevators crammed with the most abundant supplies of food the world had ever known!

Activity, whether in art, science or manual labor, brings merit marks which permit of a cessation of labor at five, ten, or more years before reaching the age of seventy, after which no man is held to work, but has to join the governing bodies. Decisions are there arrived at in secret sessions, at which none but the members can be present and of which none may reveal the deliberations. Of course there are no constituencies to be considered, nor shall we ever return to the insane system—the product of the confusions of the middle ages—under which rulers used to be elected by the votes of the whole people, most of whom could know little of the principles or requirements of government.

The authorities having at first built large barracks, and many people who had lost their all having been billeted on those who in favored regions retained their houses without much injury, we came to adopt a system of living in municipal houses, if I may so call them, something after the old system of the Southern Indians. It would be useless to enlarge on this subject, for we all know the happy state at which we have arrived—without jealousies as to standing, wealth or other superiority.

We have gone through incredible miseries, lost half our population, but our misfortunes have purified us in body and in mind. I was about to say soul—but we have ceased to think about souls. We hold that there is this in common between the soul and the liver, that neither needs attention until it is out of order.

We found that rival creeds could not peaceably co-exist in our communities, so we prohibited discussion about the unknowable, and it is wonderful how soon people came to adopt the reasonings of natural religion when the supernatural was discarded.

We have given up caring for posthumous fame as well as for contemporary reputation, seeing in both but pride or vanity.

Rewards are the natural and lawful result of earnest endeavor, and as they now follow merit without old fashioned "interest" exercised by family in-

fluence or purchased by money, and while merit is to a great extent hereditable, why should there be occasion for either?

We have no need for gravestones or epitaphs; funeral orations are of course never to be heard; if a person does not live in the memory of his friends, other reminders must be superfluous.

The sick are tended by the State, if their diseases are curable; if not, they resign themselves to death, the mode of which they are permitted to choose. Failing that choice, they simply die of hunger, which is painless, if water be supplied.

We have ceased to think much about what used to be called education. We force no human beings to spend weary years in learning to read, write and cipher; those who desire such accomplishments can attain them, but we recognize that to raise food, procure fuel, provide shelter, make clothing—and in sufficient quantity to maintain health, and of the best quality—is the chief aim of life. Formerly they crammed us with curricula until they stifled invention and original thought, and we remember the dictum of the Duke of Wellington, "Education, without religion, will surround us with clever devils."

We have few soldiers or policemen, and they are maintained for the purpose of discharging the honored duties of public executioners.

Judicial "removals" are rapidly becoming fewer as the killing of those who would become parents of vicious children proceeds.

We have much simplified law, for as there is little separate property, one whole branch of it disappears at once. I remember when precedents were valued, and so-called "case law" was studied. No one was then allowed to state his own trouble, and months, nay years, often elapsed before decisions were pronounced. Law is now a branch of government. Our Seniors are obliged to meet with frequency; they review the verdicts of witnesses of any crime, and if not manifestly incorrect, order them to be carried out.

In another generation or two we expect to have completed our task of stamping out disease and crime, and of abolishing pain and remorse.

Already, we think we have established the new principles of true freedom on the secure basis of a perfect despotism. It must be a happier time now than it was of old, when there were so many forms of bondage—to the money power, to the family influence, to the social fetish—and when people were refused even the right to die!

Yet we are not propagandists, having put behind us that form of superstition, as being opposed to true freedom of thought. To attempt to impress special views on a developed mind is only a form of hypnotic influence.

We have a system of defence against foreign attack, based on the use of ærial poisons, but the disposition of foreign nations is to leave us alone, as we desire. We prohibit immigration, except after careful consideration of the mental and physical fitness of the persons wishing to come to us, which must be forwarded, with verification, a year before the *intrare liceat* can be accorded.

By simplifying life as we have done, we have followed out the doctrines of development as observed throughout the worlds. All unnecessary wheels in a machine being dispensed with, friction is avoided, efficiency increased. There were not wanting a few who thought our methods brutal, but it needed little reflection on the methods of nature, which always appear cruel, to convince them of error. Rapid is the destruction or modification of a type unsuited to a changed environment. The auk, the buffalo, the black-walnut tree—how have not they vanished! Man himself, has he not, with marvellous swiftness, been raised to eminence since the hand became specialized for prehension? We

already feel we shall be the highest of all the branches of our race. We cannot doubt the stability of our institutions, based as they are, not upon passing human fictions, but on the eternal laws of the universe. Energy has been stimulated by the certainty and fixity of its reward. Waste of time has been prevented by the early and authoritative determination of each individual's particular talents, and if this still requires some hesitancy and a too numerous body of selectors, we are already encouraged to hope for such a development of inherited aptitudes as to specialize them in families and localities, and thus set free for other duties this portion of our official staff.

Best of all, we have developed conscience, the sense of right, the wish to do the right for the sake of its benefits to humanity. No mawkish sentimentality remains as to the means not being justified by the end. We know that a just object, a grand ideal, must be realized by constantly treading down obstacles, persistently over-riding objections, and that the confusions of the nineteenth century were caused by its wanting a clear perception of this important truth, in short, by that want of faith which prevented their comprehending the New Revelation, though knocking at their doors. Its admission in our time is a compensation, full and brimming over, for the tribulations which preceded it, and which, through a physical purgatory, have at last produced bliss.

78 North Drive, Toronto.

WHICH IS SHE?

One day she flouts me with disdain,
Her cheek with anger flushes;
The next, she strives to heal my pain,
And beauteous is with blushes.

Vain, proud, and strident she appears,
On Wednesday, say—or Monday,
Yet her sweet charming way endears
Again—perhaps on Sunday.

Which is herself? I fain would know,
My life quite wretched made is,
Is she a sprite with heaven aglow?
Or does she come from Hades?

BERNARD MCEVOY.

THE CANADIAN PREMIER AND THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

THE Canadian people recently appointed a new Premier; about the same time the people of the United States chose a new President. But the steps necessary to install a new chief magistrate in each country were strikingly different.

With the American people this change was the subject of talk and speculation for at least two years previous to the decision which was reached on November 8th, 1892. During all that time, writers were busy in setting forth, in pamphlets or newspaper editorials, the claims of the platforms and candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties respectively; politicians in laying and carrying out plans of the campaign; and voters, in hearing speeches, reading campaign literature and deciding which party should receive their votes. It also required two great party conventions, with all their pomp, display and oratory. All this ponderous election machinery moved slowly, majestically and impressively; and as the tension increased during the last moments, the public interest was so great that even business held its breath.

With the Canadian people the change was necessitated by the declining health of the Premier. He resigned, and a successor was chosen. Only three men took part in this change and the announcements that one officer had resigned and another had been appointed were made simultaneously to the Canadian public.

Why this difference? To all appearances Sir John Thompson was as much chosen to be Premier of Canada as Grover Cleveland to be President of the United States of America. Both are theoretically democratic countries, and the majority in each seemed satisfied with the change. The difference arises mainly from the different relations which in each country exist between the executive and the legislative departments of government.

It must be borne in mind that the Premier is not in name the administrative head of the Dominion of Canada. By the Confederation Act of 1867, the executive government is declared to be vested in the Queen, and she is to be represented in Canada by the Governor-General. It is also provided that there shall be a council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, to be styled "the Queen's Privy Council for Canada," and the persons who are to be members of that council shall be, from time to time, chosen and summoned by the Governor-General. This council never sits as such, but, as in England, a smaller part of it known as the "Cabinet" performs its duties. Moreover, the Governor-General, who represents the Queen in Canada, is merely a nominal head, an honored counseller, whose counsel is seldom given. By the constitution, he has a sort of veto power on legislation, but since 1878 he has never refused to give assent to any bill passed by the legislature. His duties are merely formal. When the Premier resigns or is dismissed, the Governor-General is said to stand alone; but this is misleading. There is usually but one man whom he can safely choose to be Premier, as was exemplified in the recent change. From the moment that it was known that failing health would force the former Premier to resign, no one could doubt for an instant on whom the mantle would fall. His successor was

pointed out by his influence in Parliament, by his superior ability, by his capacity as a leader and statesman, and by his prominence in his party,—the predominant party in Parliament. The retiring Premier often advises the Governor-General as to his successor, or the Governor-General may call on some Privy-Councillor for advice. But the man who undertakes the office of Premier and the task of forming a Cabinet takes upon himself the responsibility of his own choice. The Governor-General is never responsible for his acts; it is his advisers who bear this burden. But the new Premier is responsible for his predecessor's dismissal, for all acts done between the dismissal and the new choice, and for his own elevation to office.

If the Governor-General did not possess the nominal power of naming the Premier, the latter would be elected by a formal caucus of that party which is predominant in parliament. The people elect the members of the House of Commons; the members of the predominant party choose, together with their party friends in the Senate, their leader, and the Governor-General must of necessity choose this leader to be Premier.

The President of the United States, on the other hand, is chosen by an electoral college, the members of which are elected by the people solely for this purpose. But, previous to this, each of the two great parties holds a convention and chooses its candidate. Thus each of these two great national executive officers is chosen by a party. In the case of the Premier, the "party" means the members of a certain political stripe in the House of Commons and in the Senate. The Conservative minority in a Reform constituency can have no voice in electing the Conservative leader, because they are represented in Parliament by a Reform member. Thus, such a minority can in reality have no voice in saying who shall be Premier; but in the United States the minorities in a constituency are represented, *pro rata*, with the majorities, in one of the party conventions. This is a well-marked difference between the two systems.

A similarity in the modes of election is that each depends on a "convention of the constitution." In Canada, this "convention" is that the leader of the predominant party in Parliament shall be the person chosen by the Governor-General to be the head of his advisory council, and that this person shall choose his own colleagues. In the United States, the "convention" is, that a candidate shall be chosen by each of the two party gatherings or caucuses, and that the members of the electoral college shall not exercise any independent judgment, but merely cast their votes for the party candidate whom they were elected to support.

One difference between a Premier and a President is, that one is a politician with a history and the other a politician without a history. As a general rule, a Premier will be found to have entered public life as a plain member of the House of Commons, and gradually worked his way up to prominence. Before he can occupy even a subordinate position in the cabinet, he must have marked himself, by his parliamentary conduct, as a man of superior ability, and as a man possessing some of the characteristics of a leader and a statesman. It is only by the respect and favor of the members of his party in Parliament that he can stand high in their councils, and when his party is in power, hold a portfolio in the Government. And it is only when, by his genius as a statesman and his tact and ability as a leader, he shall have proved himself to be the strongest man in his party, that he shall be entitled to be Premier, when his party is the predominant one in Parliament. No man of mediocre ability is at all likely to occupy this important position. He must necessarily be a man tried and

proven. The Premier is generally himself a member of the popular House. The recent Premier, Sir John J. C. Abbott, was a member of the Senate; but this is unusual, for the Premier is almost necessarily the leader of the majority in the House of Commons. Thus, the Canadian Premier reaches his position by means of a ladder. The President, on the other hand, reaches his by a flying leap. He is not necessarily a tried member of Congress, nor is it usual for him to have had any experience in Congress. A favorable condition is that he shall have been Governor of some state, but such a qualification as this is not necessary. But he is usually a statesman marked by superior qualities, and is chosen by the party caucus because he can control his own state, and not be unacceptable to the other states. The less experience in public life he has had, the fewer enemies he is likely to have, and the less there is to be said against him.

Another strong point of contrast is the definite period during which a President holds his office, and the indefinite period during which the Premier holds his. The President is elected for a term of four years, and in no way is he in danger of being removed, except by means of an improbable impeachment. He may be re-elected for a second term, but custom prevents a third. In Canada, Sir John Macdonald held office from 1867 to 1874, and again from 1878 to the time of his death in 1891. His supporters in Parliament had to seek re-election, at least once in every five years; but he himself was re-appointed but once, and that in 1873. The Premier holds office as long as there is a majority of members in the House of Commons who favor his Premiership. He and his cabinet must command the confidence of the people sufficiently to procure a majority of supporters in the House of Commons, and as long as this majority support them and their policy, so long will they retain office.

It will now be in order to compare the powers and duties of the Premier and the President. One of the greatest of the prerogatives of the President is that he has control of all diplomatic action. He it is who meets the representatives of other nations or conducts the correspondence concerning the negotiation of all treaties entered into by the nation. When these treaties are ratified by the Senate, they rank higher in legal status than acts of Congress. This power, by the Canadian constitution, is vested in the Imperial authorities, and it is the lack of this power which derogates so much from the dignity of the office of the Canadian Premier, while at the same time it adds much to the office of President. It is often pointed out by critics of the United States' system of government, that in regard to treaties, the Senate is master, and the President servant. This is said because these treaties must be ratified by the Senate, in a session so secret that even the President is excluded. Although this may defeat the President's wishes in some few cases when the Senate does not think the same in matters of trade and commerce as he does, yet his treaties are, in the majority of cases, treated with respect. He is, to other nations, the head of the United States, and as such respected by them, no matter how much bickering he may have with his Congress at home, Of late years, Great Britain has seen fit to give Canada a direct share in negotiating treaties with the United States, and this is undoubtedly but the beginning of a favor which will soon be extended to a constitutional convention, so that the Canadian Premier or one of his Cabinet will one day be able to negotiate treaties with all nations friendly to Great Britain.

The President has power to appoint all officers of the Federal Government. In case of the nomination of ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, of judges of the courts of the United States, and the chief depart-

mental officials, and of the principal post and customs officers, the confirmation of the Senate is necessary; but the great majority of the Federal officers are appointed by the President alone. This gives the President an enormous patronage, which has not always been used in the interest of morality and a high standard of civil service administration. But now great efforts are being made to eradicate this evil by introducing civil service merit examinations. Whether used rightly or wrongly, it gives the President additional power. In Canada, the Premier has very little power in regard to civil service appointments. The judges are appointed by the Cabinet from the leading members of the bar in each of the provinces. The deputy heads of the departments are appointed by the Cabinet, that is, by the Governor-General in Council, as it is constitutionally termed. All other members of the civil service must have passed the civil service examinations, and are chosen on their merits. When a vacancy occurs in any department, the head of that department selects from the list of qualified candidates a person fitted for the vacant office. But there are certain offices which may be filled by persons who have not passed such examinations, viz., city postmasters, inspectors, collectors, and preventative officers in the customs, inspectors of weights and measures, deputy collectors, and preventative officers in the Inland Revenue. These appointments are made upon the recommendation of the member or members of the House of Commons, of the same political stripe as the Premier, representing the district in which such officer is to act. If this district is represented in Parliament by a member of the "Opposition," the defeated member of the "Government" in that district has a great deal to say as to who shall be appointed. It is said that in Canada the civil service is "on the firm basis of freedom from politics and of security of tenure." This is true as far as existing appointments are concerned; but it does not apply to offices in the list enumerated above which have fallen vacant. Further, there are three deputy heads appointed by the Premier, acting alone. These are the Solicitor-General, the Comptroller of Customs, and the Comptroller of Inland Revenues, and they change with the administration, but are the only officers in the civil service who do.

There is an interesting difference between the methods employed by the Premier and the President in choosing their colleagues in the administration. The President chooses his own colleagues who are to become heads of the administrative departments. These appointments must be ratified by the Senate, but the House of Representatives has no part in the matter. The Senate may disapprove, but it cannot nominate and thus appoint any one it wishes. These appointees of the President are not chosen from the members either of the Senate or of the House of Representatives, but from among the President's party friends. He secures them where he can or where it suits him. The Premier chooses his from among his supporters in Parliament. They are not necessarily his friends, but are chosen so as to include the representative men of the provinces, or of some particular section in the party. His aim is to consolidate his party by representing all branches of it in his Cabinet. Each of the seven provinces is represented according to its size and importance. The Cabinet at present consists of thirteen members besides the Premier. Three of these, the President of the Council and two ministers without portfolio, are not departmental heads, but are chosen to aid in the councils of the Cabinet, thus showing that the Cabinet is a body of advisers to assist the Premier. The other eleven, including the Premier, are heads of departments. Eleven of the thirteen ministers have seats in the House of

Commons, and two have seats in the Senate, showing the relative importance of the two bodies. The Premier chooses his colleagues usually after due consultation with the leading members in Parliament of his own party. They are chosen because they are the leading men in debate, prominent on account of more than average ability, and marked by parliamentary capacity; or, as has been shown, because they have a strong sectional following in Parliament. After the Premier has chosen these men, he submits a list to the Governor-General, and the latter never refuses to appoint them. Their appointment by him is a necessary formality. The choosing the members of the Cabinet all from one party is necessitated by the fact that they must be a unit in matter of policy, must all be acceptable to the majority in Parliament, and must stand or fall together. If one member of the Cabinet disagrees with his colleagues or the Premier as to general policy he must resign. The acts of one are the acts of all, and the acts of all must be approved by Parliament. The Premier may hold whatever portfolio he wishes, and he assigns each minister his department. On the other hand, the President holds no portfolio, but is a sort of general overseer. His colleagues are responsible to him only, and neither he nor they, collectively or individually, are responsible to Congress. Congress may criticize administrative acts, but it cannot remove the administrators. Congress may command them to do certain acts, or ask them for information,—which is always sent in writing or given to a committee, never to one of the House orally,—but this is the extent of their power.

In Canada the ministers are present in Parliament and can there be interrogated at any time as to their official conduct. They are responsible to Parliament collectively and separately, for all official acts. The Canadian Executive is simply a committee of Parliament, and as such responsible to Parliament. There must be harmony between the Executive and the Parliament; while in the United States this is not necessary. There need be no confidential relations or co-operation between Congress and the Executive. Congress may unearth scandals in the administration, but it cannot remove the authors of these scandals.

This irresponsibility of the Executive to Congress marks the greatest difference between the United States Executive and the Canadian, the latter resembling very closely the British and French Executives. The effect of this difference on the course of legislation is very noticeable. The President's message to Congress may treat of the general trade policy and embody his views on general matters, but it does not foreshadow any legislation, because his office being unconnected with any legislative body, he can introduce no legislation. A Premier's message to Parliament at the opening of a session is called the speech from the throne, but in reality it is the Cabinet speaking to the Legislature, and informing it of the subjects on which it will be expected to legislate. The Cabinet's measures are called government measures, and take precedence on certain days of each week. These Government measures are such as will aid the Executive in carrying out its administrative policy, and hence are a great advantage to them. In Congress there is no such thing as a government measure; the Executive must resort to secret ways in the managing of a committee of the Congress to secure the discussion of a measure in which it is interested. It may fail in the committee; or, after succeeding there, it may fail in having the measure passed through the House; yet even so, no blame or censure attaches to the Executive for such failures. In Canada, if the Executive fails in having the House pass an important measure which has been introduced as a Government measure, it is consider-

ed a censure on their administrative policy, and they are expected to resign, because the legislative policy must necessarily be in unison with the administrative policy. In the United States, on the contrary, the Congress may be aiming at one line of policy and the Executive at another. There is no unity of policy. It is very often a game of cross-pulling and see-sawing. Of course the President may veto bills, but if the House is still determined, even this is of no avail. Even in Congress itself there is lacking the definite plan of action that is seen in the Canadian Parliament. Whether a bill, Government or private, shall pass the Canadian Parliament, depends on the approval of the party in power. In case of Government bills, this approval is express; in case of private bills the approval is tacit. But legislation is necessarily homogeneous. In the the United States' Congress it is heterogeneous, depending for its character mainly on the characteter of the standing committee in each House. These standing committees have each a chairman, and the chairmen have an enormous influence in moulding, excluding or encouraging bills, but they cannot, like a Cabinet, work together as a corporate body, systematizing the legislation of the whole session. Their influence does not prevent unsystematic legislation. Moreover, the Cabinet knows the administrative needs, and is thus fitted to introduce legislation which will produce harmonious results.

Another difference results from the position of each executive in the matter of defending in Parliament or Congress their administrative acts. The members of the Canadian Executive stand face to face with the other members of Parliament on the floor of the House, and may there defend all their administrative actions. The United States President does not answer for any of his administrative acts to Congress. The Senate must indeed ratify his treaties and confirm his appointments, but they cannot criticise his policy in such a manner as to alter it. He is his own master. With regard to the other members of the executive, Congress exercises a partial control. These heads, however, never have a chance to defend the administration of their respective departments on the floor of Congress. All communications between one of these heads and Congress is written and given to the House, or one of its committees. On the other hand, the Canadian administration must see that its policy is explained on the floor of the House; and the ministry is responsible, severally and jointly, for the acts of each department of the administration. They, as members of the House, are expected to defend their administrative acts, and this ensures careful action by each member of the administration, and a harmony of action between the executive and legislative departments of government.

The Canadian Premier is thus seen to depend for his power almost wholly on the support of the majority in the House of Commons. Once a general election is held, and he and his colleagues command a majority, he can carry out any policy he pleases for the next five years. If for that period of time he can control the majority in Parliament, he can defy public opinion. On the other hand, once the President is elected, for the four years of his term he can defy both Congress and the people. He can be more autocratic than a Premier, because he is answerable to no authority by which he may be displaced. But the powers of both Premier and President are, as we have seen, limited by statutes, and by provisions and conventions of the respective constitutions. Neither is likely to do any rash act which will seriously jeopardize the safety of the nation, or tarnish the brightness of his own reputation. Each holds a position which is the gift of the people, and the people must ultimately decide whether or not the powers thus given in trust have been executed to their

satisfaction. To say which of these executive officers has the greatest power is impossible. Each office rests on a different theory of government, and each has its own peculiar powers and restrictions. Each is the greatest political honor in the gift of the nation. The Premiership is won by distinguished services in the Dominion Legislature, while the Presidency is not so attained, but is given on account of greatness exhibited in some sphere other than that of Congressional service.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF '85.

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
Drear are the skies to the west and the north :
Little they cared as they snatched up their rifles,
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.
Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky :
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack room,
Willing and eager if need be to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets ;
Firm and erect was each man in his place ;
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans ;
Smiling and fearless was every face !
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them ;
Never a fear of war's terrible scenes ;
" Brave as the bravest, " was stamped on each face of them—
Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed ;
Trying through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,
Knowing that glimpse might for aye be the last.
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
Seeing the lover from whom she must part,
Striving to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,
Beat as it never had beaten before ;
Every voice of us choked though it may have been
Broke from huzza to a deafening roar !
Proud —were we proud of them ? God ! they were part of us,
Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight ;
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,
Eager to battle for her and the right,

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky ;
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack room
Shoulder to shoulder, if need be to die.
Was there one flinched ? Not a boy, not a boy of them ;
Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt :
Fill up your glasses, and drink to them, all of them—
Canada's call found them all to the front.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

THE GARDEN OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY E. MOLSON SPRAGGE.

SIXTEEN hours, or 235 miles east of Vancouver, on the lovely Shuswap Lake, lies Siccamous, at the junction of the Shuswap and O'Kanagan branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway with the main line. Here, in the middle of the month of August, the Pacific express deposited a party of Trippers from the mountains of British Columbia, bound for Vernon, the centre of one of the richest agricultural districts of British Columbia. They arrived at half-past seven in the evening, when both sky and water were brilliant with the crimson glories of the dying day, and wended their way from the station to the hotel, which, though ambitious in size, was humble to the verge of deficiency in comfortable accommodation or sustaining food. The tourist is obliged to spend one night at Siccamous, for the daily train to Vernon leaves early in the morning. But the Canadian Pacific, to meet this nocturnal requirement, built last autumn one of their pretty châlet hotels immediately upon the Shuswap Lake, whose salmon-trout are justly celebrated for their quantity and quality. This should prove a popular resort for the angler, early in the season, viz., before the middle of June, and the advent of the active mosquito, or in September and October, after its departure.

Last summer the native hostelry had to be patronized, and from it the five trippers were only too glad to remove themselves the following morning, with unsatisfied appetites and evil thoughts. The Vernon train awaited them upon a siding, and was soon rolling along up an estuary of the lake, which gradually narrowed into rich green hay marshes, enclosing the mouth of the Spallumacheen river, whose course the road follows as far as the prettily named town of Enderby. Its most conspicuous feature is the fine flour mills of the Columbia Milling Company. They have been in operation for some years, (they are the property of the Columbia Milling Co.,) have a capacity of 100 barrels per day, and absorb all the grain of the principal wheat-growing district of British Columbia.

A WHEAT FIELD NEAR VERNON.

Beyond Enderby the wheat-fields

begin, and roll away in vistas of golden distance to the brown hills which encircle the valley.

The next station owes its existence to the railway, and rejoices in the euphonious name of Armstrong, as well as in the presence of the land speculator and the ubiquitous syndicate, which advertise their existence upon a huge wooden boarding close to the platform, and notify the traveller in coloring as varied as Joseph's coat that there are:

"Town lots 66x125
For sale cheap
Also
50,000 acres
Fruit,
Hops,
Wheat lands
Improved and unimproved
Beautifully situated and in lots to suit purchasers, from $20 per acre upwards.
To Actual Settlers,
For information apply to Spallumacheen and O'Kanagan Valleys Colonization Agency, Armstrong."

The train seemed timed to take in this announcement, for it had just been committed to a note book, when the familiar all a-b-o-a-r-d resounded from the conductor's stentorian throat, and the train was off again, past more wheat-fields, skirting pretty Swan Lake, set like a mirror in a gilded frame of grain, which extended from the water's edge to the low brown hills, marked with curious out-croppings of rock behind. This odd mixture of moor and arable land in close proximity is one of the characteristic features of this section of the O'Kanagan district. Wherever the plough can run, wheat will grow, up to the very side of the rock itself.

In another half-hour Vernon was reached. This now thriving town was settled long before the Canadian Pacific Railway was even contemplated, and but a couple of years ago was only attainable by wagon road from New Westminster and Kamloops. Its population in those early days was very small, and it has really been created by the opening of the Shuswap and O'Kanagan Railway in June, 1892. With its passenger station, freight sheds, brewery, large hotel, fine court-house, substantial rows of shops, and population of 1,000, it is one of the most prosperous and growing towns in British Columbia, and, like Rome, all roads lead to it; so it is well located as a distributing centre. The rich valleys of the O'Kanagan, containing the most fruitful land in a province whose range of products is very great, converge here. In the neighborhood are some extensive ranches of many thousand acres, among the chief of which are Price-Ellison's, Lord Aberdeen's, and the B.X. Lord Aberdeen has erected canning and jam factories on his property, where the fruits of the valley will find a market. The Shuswap and O'Kanagan Railway connects at Lake O'Kanagan, the present terminus of the road, with a steamboat service operating on the lake. The steamers "Aberdeen" and "Penticton" run, one, each way, daily, to Penticton, at the foot of O'Kanagan Lake, where a line of fast stage coaches, carrying the traffic down to the boundary, and beyond, will eventually be replaced by a railway. The Kalamalka hotel at Vernon is all that the most fastidious tourist could require—well-planned, well-built and well-managed.

No better country for walking, driving, riding, fishing, boating, or shooting—according to the season—can be visited in British Columbia, as will be seen from the casual record of the Trippers' experiences, which, owing to circumstances and the time of year, do not cover half the ground, nor embrace half the amusement above mentioned.

On the afternoon of their arrival, three of the party set forth on foot to spy out the land. An excursion was undertaken along the road leading south from the town. The road passed, apparently, *through* one of the original homesteads of the place, the dwelling-house being on one side of the highway, and the barnyard and outbuildings on the other. An open

fence enclosing the garden revealed gigantic tiger lilies (5 feet high) in full bloom, together with various foliage plants and shrubs, growing in the rank luxuriance of vegetation which irrigation produces in British Columbia. Raspberry, currant, and rose bushes, pumpkin and water melon vines, seemed to be overpowering one another in the struggle for existence—the latter spreading over the ground in all directions, a perfect tangle of verdure, with Indian corn stalks growing among them like small trees. Beyond the old homestead, the road led under stately pines, past a woodland stock-yard on the same property, in which some well-bred black pigs were rooting industriously, then on past a brick-field and market garden, across a bridge, and out among the moor lands and the wheat. Here the party were joined by a Vernon friend returning from a "constitutional," who, with one of the more enterprising of the trio, ascended an adjacent hill to see from its summit the view of Long Lake and the White Valley, which it commanded.

LONG LAKE.

The other two pedestrians were left resting upon a log by the "Queen's Highway," and the energetic couple started on their tour. First they struggled with a gate of ancient design, made before hinges were invented, and so constructed that it had to be forcibly pushed back along the ground, and then dragged forward to its original position; so massive were its proportions that a bare foot of space was obtainable to squeeze through. This obstacle successfully overcome, the hillside beyond was breasted, with some fear of the wild cattle skirmishing about in the distance with elevated ears and twisted tails, excited by the advent of civilization in the shape of a red parasol. Upon nearer approach they were dispersed by the brandishing of a stout stick, and retired with many playful bovine protests.

Next, a barb wire fence was scientifically overcome, and the moorland gained. Onward and upward went the pair through high bunch grass, over scaly patches of barren earth to the highest point, overlooking Vernon and Long Lake, but not, alas, the White Valley.

Result—disappointment followed by mutual observation of time pieces, rest, contemplation and conversation; then on again breathlessly to the summit of the next elevation which had interrupted the expected view. It

rose in a lofty ridge, forming the backbone of the hill, which extended for a quarter of mile in a southerly direction, then fell away in a lofty bastion of rock, like the outer wall of some huge fortress, to the wheat-fields below. From this point, the whole extent of the White Valley, bounded by a chain of cobalt blue mountains, was distinctly visible in the clear atmosphere. It seemed, as far as the eye could reach, to comprise Lord Aberdeen's ranch of 15,000 acres, whose farm buildings nestle picturesquely in a grove of poplars at the nearest end of the valley, which appeared almost within a stone's throw. The air on this breezy height was so bracing that it soon aroused a sensation of hunger, which drove the climbers down to the road, whence the pair upon the log had apparently long departed, as they were found ready waiting for dinner when the hotel was reached.

The following day, a fishing expedition was organized, and four of the Trippers, escorted by an English resident of Vernon, who knew the country, took the train from the town to the terminus of the Shuswap and O'Kanagan line on Lake O'Kanagan, five miles south. They secured a boat from the proprietor of a most romantic-looking, rambling, one-storey hotel, perfectly embowered in huge poplars and willows, and pushed out to the broad bosom of the beautiful sheet of water, 80 miles long, which was unfortunately ruffled by too strong a breeze to admit of fishing. So the four rowed aimlessly about, enjoying fresh air and sunshine, while the fifth member of the party sat on the wharf and attempted feebly to sketch a scene remarkable for its peculiar tone of coloring, which it is as impossible for the pen, as for the brush, to do justice to. Imagine broken, brown ranges of hills, covered with sun-dried bunch-grass; their pine-clad slopes melting in the distance into soft blue haze, while in the foreground they mingled their buff-colored vegetation with the very waters on the far side of the narrow lake; on the near side stretched the wheat-fields, marked in places by rocky ledges and boulders. Poplars and willows fringed this part of the lake, and seemed to enclose its outlet, their emerald-green foliage blending with the more vivid lines of the hay marshes, and offering a harmony of verdure in strange contrast to the russet tones of the background. The party lunched on the lake shore, beneath the shade of forest trees, and returned to Vernon by the afternoon train.

The next day was dedicated to an excursion to Long Lake, with a complete outfit for deep and shallow trolling. The Trippers were joined by a recruit, who was young, strong and invaluable as an oarsman and an angler. Two vehicles were procured, and Long Lake approached by the same road as the pedestrians had taken on their first outing.

It proved to be a much prettier sheet of water than Lake O'Kanagan, with the same general characteristics of coloring, but more bays and promontories, and, being less winding, showed greater vistas of distance.

The road passed around the north end of the lake, which was lined with tall poplars and willows, and came to an abrupt ending at a fence near a boat house. The recruit possessed a key to this building, and soon launched from its mysterious depths a perfect ark, in the shape of a safe family boat capable of accommodating the whole party, which, with one consent, embarked therein. Cloaks, lunch-baskets, parasols and rods were stowed away, and two trolling lines arranged, the one with a spoon, for deep water, the other for its surface with a phantom minnow, and reel on a light bamboo rod, which was secured beneath a seat. The two men took the oars and rowed slowly down the lake. Silence reigned supreme—the silence born of a summer's day—a day of haze and heat, when the reflections were

as sharp as steel, and the voice of the grasshopper was audible, with its curious, clattering sound, as the opposite shore was neared. So loud and strident was this voice, that it suggested rattlesnakes, which were rumored to have been seen in the neighborhood. One rocky point on which it was proposed to land the artist, resounded on all sides with rattles so ominous that she positively declined to disembark. It was just off this spot that the reel first went whirr, and the angler seized the rod and reeled in the line as fast as his fingers would work, bringing to the surface, and finally depositing in the boat, a silver trout. After an interesting time in fishing and attempting to fish, and a row past the next point, lunch was the order of the day. The rattlesnakes still rattled audibly, and the ladies consequently proposed to lunch in the boat, but to this the men objected so vehemently, that a compromise was effected by running the craft on to a gravel beach overshadowed by a huge pine tree, whence snakes could be seen as well as heard. On it they landed, and arming themselves with large sticks, proceeded to dislodge the noisy reptiles, which proved, on investigation, to be merely harmless locusts. Feminine fears were allayed, and with much skirt-lifting and many side glances, the party settled down on a grassy cliff to a very enjoyable lunch. Rested and refreshed, they returned to the boat, and then a long period of fruitless rowing and trolling round the land-locked bay, was eventually rewarded by a chub for the deep line and another trout for the rod and reel. Evening was now setting in, so the boat's head was turned homewards, and it moved slowly down the lake, amid softening lights and deepening shadows and with one exciting incident—the catching by the artist of a four pound trout. Finally the boat-house came into view with carriages waiting beneath the trees, and soon Long Lake was left behind.

VERNON.

The next morning two of the party, with a letter of introduction to Lord Aberdeen's manager, drove out to the Coldstream ranch—an estate of 15,000 acres, purchased by His Excellency in 1891. The road thither led in a south-easterly direction, White Valley, in which the farm buildings and dwelling-house are situated, extending due east towards the Gold Range of mountains, whose summits, tipped with snow, were just visible in the far blue distance. The commencement of the property was marked by fields of turnips and Indian corn, with fruit trees, alternating in rows with the vegetables, and stretching in receding lines from the road to a thick belt of poplar trees, in which the barns nestled. Soon the central building, conspicuous by its flag-staff, came into view around a bend of the highway, and the village cart was halted before a double gate opening into a farmyard of quite imposing dimensions. Driving across this, the horse was tied to the fence. A tall, fine-looking man advanced from the verandah of the house to meet the Trippers,

who were refreshed with beer and milk, according to their respective tastes. After the dust of the drive had been laid, a visit to the fruit farm was proposed, and the manager led the way on, over the Coldstream Creek whose clear waters are always like ice past the modest dairy, which supplies nearly the whole of Vernon with milk and butter, down a broad lane to the vineyards. Much of the estate is planted with large and small fruits of all kinds. Hops, whose tall, grey poles

A LAKE VIEW.

formed a thick forest on the opposite side of the road on the same property, are an assured, profitable and prolific crop. Lord Aberdeen has acres of strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, prunes, apples, pears, peaches and apricots under cultivation. He is trying several of the more delicate Californian fruits, but it is doubtful whether they will thrive in White Valley, as the winters, though short, are often severe. The temperature has fallen below zero in exceptional seasons. There is a light snowfall and often good sleighing in January and February.

The O'Kanagan Valley has long been known to old settlers as a fruit-growing district, and some of the old orchards yield enormous crops; but owing to the want of a market, which the recently opened Shuswap and O'Kanagan railway will now supply, no such variety of products has ever been attempted, nor on such a large scale as Lord Aberdeen has undertaken.

On the Coldstream Ranch, both fruit and vegetables are irrigated; water for this purpose is brought by flumes (covered or open boxes), from a distance of two miles up the valley. The old inhabitants maintain that irrigation is unnecessary, there being an abundant rainfall in the spring and early summer months. All the best, most luxuriant and successful gardens, nevertheless, are those under irrigation, for the late summer and early autumn months are excessively dry. Settlers in the O'Kanagan valleys are now advised to avoid ranches, and undertake wheat, or fruit farms and market gardens combined. Vegetables can be raised between the rows of trees. Strawberries and raspberries should be most profitable, as they are only grown for sale in a very limited section of British Columbia, and not in sufficient quantities to supply the cities of Victoria and Vancouver, apart from the North-West. A hop farm of ten acres will, it is affirmed, yield a crop worth $2,000; the verdant vine certainly grows most luxuriantly in the district, and makes nearly every house a perfect bower. Hops, too, are easily exported, and command a good market in England, as well as in the Dominion. From twenty to sixty dollars per acre is the price of land about Vernon, according to its nature and locality. Lord Aberdeen's estate is being cut up and

sold off in ten acre lots. Uncleared land along the railway may be had much cheaper; viz., from ten dollars per acre upwards; such as is high-priced is almost ready for the plough.

One more lovely expedition to the railway—a peninsula which narrowly escaped being an isthmus, so nearly does it touch the opposite shore of Long Lake—remains to be chronicled. The road to it takes a south-westerly course from the town, up and down, over the moorland, past belts of poplars, and little ponds on which wild ducks were floating, and where cattle were drinking deeply. It then turns towards the water, winding along the west side of the lake, through a park-like expanse of scattered fir trees growing down to its very brink and mingling their dark, heavy foliage with the lighter greens of the poplars and willows. The beautiful azure and amethyst of the lake, the soft, golden brown of the distant hills, the rich, graceful masses of plumed evergreens, the cattle feeding everywhere, and the complete silence over all, made the scene too impressive to be easily forgotten.

Time in this provincial paradise passed only too quickly. A week's leave being all that was granted, the Trippers, upon its expiration, had to set their sorrowing faces mountainwards, promising themselves a more prolonged sojourn, possibly in the autumn season, when the shooting renders Vernon particularly attractive. Besides prairie chickens, ducks and geese the country, at no great distance from the town, is full of deer, while from it there is easy access to the Similkameen district, where sheep and goats are abundant.

The last thing that caught the eye of the recording Tripper, as the train was awaited on the platform of the station, was the ubiquitous notice on an enormous scale of boarding and lettering:—

"To Homeseekers in B. C. For sale cheap. Town lots in 'Kilowna.' Beautifully situated on the shore of Lake O'Kanagan, near to Lord Aberdeen's fruit farm. Also Blocks of 5 to 50 acres each, surrounding town-site, delightful residence property, suitable for fruit and hop culture, and 19,000 acres choice farm lands, in quantities to suit purchasers. Reasonable prices, easy terms. For particulars apply to O'Kanagan Land & Colonization Co., Kilowna. Thos. Spence, Manager."

WINTER AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

No tumult here,
No ceaseless tramp of hurrying toilers' feet,—
Only a hush above the wide old street;
Or loud and clear,
Up from the long, low line that bounds the lake,
The noisy crash of waves that rise and break.

And over all,
Lost in the hush and mingling with the roar
Of sullen waters breaking on the shore,
The bugle call
Drifts from the Fort, that nestles, quaint and low,
Beyond the river's frozen fields of snow.

M. G.

"BRUMMAGEM" JEWELLERY.

BY BERNARD McEVOY.

THE gilt jewellery to which the term "Brummagem" owes its rise, was probably made in the Warwickshire town of Birmingham early in the last century, when the population of the place was only about five thousand. The name Birmingham was originally "Bromwycham," and this ancient Saxon apellation was corrupted by common usage into the less scholarly "Brummagem," a pronunciation which is still common in the Midlands. In 1704 there was at least one "gilt-toy maker," as the manufacturer of seals, "fob-chains," and buckles was then designated. The ordinary way of wearing one of the large turnip-shaped watches of those and many succeeding days was in a separate, narrow and deep pocket, in front of a man's breeches, from whence it had to be extracted by the "fob-chain," terminating in one or more seals and articles of jewellery—charms as we should call them now—which hung down in front. Readers of Dickens will remember that of Mr. Weller, Senior, it is said that "a copper watch-chain, terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waistband;" and also when Sam Weller is telling the story of the fat man, "as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five and forty year," he describes him as having "a very handsome gold watch-chain hanging out about a foot and a quarter, and a gold watch in his fob pocket."

It was the making of these chains, seals, and watch-keys of "gilding metal"—a mixture of copper and zinc—and gilding them by what is called the mercury process, that led to the term "Brummagem" coming to describe, as it ultimately did, something that was merely an imitation of what it pretended to be. Tony Weller's copper watch chain was no doubt of Birmingham manufacture, but with the gilding worn off it. These articles when new looked just as good as gold, and had the merit of being useful even when their true character became apparent, and the base metal of which they were composed showed through the thin coating of gold that covered them. Women's brooches, and various other knicknacks were also made in the same way, and at the beginning of the present century a flourishing trade was carried on in them.

The "gilding metal" which served as their foundation was an alloy in considerable demand. It was produced in the following way. A brass was made by melting together in a crucible fifty pounds of copper with forty pounds of zinc. This brass was run into small ingots, and a subsequent alloy was made by melting thirty-five pounds of it with fifty-two pounds of copper. The metal was then run into flat ingots, and rolled or drawn into wire in the usual manner. In making the various articles the parts were soldered together with what was called "hard" solder, a brass containing such a proportion of zinc as to be brittle when red hot. In that state it was pounded, in an iron mortar, with a heavy iron pestle about four feet long, until it was reduced to powder, and afterwards was passed through sieves of varying degrees of coarseness. For use in the "Brummagem jewellery" it was required to be tolerably fine, and, for the purposes of manufacture, was made into a sort of paste with water and borax which had been previously calcined and powdered. The borax served as a flux to

make the grains of solder melt and run together readily, and the various parts of a seal, or other article made in this way, were thus united as firmly as if made of one piece of metal.

Soldering is now done by means of the oxyhydrogen blow pipe, or the blow pipe in which gas and air unite at the nozzle, the air being supplied by bellows or a fan. In those early days of trinket-making there was no gas. Murdoch had not yet fitted up his house at Soho, near Birmingham, with the pipes and gas fixtures which were for a long time the wonder of the world. Houses were lighted by candles, and the streets by dingy lamps in which whale or seal oil was used.

The artificer had to use an oil-lamp, too, for his soldering. But the flame of an oil-lamp, however large, is not hot enough, unassisted, to melt brass. It was necessary, therefore, to propel air through it, so as to cause a more vivid combustion of its hydrocarbons.

The soldering bench was about three feet high, and under it was fixed a pair of blacksmith's bellows, capable of being operated by a treadle and the foot of the workman. On the top of this bench, and near the end of it, above the nozzle of the bellows, the soldering-lamp was fixed. This consisted essentially of a vessel to contain the animal oil, and it had, rising from one end of it, a contrivance like the lower half of a duck's bill, in the concavity of which the lamp wick, of loosely plaited flax and consisting of several strands, was laid. A metal pipe, terminating in a taper blow-pipe of copper, brought the air from the bellows, the nozzle of the blow-pipe being placed just above the lamp wick in the duck's bill. By skilfully arranging his wick with a bit of wire, the workman obtained a large flame, and blowing upon it with the bellows, he directed a tongue of fire on the articles he wished to solder. These had previously been "charged" with the paste of powdered brass and borax, and they were laid in rows on a small pan containing charcoal. As they were brought successively under the heat of the lamp, they became white hot, and the solder ran into the interstices, making a neat joint, which was afterwards trimmed up with a small file. It may be imagined that the jeweller's shops of those days, where this process went on, were intolerably smoky places. The smoke and smell from the lamp was considerable, and the ceiling was usually covered with a thick deposit of black.

The seals and various other trinkets thus formed may still be seen in the old curiosity shops, and in the cabinets of the antiquarian, and a few years ago the fashion of wearing them was revived. As a rule, they did not display very much of artistic design. All that was aimed at was a tolerably ornamental holder for the stone on which the device was to be engraved, (in many cases these stones were left plain), and an upper ring to enable them to be hung upon the chain. When once a suitable pattern was evolved, it was usually adhered to for a considerable period, though in the later years of this trade a competitive spirit brought forward many new designs, and even laid the animal, the floral and the reptile worlds under contribution for their forms of construction.

Quicksilver gilding was the method then adopted for coating the trinkets with gold. It was rather a clumsy process, and it was bad for the health of those who conducted it. The amalgam for the purpose was prepared by placing a crucible in a charcoal stove and putting into it a quantity of pure mercury. When this attained a heat of about 212° Fahrenheit, half its weight of pure gold was added, and the mixture was stirred with an iron rod until it was of the consistency of butter. It was then thrown into cold water and was ready for use. The trinkets were cleansed with aquafortis, and put into a stoneware pan, where a diluted solution of binoxide of mer-

cury was poured over them, care being taken to move the articles about all the time in order to cover them with a uniform white coating of mercury. To these the proper proportion of amalgam was added, and the articles were further stirred until it was spread all over them. They were then rinsed in clean water and placed in a large, deep, copper ladle, perforated with numerous small holes, and having a long handle. In this they were held over a charcoal fire and constantly stirred about to equalize the effect of the heat. The mercury of the amalgam was soon volatilized, and the gold adhered firmly to the articles.

If, instead of a yellow gilding, a red color was desired, as it frequently was, "waxing" was resorted to. This consisted in pouring upon the pieces, kept in a ladle over the fire in a well-mixed and fluid state, a compound of oil, yellow wax, acetate of copper, and red ochre. The articles were constantly agitated, and the mixture allowed to flare up and burn out, and the whole was ultimately thrown into a diluted solution of sulphuric acid. The "waxing" was done only after the complete volatilization of the mercury. When removed from the "pickle," as the acid was called, the gilding had a dull appearance, and it was subsequently either "scratch-brushed," or brightened in a long, narrow bag, with small nuggets and granules of copper, and vinegar water, a too-and-fro motion being imparted to the bag, so that the gilt articles and the bits of copper polished each other. They were afterwards rinsed in clean water and dried in box-wood sawdust.

All these processes required the skill and care of the craftsman, but one who was entirely master of his art only earned, at that time, a sum equal to about $6 or $8 per week—and considered himself well paid. On the other hand, his employer frequently made a fortune. He was able, before competition became keen, to charge a comparatively high price for his wares. As a rule, it was not necessary for him to make any very close calculation as to cost, and in one case, the story of which was told to the writer by the son of the manufacturer mentioned, he was in the habit, after getting out a new pattern, of mentally fixing on two prices, either of which would afford him a handsome profit, and then throwing into the air a walking cane. If it fell on the handle end, he adopted one figure, and, if on the ferule, the other!

London was the great mart for the Brummagem gilt-trinket maker. He rode there on the top of the four-horse coach, loaded with samples and stock of his goods, which he dealt with in the neighborhoods of Clerkenwell and Houndsditch. His wares were also purchased by pedlers, who sold them through the country, frequently at fabulous prices, the rural buyers being easily persuaded that they were gold, and having no means of detecting that they were otherwise. It is thus easy to understand how "Brummagem" came to be a by-word. The discovery of the cheat led ultimately to the introduction, on a wider scale than formerly, of gold jewellery; and, as gold jewellery was naturally expensive, the limit of base alloy that would pass muster was soon reached. In addition to this, gold-plated jewellery was introduced. For this kind, a flat piece of gold, of standard or lower quality—the "standard" being 22 karats of gold to two of alloy—was superimposed and soldered on a thick strip of copper. The combination thus produced was rolled down to the required thinness or drawn into wire, so that articles made of it had an outside of gold which would wear much longer than the mercury gilding, and yet were mainly composed of base metal. Another "Brummagem" device was thus added to the *repertoire* of the jewellery trade.

The "gilt toy" trade of Birmingham gradually declined and fell. Sixty years ago it had practically come to an end.

The fashion of wearing one's watch in a fob-pocket had given place to the present mode, and, besides, a prejudice had arisen against the old-fashioned gilt goods. It was not considered to be "good form" to wear them, and, when the upper classes took to the use of watch guards made of hair or braid, as they did for a time, the gilt toy-makers felt they had fallen on evil days, for "the million" soon followed suit. On the other hand, the making of gold jewellery of a much better class was introduced in Birmingham, and received a great impetus when the assay laws were altered, as they were forty years ago. A Government assay office was established in Birmingham in 1773. Previous to the alteration of the assay laws, only standard plate was marked, viz.:—22 karats fine in gold, and in silver 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure metal to 18 oz. of copper. But the new law allowed the hall-marking of gold articles down to 9 karats; i.e., 9 karats of gold to 15 of alloy, this being the lowest mixture that will "stand the acid," in other words, that will not be oxydized when nitric acid is applied to it.

Side by side, there grew up in Birmingham two sorts of jewellery craftsmanship. The one made gold chains, brooches, ear-rings, lockets, seals, and other articles that were beautiful in design and valuable as to their material. The other devoted its attention to equally good-looking jewellery, but of a much cheaper alloy. At the present time there is probably more jewellery of both sorts made there than at any other place in the world—many of the manufacturing houses turning out a product which is deservedly admired for its artistic design and for the perfection of its workmanship.

Birmingham was destined, however, to maintain its reputation as a place where cheap jewellery was to be found. The introduction of electro-deposition led to a manufacture which was the legitimate succession of the old quicksilver-gilt trinket trade. Makers of electro-gilt chains, brooches, lockets, ear-rings, and other knick-knacks rapidly sprang up on all sides, and this sort of Brummagem ware was soon made by the ton, finding its way all over the world to the markets rapidly being opened by commercial enterprise. There is a considerable district in that city—now grown from a place of 5,000 inhabitants to one of 400,000—which is honey-combed by these trades and those allied to them. In that quarter, nearly every business sign denotes that the occupier is a goldsmith, a precious stone dealer, a manufacturer of gilt jewellery, a gold chain maker, a silversmith, or something of the sort. At meal hours, or when the time for leaving work arrives, the streets are thronged with jewellery operatives of both sexes, of which there are perhaps 10,000 at work in the neighborhood referred to.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a short article, to describe the various processes in the course of which gold and copper are alloyed, poured into ingots, rolled into flat sheets, drawn into wire, stamped, hammered, engraved, soldered, polished, set with precious stones, and otherwise treated, until they lie in the jeweller's tray, to be looked at and wondered over by the admirers of goldsmith's work. One or two familiar sights of the Birmingham jewellery quarter call, however, for a moment's attention. For instance, coming along the street, the passer-by may notice a youth carrying what looks like a small roll of iron ribbon, but that it is smoother than iron would be and a trifle more uniform in its dark grey color. It is, in reality, an alloy of gold and copper—perhaps 15 or 18 karats out of 24 being pure metal. This is generally considered by the trade a highly respectable proportion, and the best class of goldsmith's work is made from it. Although the little roll looks so worthless, its value may probably be reckoned by hundreds of dollars, and in the boy's pocket there

are, perhaps, one or two flat ingots of the same precious metal, worth many hundreds more.

He is going to the rolling mill—"flatting mill" was the London name of it, *vide* Cowper's poem on the subject—to get the metal prepared for use. The ingots he is going to have rolled out into what is technically called "flat," and the roll of gold ribbon is to be reduced to thinner gauges for various uses. Arrived at the rolling mill, he "weighs in" his gold at the office before passing inside, and he diligently watches his trust through its various processes, whether being passed under polished steel rollers, or annealed in a reverbatory furnace, technically called a "muffle." When it has become too hard and brittle for further rolling, (it is rolled in a cold state), it has to be annealed again and again until it is gradually brought to the required thinness. When it has at last been brought to this state it is frequently rolled up into one package for the last annealing, and, hanging this on to a piece of bent wire, its guardian goes to the office to "weigh out." Having satisfied himself that the metal has not lost more than a due proportion in the process, he goes boldly on his way to the workshop, satisfied that if any evil disposed person endeavors to take it from him he will find it too hot for his fingers. But although considerable quantities of the precious metal are carried about the streets thus openly, there are few robberies. There have, however, been times in Birmingham when "hot-pots" have been known by the police to exist. These were crucibles of the kind used for melting gold, kept constantly at the fusing point, so that any haul of gold or silver might be dropped in and at once lose its identity. The agents of these nefarious receivers have sometimes assaulted the gold porters in the street and got off clear with their booty, but it speaks well for the police arrangements that this kind of crime is now exceedingly rare.

The work bench at which the goldsmith works is of a peculiar shape; its superficies may be described as rectangular, with a semi-circular scollop on each of three sides, the remaining side being fixed against the wall. In each of the three scollops sits a workman, and in front of him hangs down a tanned sheep-skin, suspended in such a manner as to catch any filings or small bits and cuttings that may fall in the course of his work. Near him is a gas-flame, carried by a swivel fixture, so constructed as to turn down the gas when it is pushed away from him, and to make the flame larger when he draws it towards him. He uses, for uniting the various parts of the articles he constructs, a solder composed of various proportions of gold, silver, copper, and zinc, fusing the same by directing the gas flame upon it by means of a mouth blowpipe. He uses borax for a flux.

On the goldsmith's bench are gathered the products of various trades. The die-sinker has cut the dies in which are struck the shell work for ear-rings, brooches, or rings, some of them of great beauty and clearness of form. Wires of various shapes have been produced by the wire drawer. The lapidary has cut the precious stones with their numerous facets. It is the work of the goldsmith to unite these parts into the beautiful whole, which gradually grows under his hands. While he is working at it, beauty of form is manifest, but it is of a dirty and oxydized color. It is only when it is polished by the polisher, or "colored" by being subjected to the action of saltpetre in a vivid state of combustion, that its full glory appears. The last process burns out the alloy from the surface and leaves a skin, so to speak, of pure gold. Only the higher qualities of gold work are susceptible of this treatment. Great care is taken to preserve all the "lemel"—a word, the origin of which I have been unable to find, and which means the filings and bits that the goldsmith

produces in the course of his work. The shop is swept twice a day and the sweepings are carefully stored. The water in which the work people's hands are washed, and in which the gold articles are rinsed, is also saved, and allowed to settle. A handsome sum is realized, at the end of the year, by the sale to the refiner of these products, the value of which may be judged when the reader is told that dishonest workmen have sometimes added to their income by acquiring the habit of passing their hands through their hair and afterwards washing their heads and collecting the grains of gold thus procured.

Although large quantities of cheap jewellery are still made in Birmingham it may be said that the city has redeemed its character in the eyes of the world so far as trinkets are concerned. The buyers of two hemispheres know that some of the rarest goldsmith's work may be found there. There are produced the beautiful mayoral chains with which the chief magistrates of many cities are now decorated. A well appointed school of design has been established, at which artificers in gold and silver may learn the artistic principles that underlie their work, and there is an art museum where the works of Benvenuto Cellini and other great goldsmiths may be studied. But the mind of the initiated observer goes back to the time when the antique workman of a bygone age made such Brummagem ware as hung out of Tony Weller's fob.

SO POOR—SO RICH.

Ho ! ye men afield that reap !
One from out your toiling band
Dropped the sickle from his hand,
And at noonday lies asleep—
Where the sunlight and God's grace
Glorify his aged face.

Scanty were the gains he stored ;
Needed he no vault to hold
All his silver and his gold !
By his fealty to his Lord,
Hallowed life and deeds of love,
Laid he treasure up above.

Mute the death bell in the tower,
While the few he loved the best
Bear the poor man to his rest :
Yea, 'tis empty hands they lower,
But their hoard God keeps in trust :
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! "

SO RICH—SO POOR.

Draw the silken curtains tight ;
Shut the sunshine from the room ;
Let no ray dispel the gloom
Save the waxen tapers' light :
One, mid jasmine scent and bloom
Lies anointed for the tomb.

All the hoard of harvests past,
All the fruitage of his years—
Of his threescore bounteous years,—
Yonder lusty door holds fast,—
Fast from him who sleeps, for he
Has forgot its " Sesame ! "

Tolls the death-bell in the tower,
While the black slow-moving tide
Tells the world—*A rich man died !*
Yet 'tis empty hands they lower,—
Hands that toiled for moth and rust :
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! "

STRATFORD, ONT. M. A. MAITLAND.

CITY OF MEXICO.

MEXICO AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY P. H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D.

RUNNING in a southwesterly direction from the main street of the city of Mexico, the Avenida de San Francisco, and starting from the point marked by an anachronism, the statue of Charles IV. of Spain, familiarly known to the common people as the statue of the Caballo Chico, or Little Horse, is the broad avenue of two chains or more in width, known as the Paseo. This grand drive, the "Rotten Row" or Rue du Roi of Mexico, running for a distance of two miles, terminates at the base of a volcanic rock, whose majestic height is crowned by the Castillo de Chapultepec, the residence of kings, viceroys, emperors, and presidents of ages pre-historic and historic, and renowned in story as the scene of events as classic and full of interest as those which attach to the Acropolis of Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence." Chapultepec is, indeed, the eye of Mexico. She looks down on the rich valley of Mexico, and from her height the eye beholds that valley lying between the two mountain ranges which bound the plain or *mesa* of the federal district, and within whose narrow limits have occurred events which make up a page of history than which none of the old world's story is more remarkable, or fuller of sad but all-absorbing interest. Below this "heaven-kissing" hill lies the ancient city, a city to-day of 350-000 inhabitants, but beneath whose paved streets lie the buried monuments of the people of many cities, one after the other departed, to become relics of a past which reappears only now and then from the pages of some forgotten chronicle, or as "a sermon in stones," when from the soil which once floated upon an ancient

lake some "calendar stone" or "Indio triste" is exhumed by the work of some modern engineer.

This ancient city, then, must be for us, as it ever has been for others, the centre of greatest interest. But before dealing with it in detail we must for a moment take a glance at the country of which this old city is the capital. All are familiar with the comparatively narrow strip of land lying south of the Rio Grande, the great river of Texas, which land runs southward, shaped as a cornucopia, and is bounded by the Pacific on the west and the Gulf of Mexico on the east. Though not more than 700 miles in width on the north, and though narrowing to 116 miles at its southern border, Mexico extends for many hundred miles north and south between the parallels 14° to 30° N. It is, however, only one-fifth the area of Canada or of the United States, but is six times as large as Great Britain, while its importance may, to some extent, be measured when we know that it has more than 11,000,000 of people.

AZTEC CALENDAR.

Its physical features, are, moreover, very unusual. With a coastline mostly level, bordered by many islands, and indented by many *lagunos* or bays, it nevertheless must be looked upon as a mountainous country, the land sloping upward from either sea till mountain ranges are reached, rising in peaks having in some instances a height of more than 17,000 feet. These mountains form two ranges, a division of the Cordilleras of Central America, which run northward, and are known as the Sierra Madre Oriental and the Sierra Madre Occidental. These, again, are broken up and receive different names, such as the mighty Sierra Nevada, lying

east of the city of Mexico, and famous for its two snow-clad peaks, Popocatapetl, "the smoking mountain," and Ixtacewatl, "the white lady," from 14,000 to 17,000 feet above the sea.

Lying between these two ranges of volcanic rock are the great *mesas* or tablelands, having heights of from 7,000 feet downward to 4,000 feet, where the Rio Grande is crossed at El Paso. Though being in the latitude of the Sahara and Arabian deserts, the altitude of these great table lands gives to a large part of Mexico a climate most unlike that of those arid wastes of the east.

Though possessing tropical forest in the lowlands sloping towards the sea, the larger portion of Mexico has, from its height, a comparatively temperate climate. As every 700 feet of height is commonly estimated as equivalent to a degree of latitude, the climate of the Mexican table land is very much the same as regards average—though not occasional—cold as that of western Tennessee. Though no snow falls, the evenings grow cold enough to occasionally have slight frost; while the altitude, with the extreme dryness of the table-lands, makes the daily range of temperature from mid-day to evening quite extreme. In the clear sunshine, the direct rays of the sun are very hot at noonday, though it is cool in the shade; while one is informed that even in summer few nights are so warm that a blanket on the bed is found uncomfortable.

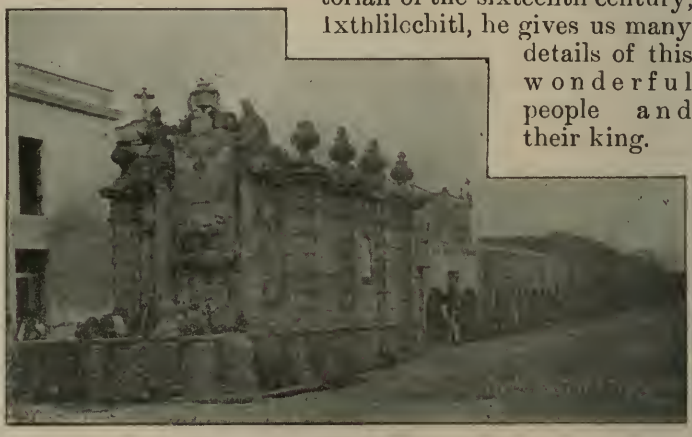
The high ranges of mountains cause the vapours blowing up from the sea to become condensed into rain, and so it happens that while abundant rains form mountain torrents and rivers running to the sea, the central tableland has an aridity which in some years is almost complete, but which in any year is seldom broken except by the rains of the late spring and early summer.

I have referred to the valley of Mexico as the Mexico which I viewed so briefly, and do not wish it to be thought that this fully represents the tropical appearance of the Mexico of the sea shore. However, so far as the historic Mexico and its people are concerned, the valley of Mexico is that part about which history and legend cling, and which gave to the country its characteristics as the Spain of the New World.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

So long as men have existed or shall exist, so long the lives of a people become the chief centre of attraction and study. Heroic actions, social and intellectual life, and the sentiments and religion of any people are, of all sub-

jects, those in which we as moral and intellectual beings become most readily and intensely interested. Though it be true that for three hundred years Mexico has been a country little read of or cared for in the history of the world's political movements, yet nevertheless, there has existed there a political and social life in many ways of extreme interest and importance. At the time of the Conquest there were, according to all evidences, several millions of people in the valley of Mexico, and one has only to read the history of that conquest to realize how intense a life that of the ancient Aztec was.



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, EL SALTO.

At the coming of Cortes, the Aztec warrior race, Indian in blood, as its traditional descent from the country to the northward shows, had attained the summit of its power and glory; while its civilization, borrowed from its Toltec predecessors in the valley, had in its political development attained a point worthy of comparison with many of the countries of Europe at that time.

The Toltec race, the civilized Greeks, so to speak, of the valley of Mexico, had, as tradition goes, reached the valley in the seventh century, and finally became the "teachers of wisdom" to all the tribes or nations on plateau and mountain side, extending from the western ocean to the shores of the eastern sea. Within authentic history, for the century preceding the Conquest, the Toltecs had occupied the north-eastern side of the valley across Lake Texcuco, and, under the wise Prince Nezthualcoyotl, a King Arthur and King Alfred in one, had built up a great city, Texcuco, the Mexican Athens, by the borders of the ancient lake, and a social and political life which recalls the glories of an Assyrian empire under Sennacherib, or of a Persia under Cyrus the Great. Over this Golden Age of the Toltecs, between A. D. 1,400 and 1,500, Prescott grows eloquent, and following the Toltec historian of the sixteenth century, Ixthlilcchitl, he gives us many details of this wonderful people and their king.

Having had the good fortune to visit the old town of Texcuco and surroundings, with a Canadian friend, a resident of Mexico, I may be forgiven for having become specially interested in the place, and for referring to some of the historic evidences of its former greatness, part of which I saw. Its great monarch, Nezthualcoyotl, had a royal residence and public offices of great extent, from east to west 1,234 yards and 978 from north to south all encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks six feet wide by nine to fifteen high. Within the wall were two courts. The inner held the council chambers, courts of justice, accommodation for ambassadors, apartments for men of science, poets, etc., who met together under its marble porticoes; while the outer court was the great market-place for the people. Adjoining the inner court were the royal apartments, incrusted, we are told, with stucco and alabaster, richly tinted and hung with gorgeous feather-work and tapestries. These courts led through arcades and labyrinths of

shrubbery, with baths and fountains, shadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. In all there are said to have been 300 compartments, some of them fifty yards square. The buildings were probably not high; but that they were of stone is seen in the fact that their ruins have supplied unlimited materials for the churches and other buildings since erected by the Spaniards. It is said 200,000 workmen were employed to construct these buildings; and when it is remembered that the stone had to be quarried on the mountains many miles away, the truth of the statement seems not improbable.

Nezthualcoyotl had numerous villas in addition, and of these his favorite one was at Tzocozinco, a conical hill some six miles from Texcuco. This old hill was visited. The few remains of former magnificence are those carved in the enduring trachyte of the mountain side. There still remains, at a point where the rock wall is almost perpendicular, what was evidently the king's bath, a circular basin some four feet in diameter by three feet deep, with a level cut surface on the surrounding rock, and a bulwark of rock some four feet high, on the outer side, having several square niches (for soap I suppose), and at one end a seat cut in the rock for taking a sunbath. From a point immediately adjacent, begins a flight of steps said to be 520 in number. The beauty of these I have never seen equalled in rock-cut steps anywhere. The rise is about six inches, the width of the steps about three feet, and the surface of each step seems to have been purposely bevelled so that the foot would, in ascending, be placed wholly on the stone. The lines everywhere were right lines, and the circles perfect, so far as the eye could judge.

AN AZTEC IDOL.

The historian gives many details of how this paradise was supplied from the higher hills by an aqueduct with water, and of how marble statues and fountains ornamented its terraces and summit. After viewing some of the antiquities in the national museum of Mexico, such as a wonderful calendar stone

I, personally, after reading the history of Mexico from various sources, and from such few evidences of the past as I saw, am quite prepared to believe the stories of Ixtlilochitl and the later monkish historians.

Before passing to modern Mexico, it is, however, proper that refer ence be made to what we are told formed, of all pieces of architecture in Mexican cities, the most striking feature. These were the Mexican temples, the *teocallis*, or "houses of God," as they were called. Readers of the account of the siege of the city by Cortes, will remember the descriptions of the terrible sights which froze the hearts of the cavaliers of the investing army, as nightly after the day's battle, they saw the glare of the never-dying fires, the priests marching from one level to another of these terrible altars, the victim, mayhap some proud knight of Castile, being driven onward to the summit, where, in view of whole armies, his heart was torn out on the sacrificial stone. When it is recounted that as many as 50,000 prisoners were sacrificed in one year to the terrible God, Huitzilopochtli, the extent of this worship may be estimated—there being, it is stated, 400 altars within the City of Mexico alone. Some of these temples in Mexico were of great extent and height; that at Cholula was the greatest shrine in all Mexico.

Prescott remarks of the great *teocalli* of Cholula, "that the traveller still gazes upon it with admiration, as the most colossal fabric of New Spain, rivalling in dimensions, and somewhat resembling in form, the pyramidal structures of Ancient Egypt. It had the form, common to the Mexican teocallis, of a truncated pyramid, facing with its four sides toward the cardinal points, and divided into the same number of terraces." Its height is 177 feet, its base 1423 feet long, covering 40 acres. On the summit stood a lofty temple or tower (doubtless built like those of Mexico and other cities) which was the sanctuary proper, within which stood the sacred images of the presiding deities. Before these towers stood the dreadful Stone of Sacrifice, and two lofty altars on which the fires were kept, "as inextinguishable as those in the temple of Vesta."

We have thus briefly described the two main classes of architecture which both historian and ruins attest to have existed at the time of the conquest. The mighty city of 200,000 inhabitants, conquered by Cortes, was composed, even to the King's palaces, of one storied houses, the better class built of red stone, ornamented with marble and finished in odoriferous carved woods and stucco; while the poorer class were made, as at present, of sun-dried bricks, covered with thatch.

Such was Mexico 350 years ago, and we naturally enquire what changes these three hundred and more years have brought about.

We know what they have produced in Great Britain, for instance. From the cold, badly lighted and badly ventilated buildings, even of the rich, we have seen in England everything added which can make a house habitable and life therein enjoyable,—except in the cabins of the poor. And at this point we must begin with modern Mexico. Until 1820, Mexico was a colony of Spain, and, with the exception of a relatively few noble Aztec families, whose daughters, the followers of Cortes, all soldiers of fortune, married, the millions of native Mexicans were largely in the position of serfs; and now, after seventy more years, 75 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. Revolution has succeeded revolution, dictator after dictator, and not until within the last twenty years has Mexico begun the true career which should belong to eleven millions of people owning a country many parts of which were and are still veritable gardens of Eden.

The nature of the siege by Cortes made necessary the destruction of

practically the whole City of Mexico. It lasted several months, and the defence was of the most desperate character. Assaults and deeds of daring failed against the multitudes, and nothing less than the levelling of the houses as the troops advanced, and the filling up of canals, made success possible; so that so far as the City of Mexico goes, it is wholly Spanish in its streets and public squares, and the character of its principal houses.

At the time of the Conquest it was a city of dykes and canals, with here and there squares made solid with earth. Now the remains of the old city make ground for the new; and in laying foundations to-day the workman daily exhumes some sculptured stone or other relics of the past; while by causeways, canals and tunnels, the water level of the valley has been and is still being lowered, so that a first-class system of sewers in all parts of the city will soon be an accomplished fact. But what of old Mexico? Gradually, we are told, as the conquerors began to build, the Mexicans returned to certain portions of the old city, and engaged in the work as laborers of every class. To-day, along the canal de Vega, by taking passage in one of the curious flat-bottomed gondolas, with an awning stretched over it, you may go for a mile or two past little groups of single-roomed adobe-houses, thatched in a way quite as primitive, I am sure, as any ever were at the Conquest. This class of house or cabin is developed, as one sees in different cities in different parts of the country, to an indefinite extent. Ordinarily it is one-storied, but its walls outside may be neatly made and plastered with the same class of material as the bricks are made of; it may be divided into a number of rooms and even have two stories. Owing to the dry climate, the intense sunlight of the plateau, and, I presume, the character of the soil, it is likely that the large sun-dried mass of clay, with chopped grass to bind it, made in a mould a foot square or more, will long remain a convenient building material for the common people, and for making walls for corrals and other similar purposes. Practically the only other building material is stone. Remembering the volcanic character of the Sierra Madre,

THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO.

both Oriental and Occidental, it will be seen that a porous tufaceous rock or a hard trachyte are those most available.

The latter is what seems to be mostly used in the expensive buildings, while in the greater number of structures I imagine that it is the softer rock, finished, as they all are in the well built streets of Mexico, by smooth plastered surfaces. Such are the materials seen on every hand to constitute the buildings.

Far up on the mountain sides, beyond 10,000 feet, there are wooded slopes; but the magnificent groves of cypress and cedar said to have existed everywhere throughout the valley at the time of the Conquest have disappeared under the hand of the ruthless so-called civilizer, who imagined, while he destroyed, that New Spain, when robbed of her trees, would look more like his barren Castilian plains.

Before describing the buildings and their interiors, it will be proper to refer to the general appearance of a Mexican city. I had the opportunity of visiting several cities, and all seem to be constructed, so far as the surface makes possible, on the same general plan. Everything centralizes at the *plaza* or city square, called the *zocalo*, and in the City of Mexico "Plaza de Armes." About this square are ranged the cathedral and municipal buildings; and in Mexico the departmental government buildings. From the plaza runs the *calle real* or main street. Along it may be one or more parks, while other streets are parallel to the main street or cross it at right angles.

In the City of Mexico, this arrangement is exquisitely carried out. The main street, Avenidad de San Francisco, runs for some six squares of principal shops, and then widens out into broad drives on either side of the Alameda, or alley of poplars, as it properly means, but what is really a beautiful promenade with broad walks lined with ash or lime trees, with awnings stretched at many points for protection against the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. Pretty flower-beds and fountains are here and there intermingled with the walks. These broad drives on either side of the Alameda continue as a wide drive for some squares to a bronze statue of Charles IV. of Spain. At this point, continues, south-westerly, the Paseo or grand promenade or drive, which runs for two miles directly to the Castillo de Chapultepec. It is two chains, at least, in width, and has various statues of historic personages. Its equipages, in number and style, are probably not excelled on any grand drive on this continent. Such then are the outlines of the City of Mexico and, unless in extent, of those of other Mexican towns.

With regard to the appearance of the houses and streets, the latter are, as a rule in Mexico, about a chain wide and generally cobble-stoned. Several of the principal streets are now asphalted from wall to wall and kept fairly clean.

The houses, on account of earthquakes, it is said with some reason, are low, seldom more than two stories, thick-walled, flat-roofed, and so equally built that they seem like mere rows of white walls. The windows of the lower stories, when not shops, are barred with iron railings, and the upper stories are provided with a balcony, extending usually the width of two windows and not more than two feet beyond the wall line. These are almost universal in the better houses and are supplied with a vertical awning enabling one to see up and down the street without being readily observed. From behind these awnings love-sick maidens make eyes, on the sly, at their patient lovers, standing perchance in the doorway of a neighboring house. This is the national custom of courting or "playing the bear" as it is called.

But the plain bare wall gives no index of the house within. The average frontage of the city residences is probably 30 feet. On the ground floor is a

STONES OF AZTEC TEMPLE.

barred window, and a gateway or doorway, having heavy oak doors carefully guarded by the porter and locked after six in the evening. Entering the gateway a carriage drives to the inner flagged court, around which are the offices, rooms of the porter, and the stables. This court opens to the sky, and hence receives the name of *patio*, and, according to the depth of the lot, may be divided into one or more similar courts. The stables are always on the ground floor, and open on the court. The resident of this self-contained abode almost always lives on the first floor or second story. A stairway with several square turns leads from the court to the landing, which is railed off from the *patio*, and, according to the size of the residence, is a narrow walk sometimes of three feet, or, as in the Hotel Iturbide,—the palace of the first emperor of free Mexico,—it is a covered piazza running all around the square court, on which the rooms of the family open.

The *patio* is ordinarily to one side, leaving space for a tier of rooms along the side of it. To the front of the *patio* is the parlor or *salon*, with one or more bedrooms, while behind the court are the dining room, kitchen, bath-room, etc. With slight variations, this will describe the home of the well-to-do resident of Mexico.

In one or two newer houses, occupied by Canadians, the ground floors are becoming living rooms for the families. This practice will become more common as the drainage improves and as the ground-water lowers; but the ground floors have not been healthy and have been hitherto turned over to the servants.

The house interiors, as in all southern countries, with their courts, give many opportunities for decorative art. The patios, opening to the sky, are decorated with flowers in pots and flower urns of various descriptions, the climate allowing roses to bloom throughout the whole year. It is a land of sunshine and flowers the year round. House decorations have hitherto been Parisian in style and manufacture; but within the past twenty years, with the advent of railways, German, English and American merchants have pushed their wares, and to-day one sees in the costumes of

gentlemen and ladies the same styles as in the north.

I have referred to architecture generally, but there are in several public buildings, and, above all, in the churches of the country, examples of an architecture, which in classic lines of beauty reproduce in detail much of what one sees in the architecture of mediæval Europe.

Of these may be mentioned the ancient cemetery of Guanahuahuata, enclosing a square burying-ground, with a covered court looking on it from three sides; while the walls of the court have the surface of cut stone divided into tiers of sarcophagi, one above the other to the height of ten feet, with inscriptions much after the style of the old Roman tombs. Beneath are crude catacombs, wherein are mummies and the bones of thousands piled in vaults.

The old governor's palace, now a State prison, in Guanahuahuata, is a typical old Spanish structure. Built square with heavy stone, with outer walls smooth and white, it has finely-worked frieze under the cornice at the top of the wall. The roof of cement is flat and has a bulwark, some five feet high, of the extended wall, all around. It is the scene of one of the most glorious fights for liberty in the Revolution of 1817.

The Castillo de Chapultepec, in many ways the most interesting spot in Mexico, stands on the volcanic rock pushed up in the plain at the head of the Paseo, or promenade. First the rock fortress of the Aztecs, it became after the Conquest the site of a hunting-castle for the viceroys; a chapel later in the eighteenth century; then a prison; while in 1785, the Count Bernardo de Galvez began the erection of a large fortified castle, completed at a cost of $300,000. This was in 1842 converted into the Military School. The castle rock was captured in 1847 by a United States army, and Maximilian, during his brief reign, renovated it in Pompeiian style, and it became his favorite residence. To-day it is a military school in part, and, in summer, apartments are occupied by the President. It forms, as now seen, an irregular rectangle from two to four stories high, and consists of several buildings in Tuscan and Pompeiian style, having a façade on the east and south sides, with arcades and porches supported by Corinthian pillars. The roofs, as usual, are flat, and all serve as promenades. The American Public Health Association was received by the President at Chapultepec, and entertained *al fresco* by tables set on the pleasant promenades of the arcades. The view of the Valley of Mexico from Chapultepec has been praised by every traveller, and, speaking for myself, I would say that the Valley of Mexico, whether seen from Chapultepec or the Hill of Tezcozinco, with the two volcanoes, Popocatapetl and Ixtaccwatl, to the east with their snow-clad peaks, forms the most unique, and perhaps grandest view in the world.

One word may be said about the churches. Cortes won Mexico, as he believed, for the Cross, and by the Cross; and on the site of the Aztec temple, which in 1520 smoked with human victims, a church arose in 1524. Mexico is a land of churches. At the shrine of Guadaloupe, three miles from the city, are alone five churches of various styles of architecture.

I shall, however, only refer to the architecture of the great cathedral. The church begun on the great square in 1524 saw many changes before reaching its present perfection. Its present foundations were begun in 1573, and mostly completed in 1656, and dedicated in 1667, costing $1,752,000. Its towers are 203 feet high, and were finished in 1791. Nearly $2,000 000 of precious stones, gold and silver were given in ornaments. Its style of architecture illustrates Victor Hugo's remarks regarding the history of almost all the great cathe-

drals, and notably that of Notre Dame de Paris. It is stated to be, in the lower part, genuine Doric; the upper rather extravagant Ionic, while the third is Corinthian in style. Bas reliefs and statues are between the columns, which, with vases, capitals and friezes, are of white marble. The towers have open arches, and are crowned with bell-shaped domes, with hemisphere and cross. The interior is a long Latin cross, and has five naves gradually decreasing in height from the middle to the outer walls. Doric columns support the vaulted roofs with Latin arches. Much of the carving shows the influence of Moorish taste in architecture, and in many details is of great beauty.

SACRIFICIAL STONE AND IDOL.

The present inhabitants of the United States of Mexico are divided into three groups or classes. Essentially they are an Indian race; but more than three centuries of Spanish intrusion has caused a large admixture of Aryan blood. There are, it is stated, however, still some 4,000,000 of more or less pure-blooded Indians; but the great body of the people are a mixed race, while the pure-blooded Spaniards and foreigners form but a very small proportion, indeed of the inhabitants.

As already remarked, the soldiers of Cortez married, very generally, the daughters of the more prominent Aztec chiefs; and hence it has occurred that, with the early conversion of the people to the Roman Catholic faith, the

native race was not, in any marked way, separated from their foreign conquerors. Although it is true that even to-day the blue-blooded Castilian will, with pride, point out to you the high forehead, the aquiline nose and long shaped head, as distinguishing him from the square-browed, thick-nostrilled, and broad-faced citizen of Mexican blood, yet in very many of the now prominent citizens one sees that the Mexican race, as a mixed race, has taken its permanent position. In the purer Indian type, however, the forehead is broad and low, and the eyes dark and sometimes almond-shaped. Reserve, formality, and stolidity are characteristics of the red race in Mexico, as elsewhere; but to me there seemed present in their expression much of the genial effects produced by a mild climate, and much less of that taciturnity seen in most of our northern Indians. Remembering their three centuries of serfdom, the hopeless, subdued look on many faces is not surprising. The mixed races have the yellow, or brunette skin, and the dark eyes and straight hair and much of the expression due to the Indian blood. President Diaz, said to be an almost pure Indian, has a characteristic face.

The Spanish Don is, however, not extinct in Mexico, and a large proportion of the land is still in the hands of scions of ancient Spanish families. Indeed, while visiting the Hacienda of the ancient family of Cervantes, with its marvellous gardens, I noticed the date on the end of the old country-house—1635.

It is now proper that I should mention the Mexican as he is seen to live. Around the cities in Mexico, the great bulk of the people one sees are the poor peons, or laborers. They are generally of mixed blood, in many, however, the Indian predominating. The mixed race, as elsewhere, goes on increasing, till soon there will be no pure-blooded Indians. They are miserably clad in many instances, according to our notions; but the climate, it is to be remembered, is mild.

A cotton shirt and pants, with a serape of linen or cotton, and a tall, crowned sombrero of straw, and a piece of sole leather tied on the foot as a sandal, constitute the Mexican's dress. The women similarly wear a sandal, are sometimes barefoot, and, with a cotton skirt and chemise are practically dressed, when you add the *ribosa* or broad scarf for wrapping about the head.

The peculiar fashion of wearing the serape and ribosa, one hand protecting the mouth, is very general. As already mentioned, the more intelligent and prosperous dress much the same as with us.

Occasionally the *creole* dandy or dude is seen abroad, with his tall, crowned sombrero of hair-felt, ornamented with filigree, and broad brim similarly decorated. Further, he is dressed in brown-tanned, soft leather jerkin, with tight breeches with a row of silver buckles up the side of the leg, and a silver-buckled, uncomfortable-looking, pointed shoe.

The Spanish mantilla, so characteristic of Spain, and of its high-class ladies, is certainly not commonly worn by Mexican ladies. They dress much as do ladies with us. In fact, the Spaniard is not popular in Mexico.

Of course, it is evident that there are sharp divisions in the society of Mexico; but the opportunities which the visit of the American Public Health Association gave me of seeing good Mexican society led me to form but one opinion of the Mexican. He is hospitable to excess, is very kind, and uniformly polite. Family life is much the same as I have known it in France. Terms of endearment are the common methods of expression; and, with the Latin races, the expression is the reality.

The females of the family are kept much more secluded than with the Anglo-Saxon, but much the same as in France. This is, of course, custom,

but it has partly been due to the disordered state of society. It is becoming yearly less so, with modern ideas pressing in. The reserve does not exist, if one is admitted *en famille*. The common expression is, if invited to a Mexican home, "The house is yours," and it is meant. As regards the table, it seemed, while still Spanish, to be prepared for any English palate.

Almuerzo, our morning meal, was one of fish, meat, eggs, etc.

Our luncheon, *desayuno*, is properly the French *dejeuner*, or eleven o'clock meal, but it was in Mexico at 12.30, and a meal with several courses: a soup, a ragout or stew, a roast, perhaps, with two invariable Mexican dishes, brown beans (*frijoles*) and *pulque*, the national drink, or, if you prefer it, Toluca beer, or French wines. The invariable mark of a dinner or luncheon being finished is the filling of your glass with water.

SEPULCHRE OF JUAREZ.

Dinner at six or seven is the meal of the day. Soup, fish, roasts, beans, tortillas, desserts, wines, fruits, cheese, bon-bons—or, in some grand affairs, fifteen to twenty courses—was the rule. This, with bright, dark-eyed señoras and señoritas trying to relieve one's lack of language by an occasional word in French, a rare one in English, and many appreciative smiles at the ludicrous attempts one may *hablar la lengua Española* (to speak Spanish), causes one to feel that, in spite of differences in language, in race, in customs and in creed, humanity is not limited by time, space or circumstances.

I have endeavored to describe some of the essential features of Mexico, as regards its climate, its history, its buildings and its people.

There are, however, many other points of interest which, according to circumstances or accident, impress themselves upon one.

I have already said Mexico is a land of churches. From 1571 to 1820 the Roman Catholic Church was supported in its influence by the Inquisition, and attained, as in the mother country of Spain, extraordinary power and influence. In the beginning of this century, Humboldt states there were 14,000 priests and monks in the country, many having enormous incomes, and they were openly immoral. In 1820 came the Revolution, and Mexico became a nation. The bravest leader in it was Hidalgo, a patriotic priest; and after this date was a gradual change. The Church, however, still made and unmade governments; and not till 1857, when President Juarez suppressed religious orders and sequestrated church property, did the people really become free. Church and State were separated in 1874. Bible agents temporarily followed the victorious American troops in 1847; but Protestantism has made but little headway. At present there are 10,000 Protestants scattered over Mexico, and, in 1888, some eighty churches, most of them around the City of Mexico. Here and there fanatical priests have excited the

people against the chapels; but the Government suppresses disorder with a strong hand. Unfortunately, from what I can learn, the worst enemy to the progress of Protestantism is the indifference shown by Englishmen and Americans who live there for business. Good people there are; but many are as irreligious as many of the cultivated Catholics. As in all free Catholic countries, the higher classes do little more than observe the form of their religion; and the unfortunate behaviour of some of the individual Protestant clergy in the city of Mexico has strengthened this disregard for religion of every kind.

Political revolutions, too, have been a great hindrance to systematic missionary work; while the hereditary influences of the Latin races would seem to be an important factor in the explanation of how, from the Reformation till to-day, no Latin race has ever been generally influenced by the doctrines of Protestantism, which, in a century, spread generally amongst all the Teutonic races of Europe. As a recent writer has said, "On the soul-organism of the Latin races, the thousand years of monastic tyranny have left traces which the light of science will fail to efface for centuries to come." . . . . "The character-traits of a race are less amenable to rapid changes than its intellectual standards." And remembering the Indian characteristics of the native Mexican, his natural stolidity and indolence, and the climate which, though not enervating, is yet one in which exertion for a livelihood is not largely necessary,—it must be confessed that the prospects for a rapid advance in moulding the religious views of the Mexican in the direction of a higher ideal are not on the whole very encouraging. And yet who knows but that the change will come with the national awakening? Under the liberal, wise and noble President Diaz, Mexico has made marvellous strides in material well-being. Many churches and monasteries have been converted into public schools, and an attempt at compulsory education is made. Trade and commerce have greatly increased; railroads and telegraphs are everywhere opening up the distant parts; and perhaps these great modern highways may be the road-sides along which the apostles of a purer religion will sow the good seed.

I need not deal at length with regard to the political system of Mexico. It is a republic, with a dictator at its head. He, being an ideal Dictator, the system seems peculiarly suited to the present stage of advancement of the country. Let us hope for Mexico the realization of Tennyson's prayer:

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before."

I shall, leaving more serious topics, mention something, in concluding, about our pleasant little experience in driving from the old town of Texcuco to Tezcocinco. Meeting my Canadian cicerone and an American friend at six a.m. on the Plaza, we took the street-car, and thence the train, and running out twenty miles, arrived at Texcuco.

We passed down the street of the old town, past a barracks; several companies of soldiers were drawn up in the street, going as we learned, on fatigue duty to some source of water, to do their week's washing. We strolled along past a covered water fountain, made of cut stone, one of the several for supplying the town. To these the aguadores, or water-carriers, come with their bottles strapped on their backs, or, Rebecca-like, carrying them on their heads. We soon arrived at a place where a man kept some mules and vans—a livery in fact. Several of these interesting quadrupeds, looking rather the worse for wear, were wandering about, and our companion asked if we could be accommodated. The proprietor seemed in doubt, but would

consider the matter. In the meantime we were exploiting the court, and found that one señor was engaged in the congenial task of brewing *pulque*. I had been drinking this national beverage at dinner for a week, and naturally was interested in knowing how it was manufactured. We saw in one shed a cow-hide supported upon four posts, and into it was poured the milky juice from the "*maguei*" plant, or *agave*. It was undergoing the mild fermentation necessary to prepare it as a beverage. In another similar skin, covered by an upper skin and straw, to keep in the heat, was another batch. The *pulque* thus prepared, contains a little alcohol after four days' fermentation, and more the older it is. It is placed daily on the table, and one drinks it as we do milk, which it resembles in appearance, if not in taste, and with the common people it takes the place of beer, for the double purpose of quenching thirst and of stimulating their spirits, if they drink enough of it. If the fermentation is prolonged and the product distilled, a strong spirit is produced, said to produce somewhat complicated results. My experience did not go that far.

Well, our landlord of the hostelry was not that morning inclined to push business, so we departed; but we had been watched. A more progressive neighbor asserted he could supply the necessary vehicular commodity, so our cicerone arranged terms, and in half an hour, after we had some breakfast of fresh eggs, tortillas and coffee, we mounted the caravan. This was constituted of a driver and attendant, two teams of mules hitched tandem, and a vehicle of prairie schooner or band-waggon type.

Within the town we went slowly over the rough paved streets, but, once outside, our Jehu whipped up, raising clouds of dust.

Unlike most country roads, this one was well graded, leading as it did to the manor house of the Cervantes family, for two miles passing through hundreds of acres set out with the maguey plant, from which is taken the pulque juice. These are simply fields of aloes, set in rows like the trees of any orchard, and growing in the arid soil to a height of eight or ten feet. The young plants springing up from the roots of the older ones, are transplanted, and in four, five, or six years are tapped. the central flower stalk being cut off when a foot thick, and thereafter hollowed out so that a basin holding a gallon or so is formed. Into this the juice flows for several months, and every day or two it is taken out in a scientific fashion. An Indian farm laborer, with a bag of pig-skin slung over his back, goes from plant to plant, and by means of a hollow gourd, holding say half a gallon, quickly transfers the juice to the bag on his shoulders. The method is by sucking the air from the gourd when the juice enters it, and by holding a finger over the top it is kept there till transferred.

Driving onward towards Tezcozinco village, at the foot of the hill, we passed over rocky ground and dry water courses, and finally stopped near the house of the village judge. Our cicerone ordered dinner, and we began the hour's ascent to the summit of the hill. This Hacienda or farm estate, on which is the famous hill of Tezcozinco, is one of the largest, oldest, and best cared-for in all Mexico. It is made so largely because of the fact that a large mountain stream flows the year round down the valley to the lake below, and, in its passage is utilized at various points for irrigating the soil.

After our descent from the mountain, we had a typical Mexican dinner in the country. Tortillas, boiled chicken, side dishes highly seasoned with pepper, papos and divine pulque, in course after course, tamed our appetites, which had been freshened by the mountain climb.

Leaving our host after giving free medical advice regarding his señora, we returned a mile or so to visit the

manor house of the Cervantes. By special permission, through their town agent we gained admission and found ourselves in a veritable paradise of flowers. Though the members of the family, excepting for three months of the year, live in Paris, and some, perhaps, at times in the city of Mexico, a dozen gardeners are continually engaged to keep the grounds in order. The mountain stream already spoken of breaks through a rocky chasm, falling some thirty feet, and is conducted through a rocky aqueduct, where a water wheel is set for pumping water to the Temple of Pulque, the stables, etc.

Under the brow of the steep declivity is situated the ancient square-built manor-house, and above it and about on every side, is a very labyrinth of walks, amidst dense tropical foliage. Beds of choice flowers grow on every side—geraniums, marguerites, fuchsias, mallows—all growing as shrubs; while oval beds, covered with moss to retain the moisture, are arranged with the most exquisite taste. Climbing roses and other vines adapted to rustic bowers, appear at every turn, while overarching all are majestic ash trees, cypress, and cedars. The walks are all made tesselated with parti-colored fragments of stone, regularly inlaid as a floor, and here and there are artistically arranged into monograms of family names; while at every angle and turn of the walk, one sees some ancient stone Toltec image—garnered from ancient ruins—lending, by its grotesqueness, a charm to a sylvan scene where the fabled god, Pan, and his fauns and satyrs may, without imagination, be supposed to gambol "down in the reeds by the river," as Mrs. Browning has it.

Arching the chasm over the waterfall is a modern bridge of a single span of ornamented ironwork which, being passed, brings one to the chapel of the Cervantes, where their ancestral dead lie buried. Under its marble porticoes are several busts of deceased heroes of the house, while in most delicate painting is outlined in a niche in the native rock the figure of the Holy Mother of God. Inscriptions here and there recount the deeds of one or more scions of the house who fought for their native Mexico, and to me, a stranger, and amidst all the sweet harmony of this sylvan scene (the most superb in all Mexico—and finer, said my travelled American friend, than he had ever seen in Italy or Spain) —nothing so delicately, yet with such overmastering force, as that chapel, gathered into one moment the whole story of this old Mexico, oldest of all European stories on this continent.

It told of mediæval chivalry; of the refinement of a Latin race from the sunny south; a sub-tropical climate where bounteous nature pours her largesses into the hands of a family proud of their lineage and strong in power of every kind to maintain their home in this sunny land, as glorious as was that of their ancestors in Old Castile; and a creed, which for many hundred years has been so cultivated and made so exquisitely adapted to the human side of life in supplying a consolation, whether to errant knight or to simple sinning peasant, by its promises of the sweet intercession of the Holy Human Mother, that one sometimes wonders whether, after all, the sensuous southern climates may not from their very nature demand a more child-like creed, or if not this, then one, which in keeping with nature's soft luxuriance, cultivates especially those harmonies—cathedral music, the sculptor's art, and the painter's enthusiasm, which even the Apostle of Patmos delighted to picture amongst the glories of the Holy City. I know not if this be so, but one cannot move amongst these Southern people without thinking that the holiest and highest creed is that which embraces in its arms of charity the good of all. Such at any rate is the thought which came to me in the vestibule of the quiet shrine of *Molino de Flores.*

VANCOUVER AND HAWAII.

The Centenary of a Noble Effort.

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWEN.

ON the 25th of February, 1794, amid the rejoicings of the whole population, the Union Jack of Old England was hoisted to float in the Pacific trade-wind over the Hawaiian Islands. The guns of H.M.S. *Discovery* fired a salute, the islands were taken possession of in the name of King George III., and a great shout went up from the natives, "*Kanaka no Beritane*," — "We are men of Britain."

Such an event, and the steps that led up to it, may well engage our attention to-day, not only on account of its own intrinsic interest, but also on account of the fascinating personality through which it was brought about, and as suggesting a comparison with the present interesting and complicated political situation in the island kingdom of the Pacific.

The career of Captain George Vancouver, who was the man behind the event, so far as it relates to his visits to the Hawaiian Archipelago is a singularly suggestive one, and worthy of being recalled to memory, as much for its own sake as for the influence it exerted upon the subsequent history of the islands.

Indeed, whether we seek our knowledge from the volumes written by the great navigator himself, or whether we derive it from the still living traditions of his visits, which have been handed down amongst the natives, we find Vancouver standing out as a grand type of a British sailor and explorer, only too rare in the 18th century.

For it was the time when, as it was commonly said, "there was no God this side of Cape Horn," a time which would have satisfied Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Tommy Atkins, who sighed for a place

> "Where the best is like the worst,
> Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,
> an' a man may raise a thirst,"

a time when England's mission of civilization and protection was not too scrupulously borne in mind by the trader and the whaler.

Consequently it is all the more noticeable that while Cook is regarded by the native sentiment as the harbinger of depopulation, disease and death, Vancouver's memory is universally honored. "His memory," says one historian, "is gratefully cherished by the natives, for his mission was one of peace and broad benevolence." "The three visits of Vancouver," says another, "form an era in the history of these islands, and his name is justly cherished as that of a wise and generous benefactor to the Hawaiian people."

The amount of intercourse between Hawaii and all the rest of the world at this time is sometimes misrepresented.

Although Captain Cook was the first European to make known the islands to the outside world, the honor of discovery really belongs to Spain. In 1555, Juan Gaetano, captain of a galleon trading between the American coast and the Spice Islands, came upon the group, and the fact of his visit is corroborated, not only by native tradition, but by a MS. chart in the archives of the Spanish Government. It is also probable, since some of the native *meles* speak of the arrival of other foreigners, and of their intermarriage with the islanders, that other Spanish (or perhaps Japanese) ships touched or were wrecked upon the Hawaiian coast, from time to time. With these exceptions, the outer world was a blank to the islands for six centuries or until the arrival of the English circumnavigator in 1778.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with Cook, but it is interesting to know that among his officers was

the midshipman, George Vancouver, whose relations with the islands afforded, fifteen years later, such a striking contrast to those established by his superior. In the visit of 1793, Vancouver was approached by Kaeo with the reminder that he had given that chief a lock of his hair when with Cook in 1778, and subsequent conversation showed that the Hawaiian had been mindful of the Englishman's friendship all through those fifteen years. It is a good example of the manner in which Vancouver, from the first, won the hearts of the natives.

Cook, on the contrary, in proportion as the simple-minded people loaded him with their hospitality, became "exacting, dictatorial and greedy," and when at last the veil of divinity was torn away from him, and men knew him as a man, they did not consider it wrong to slay him. "He is not a god! He groans!" they cried, as he sank to the earth under his first wound; and then, without any hesitation, they killed him.

Judge Fornander, the learned historian of the islands, sums up the results of this visit in the following words:

"He came as a god, and in the untutored minds of the natives was worshipped as such; but his death dispelled the illusion; and by those whom he might have so largely benefited he is only remembered for the quantity of iron that for the first time was so abundantly scattered over the country, and for the introduction of a previously unknown and terrible disease."

"The ships," says the late King Kalakaua, "finally sailed northward, ... leaving behind them a train of evils which a full century of time has failed to eradicate."

From the departure of Cook, the arrival of foreign ships became more and more frequent. The *King George* and the *Queen Charlotte* arrived in 1786; the French explorer, La Perouse, anchored off Lahaina in the same year, and in 1787 arrived Capt. Meares in the *Nootka*, and Capt. Douglas in the *Iphigenia*. This visit is important, because it was on the *Nootka* that Kaiana, "the last of the Hawaiian knights,"—a brave chief six and a half feet high, whom we shall meet with again,—took a passage to China, and returned the next year in the *Iphigenia*, bringing with him a large quantity of muskets, powder, and lead, which materially helped to decide the result of the inter-insular wars.

In 1789, the American vessel *Eleanor*, under Capt. Metcalf, with its tender, the *Fair America*, anchored off Maui, and was the cause of a terrible tragedy. Metcalf seems to have been a harsh man, and liberal in his use of the rope's end, and either for this or with that lust for *iron* which possessed the natives at this time, a plan was formed by a chief, Kaopuiki, to seize the ship's boat and break it up for the sake of the metal fastenings. This was carried out, and a sailor, asleep in the boat, was killed. In retaliation for this outrage, Metcalf, some days after, taking advantage of a large gathering of canoes about the ships, full of unsuspicious natives eager to trade, fired into the fleet and sunk many of the canoes. A hundred natives were killed outright, and hundreds more were wounded or fell a prey to the sharks.

It was not surprising that after this there should be further bloodshed. A few days later the natives succeeded in capturing the tender, and putting all the crew, including Metcalf's son, to death, with the exception of the mate, Isaac Davis, who was spared, from some sudden impulse of compassion. On the same day, the boatswain of the *Eleanor*, John Young, was captured by Kamehameha, and these two captive white men, soon becoming reconciled to their lot and marrying high chiefesses, were destined to become important instruments in the hands of Kamehameha for the conquest of the group, and consolidation of the kingdom. They taught the natives gunnery, handled the cannon for Kamehameha in battle, ad-

vised him in his councils, and the granddaughter of John Young was no less a personage that the lamented Queen Emma, widow of Kamehameha IV.

It is necessary so far to prepare the way for the arrival of Vancouver, in order that the political situation which he found may be understood.

The great Kamehameha, the "Napoleon of the Pacific," was just commencing his victorious career by subduing the rival chiefs on the Island of Hawaii. The chiefs everywhere were feeling the influence of the white man, and it had become quite the fashion for each high chief to have a white man as his adviser, even if kidnapping had to be resorted to to obtain one. The white men thus obtained were not, in general, first-class specimens of their race, being mostly runaway sailors, but they became very serviceable as interpreters and gunners. The people, also, were getting covetous of some of the blessings of civilization, especially of firearms, ammunition, and iron, Iron, since there are no metals in the islands, had been entirely unknown previous to the coming of the white man, though one of the finest legends of the group speaks of an *Iron Knife*, of magic power, supposed to have been brought from Japan. The weapons of the Hawaiian a hundred years ago consisted of a war club, a wooden dagger, a shark's teeth knife, used to cut the throat of the wounded in battle, a flint-edged knife, a stone battle-axe, a wooden javelin, six to eight feet long, and a wooden spear, tipped with bone, sixteen to twenty feet long. Bows and arrows were only used to shoot rats and mice—never in war.

So far, no teachers of religion had come, but the missionaries of vice had been so numerous and so potent that the depopulation, which has been so terrible since, had already set in. Capt. Cook estimated the population at 400,000, and, though this is probably above the mark, there are many reasons for believing it was not a great way out. Vancouver, on his second visit, was much impressed at the terrible diminution going on through disease, and we, one hundred years later, have to mourn the approaching extinction of the race.

In 1832, the first accurate census was taken, and showed 130,000 natives existing. The last census shows that barely 35,000 remain.

It was in a time of transition, then, that Vancouver, who had been sent by the British Government to receive the cession of the Nootka Sound from the Spanish, and to survey the Northwest coast, arrived off Hawaii. He had under his command the *Discovery* and the armed tender *Chatham*, and they reached the Kona coast of Hawaii on March 2nd, 1792.

Kamehameha was at that time engaged on the other side of the islands, dividing up his father Keoua's dominions among his followers, and laying the train which resulted in his becoming sole sovereign of the eight islands from Niihau to Hawaii.

Kaiana, however, the chief who had sailed to Canton with Captain Meares and returned on the *Iphigenia*, was present, and visited the ships with the request, couched in about all the English he knew, for guns and powder. But Vancouver, wiser than his predecessors, though he distributed to the chiefs large quantities of orange trees, grape vines, and garden seeds, absolutely refused to give them firearms. "The ship," he said, with true insight into the native mind, "belonged to King George, and King George had laid a tabu upon all the arms and ammunition." It was this refusal, more than anything else, which connected itself in the native mind with the first visit of Vancouver. They could not understand his motive, and treated him, in consequence, with some coolness. Kaiana seems to have made good use of Kamehameha's absence to impress Vancouver with his own importance, but as yet there was no actual disloyalty.

The English ships, leaving Hawaii, reached Waikiki in Oahu on March 7th, and there learned for the first time the fears entertained by the island chiefs of the intentions of Kamehameha. The two great Oahu chiefs, Kahekili and Kaeo, were, he learned, in Maui, preparing to resist the threatened invasion from Hawaii.

One is tempted here to desert for awhile the fortunes of Vancouver, as he lies under the shelter of Diamond Head, and the beautiful coral beach of Waikiki fringed with cocoanut trees, in order to watch the deadly game going on in Maui. Nearly twenty years before, the same foes had met in the same place (though in 1775 Kamehameha was only an unknown warrior in the army of Kalaniopuu), and one of the most sanguinary conflicts in Hawaiian history was the result. The flower of Kalaniopuu's army, the famous *Alapa* brigade, 800 strong, each man of noble blood and heroic stature, marched shoulder to shoulder with plumed helmets and feather cloaks gleaming in the sun, to meet Kahekili. Only two of the brigade escaped to tell their tale. Only one prisoner was taken, and he died of his wounds before he could be sacrificed at the temple of the gods. From that day Kamehameha had been meditating a reversal of the scale of battle, and his time was now come.

But we must keep to our subject, and, leaving the hostile clans gathering for battle, follow the keels of Vancouver from Oahu to Waiamea in Kauai. They stayed here one week, and, during the stay, were visited by the young Prince Kawmualii, the son of Kaeo, attended by thirty men armed with iron daggers, with thirteen muskets tied up in three bundles, and calabashes full of ammunition. It was here that Vancouver was especially struck with the alarming depopulation which had been going on, and also by the insatiable desire of the natives for firearms. It is greatly to his credit that, so far as we know, he is neither to be blamed for contributing to the former evil, nor pandering to the latter.

Shortly after the *Discovery* and the *Chatham* departed, a deplorable event occurred which had a marked influence upon the future history of the archipelago.

On May 7th, 1792, the *Dædalus*, Vancouver's store-ship, arrived at the islands, and anchored off Waiamea, Oahu. While lying off this roadstead, a boat's crew was sent ashore, accompanied by Lieut. Hergest and Mr. Gooch, to procure water. Such, however, had become the desire of the natives for iron and weapons to use in their own internecine feuds, that before the watering party could return, an affray took place, in which Lieut. Hergest and Mr. Gooch lost their lives. "It was a tragedy," says Fornander, "which, although entirely unprovoked by the foreigners, has not received a moiety of the sympathy and comments from the civilized world which have shed such a halo over the memory of Cook." The natives freely admit that they were in this case in the wrong, and fully accepted the justice of the punishment subsequently inflicted by Vancouver.

It was on February, 14th, 1793, that the *Discovery* was once more sighted, this time off the coast of Kawaiahae, in Hawaii. Here he landed, not guns, but a bull and cow, the first of the kind which the natives had seen. It is probable from the fact that the Hawaiian word for *goat* is *Kao* (pronounced *cow*), that they had mistaken the one for the other. The present was designed for Kamehameha, who now appears for the first time before Vancouver. We can imagine with what interest the English sailor would look upon the renowned chieftain, the silent, taciturn man of gigantic mould, with face deeply furrowed, and features rough and irregular, indicative at once of self-reliance, fearless courage, and unchanging tenacity of purpose. Born in 1740, at Kohala, with the howling of the winds and the din of warlike

preparations the first sounds to greet his entrance into the world, stolen the same night from his mother's side, he had begun a rough life early; but fortune was now beginning to smile upon him. The volcano goddess Pele overwhelmed his enemies with fire and smoke; the war-god of Liloa, Kaili, led his conquering host; the magic conch shell, Kihapu, made his clarion voice heard ten miles away; the inspired bard, Keaulumoku, predicted his triumphs; the high priest, Hewahewa, was his mediator with the gods; and the muskets and cannon of the white men were enlisted in his cause.

Well then might he proudly step, in his cloak of yellow *oo* feathers and his feather helmet, upon the deck of the white king's ship. With him was his favorite wife, Kaahumanu, who for a time played Guinevere to the Lancelot of Kaiana,—the beautiful daughter of Keeaumoku, born with a yellow feather in her hand, married to Kamehameha at seventeen, and destined after his death to command a fleet of canoes in war. Her flirtations with Kaiana made the king very jealous, and though Vancouver's good offices at a later period brought about a reconciliation, yet complete trust between the two warriors never followed, and at last Kaiana revolted and opposed his old comrade in Oahu. He was shot by John Young with a cannon ball, in the famous battle of Nuuanu Pali.

Vancouver also received a state visit from Kamehameha at Kealakekua Bay, the scene of Capt. Cook's murder, when the king came off in his royal robes, attended by all the retinue of Kahili-bearers, spittoon-bearers, and the rest, with four large double canoes. He presented Vancouver with four feather-helmets, ninety swine, and a large quantity of fruit and vegetables. Not to be out-done, the English commander gave in return five cows and three sheep. On the 4th of March, Kamehameha gave a grand entertainment, in the form of a sham-fight between 150 of his warriors. He himself took part in it, and showed himself dexterous above all the rest in the spear exercise, catching the weapons of his opponents in mid-air, and flinging them back, as was his wont in battle. Vancouver added to the *fête* a grand display of fireworks, and the two separated from one another firm friends.

But Vancouver desired, if possible, to make peace between Kamehameha and the chiefs of the leeward Islands, and so prevent what seemed to be a bloody and devastating war. To this end, after having secured the friendship of the *alii* of Hawaii, he sailed for Maui, arrived at Lahaina, March 7th, and was visited almost immediately by Kahekili and Kamohomoho. With these two he had now two important pieces of business to discuss, the first of which was the punishment of the murderers in the *Dædalus* affair. He soon convinced himself that the chiefs were not concerned in the affray, and Kahekili informed him that three men had already been executed for the crime, while Kamohomoho expressed his willingness to accompany Vancouver to Oahu to secure and punish the others.

The second object he had was to put a stop to the war, and, after discussing terms of peace, the chiefs proposed to send Kaeo with Vancouver to Hawaii, to negotiate a treaty with Kamehameha. There was not, however, time for this, so Vancouver wrote a letter to John Young, who was with Kamehameha, explaining the terms desired, and this was sent off by one of the chiefs. But the message was never delivered, as the chief was attacked, and had to flee for his life. So far as we can gather, Kamehameha never intended to allow himself to accede to terms. He was ready to say "*pela-paha*," "perhaps," to those who approached him, but he was too obstinate to change his own purpose, and too wily to divulge it without necessity.

So for the present Vancouver had to content himself with a present of goats to the chiefs, and an exhibition

of fireworks, and then set sail for Oahu to complete his notice of the *Dædalus* affray.

He arrived at Waikiki on March 20th, and soon a canoe put off to him with three prisoners, and witnesses to certify that these were guilty of the murder. They were shot, but afterwards, on the confession of the witnesses, they turned out to be innocent after all, although guilty of violation of the native tabu. However, the assertions of the witnesses were so emphatic, and their own denial of any knowledge of the whole affair so manifestly untrue, that Vancouver can hardly be blamed for any miscarriage of justice which ensued.

More unfortunate seemed the complete failure of Vancouver's negotiations to secure peace between Kamehameha and the Maui chiefs, but this misfortune was only a seeming one, for it led to the subjugation of the whole group by the Hawaiian King, and the consolidation of the government in a kingdom which has endured for just a century. This was surely better than the impoverishing of the group by continual and destructive inter-island wars.

Vancouver himself must have felt this, for on his way from Oahu to Kauai, he met a great fleet of canoes, which had just been engaged in a revolt in the northern island, and were carrying the news and prisoners to Kaeo. One of these canoes was 61½ feet long, made of a single pine tree which had drifted from the American coast, and beautifully carved. It contained the leg-bones, with the flesh still adhering, of two chiefs who had been recently killed. Vancouver anchored off Waiamea, and there, in accordance with his usual philanthropic spirit, landed two girls belonging to Niihau, who had been carried off by an English vessel the year before, and whom he had found deserted in America. He took the greatest possible trouble to provide them with suitable protection and lands, and then, having fulfilled, so far as was possible, the objects of his visit, he sailed away to the North-west coast, thus bringing his second visit to a close.

The third visit took place in the following year. On January 9th, 1794, the English ships arrived off Hilo, where Kamehameha was then residing. Such was the friendship existing between the king and Vancouver, that although the New Year's festival was proceeding, Kamehameha at once broke off the celebration, and took passage with the captain to Kealakekua Bay. Here they stayed six memorable weeks, during which time the English visitors were treated with the most unbounded hospitality, and received as the guests of the nation on the very beach which had drunk the blood of the murdered Cook. Vancouver, on his part, used the time well and wisely, in tutoring the noble savage in the ways of true civilization. He landed cattle and sheep, and was foreseeing enough to have a tabu put on them for ten years, so that they might have time to increase. The *tabu* was still an institution whose violation was death, and it had all the force and utility of a moral law among these children of nature. If places were tabu, it was death to enter them; if food was tabu, as certain fruits and fishes were to women, it was death to eat them; if days were tabu, no one dared stir abroad out of his house, perfect silence was enjoined even for women, the dogs were muzzled, and the fowls placed under calabashes, so that neither barking nor cackling should disturb the sacred stillness. But it would take an article by itself to give a true idea of this wonderful and complicated system of interdict.

During this stay, too, Vancouver's carpenters laid the keel of the first ship built on the Hawaiian Islands. It was begun on Feb. 1st, and was called the *Britannia*, and, although only 36 feet long, became of the greatest possible service to Kamehameha in the future.

Perhaps even more serviceable still was Vancouver's advice to the king with regard to his management of affairs, the discipline of his troops, the administration of justice, and intercourse with foreigners. The English sailor told him, too, of the true God, and the law which ought to take the place of the *tabu*, and said he would ask the King of England to send him a teacher of religion. Whether this affected Kamahameha much or not is hard to say. Probably it did, since Kamehameha, though destined never to hear the voice of a Christian missionary, said on his death-bed that, while he died in the faith of his fathers' gods, he would recommend his successor to study the new religion for himself. Vancouver also succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between Kamehameha and his erring wife Kaahumanu, with such permanent result that on the king's death in 1819, she was left regent of the kingdom.

It is difficult to crowd into a page all the good that Vancouver effected during this forty days tutelage of a king, but he concluded with a strong recommendation to Kamehameha to be guided by the advice of Davis and Young, the two white men, and an offer to remove from the islands seven other white men whose characters were not likely to do the natives any good. However, as the chiefs objected to this, it was not pressed.

Then came the great event which we mentioned at the outset. On the 21st February, 1794, a great council of chiefs met on board the *Discovery*, and decided to seek the protection of Great Britain, with a reservation that all the internal affairs of the kingdom should be managed by their own chiefs. This was accepted on all sides, and, four days later, Lieut. Paget hoisted the British flag over Hawaii, and took possession of the Islands in the name of King George. Then it was that the natives cried, "*Kanaka no Beritane.*" It is a cry which many natives would echo now.

How was it then that the cession came to nothing?

Well, Vancouver sailed away to Kauai, and having promised to return to the islands with Christian teachers and artisans, to civilize the people and put them under the protection of Great Britain, he left them, for the last time, on March 13th, 1794, for England.

The cession was never ratified by the Home Government. Vancouver had other work to do for a time, and as he died in 1798, he was unable to carry out his benevolent intentions.

Still the effort is one not to be forgotten, especially by the city of Vancouver which has taken the explorer's name, which has now her steamers running to Honolulu, and which may one day have money to spare for a statue in her streets. It was an effort which reflects undying credit upon the great English sailor who was so tender and true, so firm and so just, that no breath of slander could ever touch his name, and it illustrates once again the fact that England's mission has not been to destroy, but to save, not to devastate with disease and death the fair homes of the weaker races, but to elevate and teach them, and make them free with the freedom Englishmen themselves enjoy.

LENTEN AND EASTER OBSERVANCES.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

FROM the earliest days of the Christian Church, the two seasons of Lent and Easter have always been marked by ceremonies and observances intended to remind her members of, and to vividly bring to their attention the great lessons to be learned from the solemn events then commemorated.

But in addition to religious rites there were others of a secular nature, some of which were grotesque, some simply ridiculous, and some both pleasing and picturesque. I propose in this paper to give an account of some of these old observances, both sacred and profane.

The first day of Lent, Ash Wednesday, is, as nearly every one knows, preceded by Shrove Tuesday, and although this day is not part of the penitential season, yet, as it is its immediate forerunner, I shall probably be pardoned if I say a few words regarding its observance. Shrive is an old Saxon word, which has in course of time become corrupted into Shrove, meaning confession, hence this particular day has in the past been called "Confession Tuesday." A pre-Reformation writer speaks of it as the day "on which all the people in every parish throughout the kingdom are obliged to confess their sins to their own parish priests in their own parish churches; and that this may be done the more regularly, the great bell in every parish is to be rung at ten o'clock or sooner, that it may be heard by all." This custom of ringing the great bell in the parish church at 10 o'clock on the morning of Shrove Tuesday still obtains in some parts of England. It did so until a comparatively recent date in Coventry, that city of the "three tall spires," and very probably does so still, as we know it does in parts of Hampshire and the western counties of England. In some few of the city churches in London, the practice continued as long as the buildings themselves existed, but as they have all now been pulled down, (the church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, may be an exception), the pancake bell, as it was sometimes called, is now only a memory.

A curious custom prevailed in the towns of Kingston-upon-Thames, Twickenham, Bushey and Teddington, all near London,—that of the boys and young men of these places playing football in the public streets on the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday. In the morning several parties of boys might be observed going from house to house in the different towns, one of each group carrying a football, and soliciting gratuities from the householders. Some small amount of money was generally given at each residence, and the whole sum collected was expended on a supper which took place in the evening, on the conclusion of the afternoon's pastime. It is sad to have to add that, owing to the quantity of liquor imbibed at these suppers, work was furnished for the parish constable, in taking care of some of the merry-makers until they made their appearance before the magistrates assembled in Petty sessions.

This practice was in full force until 1815, Waterloo year, but, after that, gradually fell into desuetude, and finally ceased many years ago. Strange to say, though, it still survives in Bury, Lancashire, though many efforts have been made to obtain its extinction.

Shrove Tuesday was formerly the great holiday of English apprentices. A writer of 1675 speaks of them resorting to "the humble play of trap or

football on a holiday in Finsbury Fields."

The "fields" spoken of exist no longer; on them stand, among hundreds of other buildings, the Moorgate Street station of the Metropolitan Railway Company, also Finsbury Square, noted for the doctors' residences therein situated, and Finsbury Circus, where lawyers "most do congregate."

Before passing on to speak of Ash Wednesday ceremonials and observances, there is one more Shrove Tuesday custom that I must not omit to notice, and which continues now as it has done since the foundation of the famous school. At Westminster school—that nursery of so many of our gallant soldiers who have fought for the "meteor flag of England" in every quarter of the globe—on each Shrove Tuesday, after the mid-day meal, the clerk of the college, that is, the chief butler, appears in the great hall, and stands at the bar separating the upper from the lower school, holding a gigantic frying-pan in which reposes a pancake. Precisely as the clock strikes the hour, he throws the cake aloft, and great is the honor obtained by the boy who succeeds in catching it. Unfortunately, the common result is that the pancake is torn into infinitesimal fragments in the scramble by the boys to obtain possession of it.

Ash Wednesday derives its name from the ancient custom of the Church of blessing ashes and placing them upon the heads of penitents on that day. The priest, standing before the altar, uttered the following invocation: "Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these ashes, that whosoever shall sprinkle these ashes upon them for the redemption of their sins, they may obtain health of body and protection of soul."

The ashes were then sprinkled with holy water, three times perfumed with incense, and then placed by the priest or priests on the heads of the people in the shape of a cross, as they knelt at the altar rails. This custom is of very great antiquity, being referred to in the writings of the most ancient Fathers.

After Ash Wednesday, the next day of special observance in Lent is its fourth, or, as it is often called, Mid-Lent Sunday. This is also known in the midland counties of England as "Mothering Sunday," from the fact that, in the pre-Reformation period, families met together at the parish church, sons and daughters who were at service in distant parts of the country all going home, if possible, to worship with their parents on that day. The true meaning of the term, "mothering," as applied to this particular Sunday, has been lost; it now means simply what it expresses—that, upon that Sunday in certain of the English counties, the young people of both sexes go home to see their mothers. As Thanksgiving Day in the New England States is one specially for family gatherings, so "Mothering Sunday" in Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, and Staffordshire is the same.

The Thursday in the last week of Lent, Holy week, as it is known by the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches, is marked by many special observances. It is designated by the Roman Catholic Church, Holy Thursday; but, on this continent, though more especially so in England, it is called Maundy Thursday—the name being said to be a corruption of mandati (*dies mandati*—day of commandment), in allusion to the commandment which the Saviour gave on this day, after washing the apostles' feet, to love one another. Others suppose that the name is from *maunds*, or baskets of gifts, which Christians were in the habit of giving to each other on this day in token of mutual affection. The last conjecture, though, is by no means a likely one: the gift baskets would be far more likely to derive their name from the day, than the day from the baskets.

In commemoration of the Saviour's act, it used to be the custom in Eng-

land, on Maundy Thursday, for the King to wash the feet of as many poor people as corresponded with the years of His Majesty's life. King James II., unhappily it can not be said of blessed memory, was the last English monarch who performed this ceremony. Queen Elizabeth, when in her thirty-ninth year, did the same to thirty-nine poor people, Her Majesty being attended during the ceremony by an equal number of ladies and gentlewomen. The feet were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs; afterwards by Her Majesty's sub-almoner; lastly, by the Queen, who, first making the sign of the cross on the insteps of the feet, then kissed them. This ceremony took place at the royal palace at Greenwich.

Cardinal Wolsey also performed a similar office, in 1530, within the walls of Peterborough Abbey, towards fifty-nine poor men, and it is further related that "he gave every one of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings, and one of them had two shillings." This custom is still observed in Austria by the Emperor and Empress on Holy Thursday.

In Rome, on the morning of this day, during mass at St. Peter's, takes place what is known as "Blessing the oils." Of these sacred oils there are three kinds. The first is that used in baptism, in the consecration of churches, in the ordaining of priests, and in the crowning and anointing of monarchs. The second is that used for extreme unction, to those who are supposed to be about to depart this life. The third is the Sacred Chrism, and is composed of oil and balm of Gilead, and is used at the consecration of bishops, of patens and chalices, in confirmation, and at the blessing of bells. The act of blessing is performed by the Cardinal arch-priest, or, in his absence, by a bishop specially appointed. Besides this ceremony, and many other observances peculiar to the day, the Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests, who are all dressed in white, and wear high white caps also. Twelve of these represent the apostles, and the thirteenth typifies an angel, who, according to a legend, appeared to Pope Gregory, who filled the Papal chair from A.D. 590 to 604, whilst he was performing an act of charity to some indigent wayfarers. On the conclusion of this ceremony, a meal is served in a large room over the portico of St. Peter's, to those ecclesiastics who have had their feet washed by the Holy Father, at which meal his Holiness himself waits upon his guests.

There is yet one more Roman ceremony that may be alluded to—that which is known as the "Silencing of the Bells." In the Sistine Chapel, after the *Gloria in Excelsis* is sung on Thursday evening, no bell is allowed to sound until the same canticle is again chanted on Easter eve. So universal is the custom of silencing all bells in Rome during this period, that the sound of those used to summon people to their meals is not even heard. This practice obtains in Montreal and also in Quebec to a very great extent, and the silence of the bells during this period is accounted for by the saying that "they have gone to Rome."

In England, Maundy Thursday is especially marked by Her Majesty, who, through the Lord High Almoner, distributes to as many deserving and necessitous people as there have passed years in the Sovereign's life, what is known as Maundy Money, in silver coin, two-penny, three-penny and four-penny pieces, all especially coined for the occasion. In addition to this, an extra sum is given, in lieu of clothing, to each recipient of the Maundy money.

Good Friday has one very beautiful and impressive service, which takes places in all churches of the Roman communion, and also in many belonging to the Anglican church. We are

not aware that such a service has yet been held in Anglo-Canadian Episcopal churches, though it is by no means uncommon among those of the American Episcopal communion. The service spoken of is that known as "Tenebræ," or "Darkness." During this office a large candlestick is placed in front of the altar, bearing fourteen yellow candles, disposed in the form of a triangle, with one white candle in their centre, but surmounting them. The yellow candles represent the Apostles and women who surrounded the Cross; the tall candle signifies the Saviour.

Matins having been said, a psalm is chanted, and on its conclusion the first of the yellow candles is extinguished, then follows another chant, and a second light is darkened, and so on, until the fourteen have all ceased to burn. This typifies how all those who followed Christ to the Cross in the hour of His supreme agony "forsook Him and fled." The white light, representing Christ, then alone remains. As the *Miserere* is sung, this is carried behind the altar, and therein shrouded, so as to signify the temporary extinction of the light of Christ between His death and His resurrection. A solemn chant, the church in all but total darkness, concludes the service. Few things are more impressive, from a religious point of view, than this service. I have known of many cases of those who, going to Romish and Anglican churches during its continuance for the purpose of scoffing, remained to pray.

Among curious charities in connection with Good Friday, is the distribution in the morning, on a tombstone in St. Bartholomew's Church-yard, Smithfield, London, of twenty-four sixpences to as many poor widows, who are obliged to take the dole from off the stone which is supposed to mark the tomb of the founder of the charity. The curate of the parish usually officiates as almoner.

Easter Sunday in Romish, Anglican and Greek churches, is a day of great rejoicing, elaborate and imposing ritual, and, generally speaking, of more than usually fine music, in the performance of divine service. Many other denominations also, besides those just named, make Easter the occasion of more than usually ornate services.

There are very few who have attended the services at the Foundling chapel, in London, on Easter Sunday, and have heard the children sing the grand old Easter hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," that will ever forget it.

On Easter Monday, the boys of the Blue Coat School, Christ's Hospital, used to go in procession to Christ Church, Newgate, where, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, they listened to the special sermon preached by the chaplain to His Lordship. On Easter Tuesday there was a different programme. They then went to the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, who not only entertained them with cake and wine, but bestowed upon the Grecians, or senior scholars, a guinea, upon the monitors a half crown, and upon all the rest of the boys one shilling.

Alas, that this pretty custom should now be a thing of the past. The Blue school has departed from the City of London, and with it has gone the almost sole relic of mediæval times in the great metropolis.

CANADIAN ART SCHOOLS, ARTISTS AND ART.

BY J. A. RADFORD, O.S.A.

"It takes years to paint a really good picture." "What rubbish! what nonsense!" Yes, we agree with you, a good picture has been painted in a month; but the picture is the outcome of conscientious study, careful manipulation, brilliant conception, and a rigid observance of nature, time, place and color.

A good picture should have drawing, color, atmosphere, perspective, composition, technique, expression, sympathy, vigor, truth in values, and be permeated with consistency in surroundings, and should show the depth of heart and breadth of mind which dominates that typical trait of genius, individuality, without which none are truly great. Masterpieces are the result of that process of successive combinations of successful ideas, whereby nature converts imagination and ideality into organization, and through the painful effort produces a creation.

A great many Canadian artists fail, not because they cannot paint, but rather owing to their attempting too many things at one time. Landscape, marine views, figure, portraiture, still life, street scenes, cattle and pastorals were never painted well by the same man.

Specializing is the keynote of success, and an artist that scatters his genius invariably obtains small gain. The majority of great artists are immortalized through one special branch, and it is to the advantage of the lesser gifted ones, to select that particular branch best adapted to them.

Awards of art are not for prodigies who rent studios and exhibit gilded signs long before they show any capability to draw, leaving painting entirely out of the question. You visit such an atelier, and you are appalled at the eagerness for personal display and recognition, and the pained expression on their countenances when the great names are mentioned of men who have reached the loftiest pinnacle in the realm of art. Such aspirants imagine they should shine in the zenith of fame the moment they appear, forgetting that they are but the lesser satellites of greater men—the masters.

Students should remember that art is the most fickle of mistresses, and unless they show decided merit or capacity to learn they should stop; for the most studious, with moderate ability, will merely be placed on the list of mediocrity. Positive talent is certainly necessary to make them hold their own. Great artists are born and not made, their works, shining like fixed stars, make them safe points for guidance.

Some men paint from a monetary basis, many to amuse themselves, thinking it a jolly pastime instead of a sacred profession requiring a life of study, bitter disappointments and innumerable failures. Others deem it a means of obtaining a livelihood that suits a lazy temperament the best. The true artist paints because he loves God, nature and humanity the more, and not for the drivelling pittance doled out to him by the opulent who give, as for a charity, for works that they hoard as treasures when the artist is dead, but do not even then appreciate to their full value.

When pictures are sold by auction, or through the medium of private collections, after an artist's death, it is quite doubtful whether they are genuine—or even good copies. The only sure guarantee of a work is the purchase direct from the artist in his

studio. In reply to a remark that Corot must have been a very rapid painter, the late Paul Peel said, "There are more Corots in New York city than that artist ever painted." So, collectors and connoisseurs should purchase works from the artists themselves, thereby preventing the possibility of imposition.

The artists Kreighoff, Allan Edson, and Vogt are dead. These men gave to the world typical Canadian scenery, were particularly prolific and sold their works at very moderate prices. Yet, strange to say, it is now almost impossible to secure any of their works even at exorbitant amounts. This proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that works of art bought at the artist's own figures are good investments, even when the monetary standpoint only is taken into consideration.

Genuine notes and honest impressions direct from nature have decidedly more weight with the critics, and drawing power with the uninitiated, than all the phantasmagoria ever painted from memory by the most brilliant and versatile master! Why? Because nature's truths are the acme of originality, ever varying and unlimited, and the artist who vainly endeavors to cover these over with a thin veneer of drawing and technique, presumes too far, and shows but the underground of ignorance?

When woodland scenes are painted, they should be surrounded with the native color which belongs to every clime and country, and be infused with the unmistakable flavor of truth. Then the observer would immediately experience a mental transportation, and traverse the leaf-covered ground, redolent with the sweet fragrance of gummy cones and the delicate aroma from pine needles, where the wind so gently blows that he listens for the whisperings of the tree tops, sees the richness of the foliage, and feels the freshness of the breeze.

A coast scene in storm should express the ocean's majesty and strength, with mighty waves dashing against a rock-bound shore, sending spray into the air, that sings the grandest elegy and chants a divine dirge over the graves of the millions that have passed away and are forgot.

Or the opposite—a long stretch of sandy beach; the tide out; a boat in the distance; the coast rocks covered with flowers of the sea; the limpet gatherers, with their wicker baskets on their shoulders, brawny arms, loose hair, bare feet, and robust figures—gives even calm an indication of strength.

* * * * * * *

The artist dips his brush in Nature's wells,
And on the everlasting canvas tells
Poems of glory—
A world of dreams and imageries divine,
Each contour grace, and grandeur every line,—
An oft-told story.

These gems are dreamed away from man's cruel stare,
And painted in a garret, chill and bare;
That's where one finds,
Half starved—because the critics of the day
Care naught for them until they've passed away—
The master minds.

The man who studies the works of Nature, "with God Himself holds converse, and grows familiar day by day with His conceptions." "States fall, arts fade; but Nature does not die," and the works of the artist who approaches Nature the nearest, in all her phases of sunshine and storm, will live the longest. Many of the spasmodic eruptions of wantonness displayed on canvas suggest a want of feeling and refinement, or they are the product of diseased brains, and were intended for a time less intellectual and moral than ours. The artists who fall so low as to produce such pictures, lay aside their morality and propriety as easily as a snake sheds its skin.

Good pictures are an important source of refinement. No home can be said to be completely or judiciously furnished without them. The manners, calibre and style of a man are shown in his garden, house, pictures,

books, papers, decorations and furniture. So it is necessary that artists should create nothing that is not absolutely true, wholesome and clean. For if art is to be an educational factor, it must be carried out purely with a religious regard for the great laws of Nature, which never lies.

The artist who attempts to paint truthfully, and is fortunate enough to succeed in doing so, will at once attract notice, and enthral the admiration of the cultured and ignorant, for all phases of humanity revel in their love of truth, which is as essential to art as harmony is to music, or rhythm to poetry.

The greatest fault with many Canadian artists who have been fortunate enough (?) to travel abroad to study is that, on their return, they advertise themselves as pupils of some world-famed master. As if that would make any difference in their ability to paint!

Others have lost all the individuality they ever had, by painfully endeavoring to amalgamate schools and masters they have studied, or those whose pictures pleased them, into one harmonious and concrete whole. Such attempts can not succeed. Artists should paint as they themselves see Nature, and ignore the foolish idea that it is at all possible to ultimately reach the goal of perfection by even the most careful and subtle observations through foreign spectacles.

Artists have a grand duty to perform. They may be a fulcrum in modelling the country's patriotism, sentiment and taste. It is true that historians have described, in the minutest detail, the dress and customs of past ages; but it was left wholly to the artists of each of these ages to portray the correct pose of the figures, the folds of the drapery, the variety of costume, head dress, salutation, and the beautiful combinations of color in the textiles and decorations. In these the artist was the greatest chronicler of the time; for it is only through the medium of ocular demonstration that positive impressions are indelibly fixed upon the mind.

Art in Canada is not appreciated to the extent that her art demands? Why? It receives but meagre encouragement from the Government, and the majority of artists consequently obtain but a sorry recompence for the results of their labor. If the Government were to subsidize art as France does, Canada would be the art centre of America, as France is of Europe.

Where in the world are there handsomer women, bluer skies, richer sunsets, wider prairies, larger waterways, more fertile landscapes, more luxuriant foliage, more gorgeous autumns, or more magnificent mountain scenery than in Canada; and this was shown in the Canadian art exhibit at the World's Fair, where Canada received more prizes in proportion to the number of pictures exhibited than any other nation, and proved to the world that art in Canada was neither foreign, unborn or dead.

One of the great hindrances to the perfection of art in this country is that our artists live too much to themselves. They would surely gain by visiting each other's studios and there discussing the various impressions received from Nature.

In Canada, in common with the rest of the world, it is not so much a matter of locality or even ability, that causes one artist to be more prominent than his confreres, but social connections and the possession of the happy faculty of embracing the correct opportunity of having his most successful and important canvases hung in the right place, or at least where they are most liable to be seen and appreciated.

Many artists note the chance, but are destitute of this faculty. The artists who gain recognition in this way prostitute their genius by accepting inadequate compensation for their work.

Artists who are indefatigable in

their labor do not always achieve success ; it is left to those who steer clear of the cruel breakers of criticism, and of the hypocrisy of would-be connoisseurs.

Is Canada too young, too poor, or are her people too insufficiently educated in art to discern between the good and the bad ? The public have been frequently gulled into purchasing pictures said to be the work of foreign artists, when they are the work of local men—men whom they would rather let starve, than buy their pictures directly from them at one-tenth the money. Collectors have forced many of our best artists to foreign fields. Notable among these exiles are J. A. Fraser, Henry Sandham, J. J. Shannon, J. C. Forbes, James Weston, F. C. V. Ede, F. A. Verner and Charles Alexander.

Canada has two good art organizations—The Ontario Society of Artists,—the parent society, and the Canadian Royal Academy (founded by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise), the child which sapped the life out of the mother society. The membership of the Ontario Society of Artists is larger than that of the Royal Academy. The younger and smaller society receives Government aid of $2,000, while the older and larger society receives a paltry $500. Yet the former has no permanent gallery, and holds but one exhibition annually; while the latter has at least four exhibitions during the year, and has a gallery open to the public. Most of the members of the Royal Academy are members of the Society of Artists, and if a debatable point arises between these societies, and there is the least possible friction, it is the younger and greater society that invariably gives way to the other. It would seem that some associate members of the mother society give way with the idea that it is well to grease the wheels of the vehicle that may some day carry them into full fellowship in the Academy.

Our statistics on Art Schools are unfortunately very unreliable. In the annual reports of Ontario's Minister of Education (Hon. G. W. Ross), Toronto is referred to as paying one hundred dollars a year for rent when in reality it pays four hundred.

Brockville and St. Thomas school rents are $100 and $90 respectively, and $330 and $654.90 for salaries, and they obtain the same grant as Toronto and Hamilton, where the rent is $400, and where respectively the salary bill is $826.62 and $1,636. The gas and lighting accounts of the last two schools together make $207.98, while the schools at St. Thomas and Brockville added, make only $56.

The number of teachers and pupils in several of the schools is so incorrectly reported that it is impossible to quote with any accuracy as to fact.

The Toronto school has a greater number of pupils than Ottawa, and appears to pay considerably less for tuition.

It has frequently been said, " Teach methods of design instead of art, in young country like Canada." In reply to this it may be stated that these methods are taught in seven schools in Ontario, and in nine schools in the Province of Quebec. The Government statistics in regard to provinces will be found in the list appended.

Quebec has nearly a million and a half of souls, and grants its art schools ten thousand dollars. The Province of Ontario has 652,786 more inhabitants than the sister province, and grants art schools the meagre sum of $2,000, and this province is under a liberal (?) *régime.*

The Toronto school is in affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists, and is particularly well managed, being under a directorate and advisory board who give special inducements to art patrons who, by subscribing the sum of £2, become honorary members and have the privilege of sending one scholar to the school for a year. Those whose subscription is less, are merely entitled to be enrolled as members,

without these school privileges. The Toronto school was a dismal failure when under the control of the Government, so much so that the Government decided on handing it over to the Ontario Society of Artists. It is now a success, with a retinue of able and efficient masters.

These schools teach drawing, perspective, design, architecture, modelling, geometry, painting in oil and water color, and three of them are so far advanced, that they sketch from models.

Some of the best American magazine illustrations are by Canadians. The originality of these illustrations has been pointed out by that able art critic, Ernest Chesneau. These men have never been abroad, and know not the studios of Paris or their methods. These men are to be congratulated on their good fortune in preserving the individuality that is entirely their own.

The art students' paradise to-day is to be Belle France, because public and private galleries, libraries, churches, and the dazzling palaces of the nobility, are ever open to them. France's eminent men of letters and eminent artists vie with each other in assisting all who seek information at their hands. What a shame that Canada fails in this honorable and manly hospitality!

All civilized nations recognize the necessity of art education, because the commercial value of many manufactured articles is based upon their artistic merit. So it is a matter of vital importance that the best method of educating the people in art should be followed. If artistic wares are not found at home, purchasers will not fail to seek for them elsewhere. When Canada produces these wares up to the standard of her competitors, in finish, form and workmanship, her manufactures will be placed on an equal footing in the markets of the world with those of other nations.

That she will be able to sustain that position with characteristic persistence and dignity, there is no doubt. At present, unfortunately, the imports of artistic ware are increasing, and they will continue to do so until the art applied in the designing and manufacture of them equals that of foreign countries. "From all standpoints, ethical and economic art education is a vital need."

ART SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

City.	Pupils.	Rent.	Salaries.	Lighting
Hamilton	(a) 190	$ 400.00	$1,636.00	$118.10
St. Thomas	(b) 128	90 00	654.90	37.60
Brockville	120	100.00	330.00	18.40
Kingston	116	(c)150.00	750.00	
London	114	175.00	348.60	31.00
Toronto	(d) 105	(e)100.00	826.62	89.88
Ottawa	102	174.19	930.00	47.30

(a) Hamilton has few artists who have studios large enough for students.
(b) Doubtful attendance.
(c) This includes Heating and Lighting.
(d) This can be accounted for from the fact that many artists have open studios for pupils, thereby reducing the attendance at the school.
(e) The rent should be $400.00 instead of $100.00.

ART SCHOOLS OF QUEBEC.

Schools.	Teachers.	Attendance.
Montreal	14	(a) 339
Quebec	7	178
Levis	4	239
New Liverpool	2	89
Sorel	1	37
St. Hyacinthe	1	54
Huntingdon	2	71
Granby	2	45
Iberville	1	13
	34	1,065

RECAPITULATION.

Number of Schools in operation	9
Number of Pupils	1,065
Number of Teachers	34
Government Grant	$10,000

(a) This includes students who are taught tailoring, plumbing and shoemaking, and when these are deducted from true art students, the number of students in the Province of Quebec will be about the same as that of Ontario.

The author is indebted for the Ontario Statistics, to Hon. G. W. Ross's annual report and for those of Quebec to S. C. Stevenson, B.A., Secretary of The Councils of Arts and Manufactures for that Province.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., PH.D.

FEW questions have attracted more attention than this one: "Whether or not a man should be put to death for wilful murder." Volumes have been written upon capital punishment; endless sermons have been preached about it; lecturers have time and again engaged the attention of audiences with very varied views regarding it; and commentators have puzzled themselves for ages over the scriptural passages bearing upon the question. It might seem as if everything must have been said that could be said. In the face, however, of all this, I shall make the attempt to re-state the case, and perhaps throw some new light upon it,—at least to some.

In dealing with this subject I shall take it up under the following headings:—1. The Bible Authority; 2. The deterring influence of the death penalty; 3. The objections to the death penalty; 4. The teachings of experience; 5. The duties of the State.

1. *The Bible Authority.*—On this portion of the discussion the public is divided into two distinct camps; the orthodox, and those who reject the authority of Scripture altogether. With the latter there is no difficulty, as they do not look to the Bible for any guidance upon the affairs of life. But with the former the case is wholly different. They look to the Scriptures for light upon the duties they owe to each other and to the State. Of those who take the Bible as the revealed will of God to man, some hold that capital punishment for murder is obligatory, others regard it, not as obligatory, but as permitted, while others regard it as entirely repealed. Commentators are not agreed upon the true meaning of some of the passages in which the death penalty is mentioned. This camp is also divided, as stated above, into three factions, each of which contains eminent scholars.

Before the flood no law, nor enactment of any kind existed. No general directions were given; the punishment to be accorded the murderer had not been announced. When Cain slew Abel, the case was handled by God Himself. It is clearly seen from Cain's language that he was quite conscious of having done a great wrong, and one that would justify others in falling upon him and putting him to death. Cain had, in other words, betaken himself to a life of violence, and expected violence in return. But God did not slay Cain. On the other hand, He put a mark upon him that rendered him, in this one respect, safer than his fellow men. Cain was banished, but was protected by the stern threat of sevenfold punishment upon anyone who should slay him. In the case of Lamech (Gen. iv. 23, 24), again, it is clear that capital punishment was foregone. Lamech goes further, and claims even greater protection than Cain. He says that "if Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and seven fold." It does not follow that because Cain was not put to death, he was not punished. The short narrative clearly shows that he suffered severely for his wicked act.

Passing on to Gen. ix. 5, 6, the commencement of the real battle ground is reached. The flood had subsided; and Noah had performed his sacrifice and received a blessing. The fourth verse of this chapter is the subject of much dispute, and certainly is not yet settled. Some hold that it forbids cutting portions of meat from the living animal and eating it, as is the custom in some eastern places. On the other hand, some hold that it is a command for-

bidding the use of blood—this is an emblem of life and must be regarded as sacred. If the first view be correct, it simply forbids cruelty. If the second be true, it is a direction as to the taking of food. Delitsch holds the former view; Lange the latter.

When we come to verse 5, great difficulties at once come before us. Commentators have differed very widely on this passage. Some regard it as paving the way to the next verse. "At the hand of every beast" is more fully brought out in Ex. xxi. 28, and is to this extent predicative. "At the hand of every man's brother" is much disputed. Knobel thinks that "brother" here means the murderer, making him in a special sense the brother of the murdered man, to show how deserving he is of punishment; but many others do not take this view of it, but hold that the word brother applies to the near-of-kin to the murdered man, who was to act as the avenger.

On the sixth verse, opinions differ very widely. Some very able Hebrew scholars regard the passage, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," as an absolute command from God for all time to come, and of universal application. But against this we have the views of other able Hebrew scholars who contend that it is not a command, but a future indicative, and simply declares that if a man betakes himself to a life of violence he may expect a violent end to overtake him in turn. Here then, again, on a most vital point we do not find agreement.

Jacob lived under the guidance of this command, or prediction, as given to Noah, and before the laws had been given by Moses. If the phrase in Gen. ix. 5, "at the hand of man," be a command, and universal in its application, it would govern Jacob as one who had the care of his fellow man in his keeping, as under this verse it would be obligatory upon him to punish with death any murderer he might know of. Now in Gen. xlix. 5, 6, 7, we learn that Jacob knew that his two sons, Simeon and Levi, had committed a cruel murder. He did not, however, regard himself as coming under Gen. ix. 5. He did not place himself in the position of the avenger, as laid down in the statement, "the blood of your lives will I require at the hand of man." No, Jacob curses the anger of Simeon and Levi, but permits them to live. Levi became the head of the Order of Priesthood; and in this way was specially honored. Simeon was lost in the tribe of Judah, the best of the lot, and also in this way became honored.

In the case of Moses, who slew the Egyptian, there was no attempt made by the Hebrews to slay Moses, although the King of Egypt sought to do so. Moses escaped, and became the great leader of the Hebrews at a later period.

David, who lived under both the Noachic and Mosaic dispensations, committed an offensive murder in the way he brought about the death of Uriah. No one, however, took vengeance upon him; his blood was not shed by man. If "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" be a universal and perpetual command, does it not seem strange that David escaped, as had previously Simeon and Levi and Moses.

If the view of some commentators be correct,—that "brother" is to be regarded as the murderer, then David would be the special person at whose hands the blood of Uriah must be required. This is the view of no less a scholar than Knobel. Nor did Nathan, the prophet, who accused David of his crime, act as the avenger.

Turner, in his criticisms, states that "It is not certain that the law is positive and peremptory. Like some others, afterwards introduced into the Hebrew code, it may be merely permissive, to be followed according to the discretion of the judiciary, as Jewish commentators affirm to have been the case with the law of retaliation. (Ex. xxi. 24, 25, Lev. xxiv. 19, 20).

But if it be a positive command, its universal obligation by no means follows." Hooker, in the Oxford edition, remarks (3rd book, sec. 10): "Laws, though ordained by God, and the end for which they were ordained continuing, may, notwithstanding, cease, if, by alteration of persons or times, they be found insufficient to attain unto that end. In which respect, why may we not presume that God doth even call for such change, or alteration, as the very condition of things themselves doth make necessary."

It is impossible to give more time to this portion of the argument, but, before leaving it, I would call special attention to Matt. v. 21, 22 and 38th to end of chapter. The result arrived at is that there is no consensus of opinion among Bible scholars that the death penalty is obligatory. Many hold that it is only permissive; while others go further, and consider that, in the light of the New Testament, it has been wholly repealed, notwithstanding Rom. xiii. 4, where the sword is used, according to some, as an emblem of magisterial authority, but not for the purpose of inflicting capital punishment. One thing is quite clear, however, namely, that the Mosaic code is not so comprehensive as the Noachian law, or prediction; while the New Testament code is far in advance of the laws in the Mosaic. John Peter Lange, in speaking of the way God dealt with Cain, remarks: "In Cain this principle was first realized, in that, by the curse of God, he was excommunicated, and driven, in self-banishment, to the land of Nod. This is a proof, that in the Christian humanitarian developments, the principle may be realized in another form than through the literal, corporeal shedding of blood."

Finally, in 2 Sam., xii., 9, we read, "Thou hast killed Uriah, the Hittite," and in verse 13 of the same chapter, "The Lord hath put away the sin; thou shalt not die." This shows that the death penalty was not intended to be absolutely obligatory. If the sentence can be remitted in one case, then it can in two, and so on to all. We have seen an example in the case of Jacob's sons, where man did not impose the death penalty; and we have an example in David's case, where the Lord remitted it. What clearer proof could be asked for from the Bible than the above facts, which show that capital punishment was not to be regarded as obligatory?

2. *The deterring influence of the death penalty.*—Having disposed of the biblical side of the case as fully as space will permit, but by no means as fully as could be desired, it is now my intention to pass on to the remaining portions of the argument. Does the fear of death deter people from committing murder? I purpose showing that it does not.

(*a*) There are a certain number of murders that are committed out of hatred, from jealousy, for money, or to do away with some one who may hold some important information. These murders are calculated out before they are committed. The murderer knows the law, but sets it at defiance Indeed he makes all his arrangements with a view to his escape. If he thought he would be caught, and get even a few years in prison, he would withhold his hand. Capital punishment has no restraining influence upon this class. It is true that opinions could be cited both ways, but the great facts of experience give the answer, in the most unmistakable words, that in countries and states where there is no death penalty, wilful murders are not more frequent per population than in countries where this form of punishment is still in use.

(*b*) Then, again, there are those who kill some one in a quarrel. At the moment when the blow is struck, all fear of punishment is far from the person's mind. Many kindly persons have thus slain a fellow-man. Under the excitement of the moment, however, or under the influence of drink,

the deed is done. The fact that he may be tried and hanged does not act as a deterrent, because this probability is not in his mind at the moment when he does the deed.

(*c*) But there is the class of homicides who are insane. The most careful statistics goto show that about 40 to 50 per cent. of all murders are committed by persons who are mentally defective in some way. Many belong to the class that have been so often called morally insane. Some have peculiarly false notions, have delusions or hallucinations, that impel them to do the awful deed. They act under these delusions, under full belief that they are doing a noble act, that they are obeying the command of the Almighty, or that they are doing a real kindness to the person whose life is taken away. No fear of capital punishment is in their minds. To this class the death penalty has no terror. Here it is that the Noachian and the Mosaic laws make no provision. If these passages in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, etc., are universal and obligatory commands, so that the murderers must be put to death, no provision is made for the insane murderer. In the early period of Jewish history, there were no asylums, and possibly all that could be done with an insane person who exhibited murderous tendencies, was to put him to death. Here comes in the wisdom of what is said by Hooker—that " when the persons and the times change, God may require us to make needed changes in the laws." One thing is certain, however, the fear of death does not restrain the insane man with a murderous impulse. Prendergast, who shot Mayor Harrison, is a good example of this. He immediately gave himself up. Some have been known to commit murder in order to be hanged, as they wished to die, and yet did not like to commit suicide. To inflict capital punishment upon such wretches is like hanging the insane, instead of sending them to an asylum. They have no responsibility for their acts, nor have they any fear of punishment.

(*d*) Then comes a class of cases, where one man kills another in self-defence. This is quite justifiable. The fear of punishment does not deter this man; indeed it would be a misfortune if it did.

Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, England, states that of 167 consoled by him before their execution, 161 had seen executions. Away then with the myth that capital punishment deters! Both science and experience prove that it does not.

3. *The objections to the death penalty.*—It has been clearly shown that the fear of capital punishment does not prevent murder. It, therefore, fails from this standpoint, as one of the ways of dealing with the criminal. If the maintenance of this form of punishment does not do any good in a preventive way, is it likely to be injurious in other directions? This can be answered in the affirmative.

(*a*) One of the strongest objections to the death penalty is the one that innocent persons may be made to suffer. Under the conditions in which murders are likely to be committed, the evidence will generally be circumstantial. Direct evidence is rare in murder cases. Even in cases where persons have been seen actually killing another, frequently the plea of accidental murder is successfully resorted to, whereas all the weight of circumstances went to show that there was intent under the guise of accident. But, further, in circumstantial evidence, one or two persons, to save themselves, or some companion, may swear away the life of another person. The fear that the innocent may be made to suffer is no mere fancy. Experience has taught that the guiltless have been led to the scaffold on many an occasion. The list of those who have been hanged wrongfully is now of sufficient length to make most thinking people call a pause in the work of hanging. Can any one

not call up before his mind the spectacle of a young man who has been tried by the State, on whom the death sentence has been pronounced, on whom the executioner did his fatal work, who has been buried in the jail yard, and who all the while was quite innocent? Yet such is just what has happened, and what is bound to happen again and again. Monsieur Lucas has shown that in one year eight innocent persons were condemned to death.

Drs. Jacobi, Wey and Sherman, who were the Committee of the Medical Society of the State of New York, in 1892, make use of the following language:—"This Medical Society of the State of New York, expresses its opposition to the perpetuation of capital punishment, and its hope that means will be found to protect the community by less uncertain and less inhumane methods." The report also states, "In many cases the innocent and the anatomically sick have been subjected to capital punishment. On the other hand, dubious cases developed full-grown dementia soon after the criminal proceedings." "The knowledge of such facts influences juries, and the guilty may escape to be a danger to society."

(*b*) Another great objection to capital punishment is that the guilty often escape. The crime for which the man is under trial being murder, the punishment is death, if there be a verdict of guilty. There may be much evidence to show that the man is guilty to such an extent as to thoroughly merit some degree of punishment; but the evidence may fall very far short of justifying the jury in finding a verdict of guilty. Experience here is of great value. In countries and states where there is no death penalty, the percentage of those who receive punishment is much higher than where the death penalty is still retained. This shows that the severity of the punishment often defeats the ends of justice. True, the jury can make a recommendation to mercy; but this does not meet the case fully, and many jurymen shrink from taking part in a a death sentence unless they are satisfied that the case is a clear one. Were imprisonment substituted for capital punishment, this would no longer hold good. How often has it happened within the memory of most of us that a person on trial for murder gets off scot free, when, in the minds of nearly every one, there is good ground for the infliction of some punishment. Some may say to this that a man is either innocent or guilty. If the former, he should be acquitted; if the latter, he should be hanged. But there are persons who are guilty to a certain extent, and yet not to that extent that would enable a jury to find a verdict for wilful murder. The records of the courts furnish abundance of material upon this point. As society is now constituted, it may safely be said that the retention of capital punishment is a potent factor in defeating the ends of justice. Public thought is gradually swinging round to this belief.

(*c*) Another objection to capital punishment is the effect it has upon the public. It has been argued that the awful spectacle of witnessing the execution of a murderer deters others from committing murder. The fact is often the very reverse of this. Men have been known to go away from witnessing an execution, and forthwith commit a murder. The undue importance that is thrown around the execution of a scoundrel often raises him to a certain degree of notoriety, and makes a sort of hero of him. This is just what some types of criminals would glory in, and commit a murder to secure. Such has been the teaching of the past, especially in Denmark, that some have sought the notoriety of public execution. The effect of executions is not good for the public. There is an overwhelmingly large percentage of the community which does not require the infliction of capital punishment to restrain them from

murder. On the other hand, there are some on whom the death penalty has no influence whatever. They are criminals by nature and education. To witness an execution would only tend to evoke into activity their passions. It is quite useless to expect that executions can be made private. With the press, on the one hand, eager to furnish news to the public—and in this they may often be of service in preventing abuses—and the public, on the other hand, eager to obtain news, there is very little likelihood of much privacy in the matter of hangings. The sudden shock of an execution is greater on the public than the quiet sentence of life imprisonment; and yet almost all penologists will at once admit that the latter is a much severer punishment. Sir Robert Rawlinson says: "It is a far severer fate than sudden death, but it is not so revolting." This is the voice that we hear from the greatest students of criminology.

(*d*) Another strong objection to the custom of capital punishment is the hiring of some person, for a trifle, to perform the act. The voice of experience comes in again to show that the effect is bad. The executioner is a detested man. Who wants to associate with him? Who wants to engage him in his service? Who will trust him as the rest of the community is trusted? The tribulations of the hangman are not a few. The greatest of them all is that he comes to regard himself as an outcast from all that is refined or good in society. Why is the hangman so much despised? Just because the public generally regard the act he has performed as little better than that of the wretch he legally puts to death. A man that will hang another for five dollars is dangerously near the frame of mind that would induce him to kill a man for five dollars, if he had a proper chance. Lafayette said: "I shall persist in the demand for the abolition of the punishment of death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

4. *The Teachings of Experience.*—The statement is made by those who advocate capital punishment, that, if it were abolished, there would be an increase in the number of murders. The foundation for this opinion lies in the belief that this form of punishment has a deterrent influence on the individual. But I think this has been fully set aside already, as it has been shown that the death penalty does not exert the influence that has been so generally assigned to it. The number of murders may decrease, but this is the result of altogether other causes than the fear of capital punishment. The moral and social advance in a country; the improved position of the people as to food and comforts; the commitment of desperate characters to reformatories; the early detection and proper care of the insane,—all tend to lessen the number of murders. It is quite true that Garofalo, the distinguished Italian criminologist, thinks that this form of punishment has a restraining influence. On the other hand, Dr. Jacobi, at the meeting of the National Prison Association of the United States, said, in 1892:—"Let us have done with killing. If only one mistake were made in a hundred convictions and death sentences, society could not afford to make that mistake." It is no argument to say that the death penalty is to be found in the codes of so many nations. This sort of argument could, at one time, have been used in support of slavery. But just look at things as they have actually been in places where the trial has been made. It was abolished in Michigan in 1847; in Rhode Island in 1852; in Wisconsin in 1853. In Michigan, statistics show that, since 1847, relatively to the population, murders have decreased 57 per cent. Governor Washburn, of Wisconsin, said:—"No state can show a greater freedom from homicidal crime. With a population representing almost every nationality, statistics show that crime has actually

decreased." The Chief Justice of Rhode Island said:—"My observations fully justify me in saying that convictions for murder are far more certain now, than when death was the punishment." In Iowa the law stands that the jury can determine whether it shall be hanging or imprisonment; but in this state murders have decreased from one in 800,000 to one in 1,200,000 of the population. This discretionary power is given to juries in Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota, and yet the condition in these states is not worse than in the states which have retained capital punishment.

"Capital punishment has been partially discontinued in Prussia, Austria, Sweden and Norway, and with the most beneficial results," says General Curtis. John Bright said that "all that might be gained by hanging a man, in the way of striking fear into others, was far more than lost by the loss of reverence for human life." There have been no executions in Belgium since 1863, and the number of murders has greatly decreased. In Switzerland only two or three cantons have capital punishment. Its abolition has given good results. In Britain the tendency is strongly in the direction of abolition; and there are not now nearly as many executions to the same number of convictions as there were some years ago. Yet things are not growing worse in Britain. Rev. W. D. Morrison, who has studied the subject of crime thoroughly in Britain, says that "if the present drift of feeling continues for another generation or two, it is not at all improbable, in spite of temporary reactions, that the question of capital punishment will have solved itself." But why prove the contention any further?

It is a fact well borne out by experience, that life imprisonment properly carried on is a severer penalty than hanging, and has a more deterring influence on criminals as a class. But to be effective, it must be thorough. An imprisonment that merely retains the convict in custody, only does half its work. It only protects society for the time being, but does not fit the person to resume his liberty again. No sentence on a murderer should be for a definite period. The period ought to be left for the expert authorities to determine, according to the degree in which the criminal gives evidence of fitness for citizenship.

5. *The Duties of the State.*—The State is the sum total of the will of the people; and as such has no feelings one way or the other in this matter. The duty of the State is to do justly in all things pertaining to the weal of every citizen. Viewed from this standpoint, the State has some important functions to fulfil.

(*a*) One of the first problems the State has to solve is to allot to each offender a punishment suitable to the crime and the nature of the criminal. This latter aspect of the case must never be lost sight of. The recidivist must be treated in a very different manner from the person who for the first time commits some petty offence. The punishment should be adjusted to the person rather than the crime. This introduces a new, but thoroughly scientific basis into the discussion. An insane mother kills three children. The true punishment in this is concealment in an asylum, with kind treatment. Another person has been committed time after time for petty theft. His crime is not great; but the fact that as soon as he is liberated he steals again, proves that he is a thief by nature, a recidivist. For this man, there is no recourse but long if not perpetual, imprisonment. One man may kill another during temporary insanity, and afterwards be a good citizen; while another may be an instinctive murderer. The notion that the punishment should be fitted to the crime is a fallacy that has too long dominated over criminal jurisprudence. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge once said that "it is an iniquity to give a severe punishment for a theft that

was petty, even though it had been preceded by many thefts and convictions." What nonsense! This is the result of pure theory on the treatment of criminals. Carried into actual practice, it has led to the most disastrous consequences. This is dealing with the offence without regard to the offender. The duty of the State, and of every one having criminals under their charge, is to deal with the offender, and not the crime. Among the hardest criminals to reform are vagrants and habitual drunkards. On the other hand, among the most easily reformed are persons who have committed a serious crime under conditions that might never recur. Clearly then, the duty of the State is to fit the punishment to suit each case, and the basis for this adjustment must be the offender—not the offence.

(*b*) The next duty of the State must be the protection of life and property. Imprisonment meets these requirements amply in the case of the insane. In the management of this class, wise counsels have prevailed. The poor demented, or maniac, is no longer tortured to bring back his reason, nor burned as a witch. So, in dealing with criminals, imprisonment has to suffice in the great majority of cases. For the forger and the burglar, this plan of treatment protects both life and property. In the case of murder, where the murderer is not hanged, the same is true. He is sent into confinement. There is no need to argue this matter. The most dangerous persons to-day in concealment are those in asylums and prisons who could not be indicted of any crime that would justify the death penalty, and yet they are ever ready to take the life of an attendant. They are abnormal. They are criminal by instinct. They cannot be granted liberty; they cannot be put to death; they must be constantly watched. When concealment meets the public requirements with this class, it would meet them with any class.

(*c*) It is a plain duty of the State to keep up a high standard of the sacredness of human life. Some very able commentators hold that capital punishment was ordained for this very reason. In the revelation to Noah no distinction whatever is made. The sweeping statement is made that "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." But at this time there were no prisons nor asylums. In the Mosaic Code, we see that the death penalty was not quite so sweeping. Cities of refuge were established. A distinction was drawn between killing by intent, and killing without lying in wait. In Ex. xxi. 20,21 we see that every case of killing was not to be visited by death in turn. For my own part I agree with Hooker, and the late John Bright, that the little we gain by the execution of the murderer, we more than lose by the effect it has upon the public mind. First of all, a man is murdered; then we put the murderer to death, and to do this we must hire some one to do the work, and he in turn becomes a despised member of society. Much more could be said upon this point, but space will not permit of it.

(*d*) Then comes the greatest duty of the State; namely, to reform the fallen. Is this accomplished by the death penalty? Let the records speak. How many persons that are hanged by the neck until they are dead have made any show of real remorse! Of eighty-eight executions recorded by Dr. Corre, very few showed any degree of repentance. Out of 400 Bruce Thompson had known, three expressed regret before their execution. I have already given the experience of Rev. Mr. Roberts, that 161 out of 167 had witnessed executions. And so on, the statistics could be piled up to show that the infliction of the death penalty does not reform the criminal. How could it be expected to do so? The most thorough study of this class has shown that a very large percentage are either insane

or of abnormal mental type. With such persons, time is requisite to raise their whole social status. The few days between sentence passed and sentence executed is not likely to do this; and certainly will not in the low and depraved. If the great problem is to lead men to repentance, I fear hanging will yield poor results. "Judge not" is alike the verdict of Christianity and science. Before a true bill can be found in any given case, it is necessary to know the exact condition of every criminal as to his mental development, his past moral training and his ancestry. This requires time, and can not be accomplished in the hurry of an ordinary trial. Better far make mistakes of leniency than go on hanging wrongly. "On the whole, we may be well satisfied that capital punishment—'the shameful practice' as it has been epigrammatically styled, 'of hiring for a guinea an assassin to accomplish a sentence that the judge would not have courage to carry out himself'—is threatened with extinction in civilized countries."

So far as I am concerned, and can gather from careful study, I come to the following conclusions :—

1. That capital punishment is permissive so far as the Bible is concerned, but is not solemnly ordained therein, as held by Barth.

2. That the death penalty, judged both by science and practice, does not deter others from taking life.

3. That it is a method of dealing with the guilty that is highly objectionable.

4. That it can be safely abolished is abundantly proven by the records of countries and states that have abolished it.

5. That it is not the proper course to be pursued by the State, whose object ought to be the protection of life and property, and the reformation of the criminal, even the most degraded. Every punishment ought to be an expiatory discipline, and, as capital punishment is now conducted, it is not.

6. That "imprisonment must be a genuine punishment," or it will not act as a deterrent.

THE BROKEN CHORD.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

I.

EVENING.

"WHERE'S TOM?" inquired Mr. Brown, senior, looking up from his paper. "I haven't seen him this evening."

"I think he's in the tool house, John," responded his wife.

"Humph!" snorted her lesser-half, plunging again into the financial columns, "I suppose he's at that old violin again."

Mr. John Brown, senior partner in the firm of Brown & Co., was a short, stout man, with gray, ferret-like eyes, rubicund visage, and sandy hair, slightly shining on top, and seamed here and there with silver. He was a practical man, a grocer, with a snug little sum in the funds, and a praiseworthy ambition to add perennially thereto.

Mrs. Brown, his wife, was a meek little woman, with great, tender, brown eyes, and soft brown hair, likewise streaked here and there with silver. She was a good housewife, but not of as practical a turn as her husband, and, as long as the family were comfortable and above want, cared little whether the funds aforementioned were perennially added to or not.

Tom, their eldest born, was a bright, good-looking young fellow of two-and-twenty, just home from college. Physically, he was of the same fair type as his father, only taller, slimmer, and handsomer. Intellectually and æsthetically, he was his very converse, his mental antipodes, with a strong distaste for the shop, a lofty disregard for accumulated "bawbees," and a love for music and the violin, which promised to become the ruling passion of his life.

There was yet another member of the family, at present engaged, with eyes demurely cast down, in working a pair of worsted slippers for her brother Tom. Jessie, the only daughter, a slight, sweet, pink-and-white rosebud of nineteen, with eyes and hair like her mother's, a quiet though cheerful disposition, and a belief in and reverence for Tom, that amounted to a cult, a sort of tacit fetish worship.

It appeared strange to some interested people, who are always wondering at the peculiarities of other people, having none of their own, that the eldest hope of the house of Brown had not been named John after his father, and there were all sorts of romantic and tragic stories current as to the reason. The simple truth was, however, that Tom's father had an aversion to his own monosyllabic Christian name. It was the only thing, he declared, about the Brown's, except Tom's unhappy penchant for fiddling, and callousness to the acquisition of filthy lucre, that he did not like.

"I think it's time that boy began to think of something else besides fiddling," remarked *pater familias* presently, again lowering his paper, and permitting his ruddy visage to shine over it in the direction of his wife. "What's the use of a college training, if he's going to waste it among shavings and cat-gut! I believe you encourage him in his idleness, Maria."

"I? Why John?"

"Yes, yes. I know what you are going to say. I've heard it a hundred times before; youth and talent and inclinations and all that sort of thing. But youth and talent and inclinations 'll never make money and a position. They never did anything for me."

"Why, John," expostulated his wife again, with a quiet smile. 'Tis something unusual to hear you run yourself down so."

"Eh! What do you mean? I run myself down! I never did such a thing in my life."

"You said, just now, you never had talent or inclinations."

"Pshaw! You know what I mean well enough." And, once more, the sandy poll of the senior partner in the firm of Brown & Co., bobbed down behind the price of stocks and rise in sugars.

Meanwhile the subject of these remarks was busy in chiselling away at a sounding board in the little tool-house back of the kitchen. It had long been the ambition of Tom's young life to construct a violin of his own, and with the assistance of a friend who had had some practice in musical instrument making, backed by great mechanical ability and indubitable perseverance on his own part, he had at length succeeded in almost completing an instrument which had been pronounced by more than one connoisseur a marvel of constructive skill for an amateur who had had no practice in violin-making, and it was the pride of all the family, except the obstinate, practically-minded head of the house.

Tom whistled away softly to himself as he worked, handling the tools tenderly, as though they had been sentient things and his friends, stopping every now and then to inspect his accomplished work, fitting, measuring, calculating, and all the time deeply immersed in thought.

There are some natures that can think concurrently along dual or treble lines. Such a nature was Tom's. He whistled and planed and chiselled, and thought of many things in combination, As in his own loved music, so with his meditations. There was first the simple air, the melody of thought-life, his present work. Then there were the young aspirations of the near future, when, his present work accomplished, he should go to a first-rate master, and take real, set lessons, for hitherto he had been a mere trifler, self-taught, depending almost entirely upon his ear and fine instincts for direction. And, there was that other theme of all young, brave, generous souls, the chord of love pulsing through the life-melody and permeating it, albeit in his case, with a strange and subdued strain of pathos, unsatisfied desire, and not altogether too confident hope.

He paused, looking down at his work sadly, and ceased whistling.

There was a gentle tap at the door, and lifting the latch, Jessie stepped into the tool-house.

"Ah! Jessie. Is it you?" said her brother, at once resuming his occupation. "See here! I have almost finished the violin. One little piece more and I shall be done."

"It is beautiful," said Jessie, stepping up to his side. "I am so proud of it, and of you, dear."

He stooped and kissed her on the forehead.

"Barbara wasn't in to-night, was she?" he presently enquired.

There was an assumption of indifference in his question, that a certain little tremor of voice belied.

His sister noticed it and replied quickly: "No, but she may be here yet. It's early, only 8 o'clock."

Barbara Fisher, a near neighbor and bosom friend of Jessie, Jessie's other self and idol after her mother and Tom, was in the habit of dropping in every Tuesday and Friday evening to chat with the old people, to enjoy a confidential half-hour with Jessie, and to tease Tom, at least, so he thought and maintained.

She was a tall, regal-looking brunette, with the step of an empress, eyes like stars at midnight, and as noble and good as she was beautiful.

So everybody said with whom she came in contact. In spite of her stately beauty and queenly gait, she was modest, gentle, and unassuming, and as sympathetically kind as charity herself.

So everybody said and doubtless thought. All except Mr. Tom Brown. He, poor fellow, said nothing, but thought a good deal, and the more he thought the more he became perplexed,

and the more he became perplexed the more hopelessly did he become entangled in the snare of Miss Barbara Fisher's regal charms.

It was the chord of pathos in his harmony of life, the strange, subdued plaint that was so eloquent of unsatisfied desire and not altogether too confident hope.

For, kind as she was to others, Barbara was not always kind to him. He knew she was beautiful and good and sweet as any damask rose with the bloom of early summer on its radiant cheek—but kind!

Why did she tease him so and make mock of his advances, sometimes ardent, sometimes bashful, but always loyal and sincere? Why did she laugh at him with her eyes, when her lips were discoursing all manner of grave matter-of-fact things? Why, when her eyes were declaring as plainly as possible, "faint heart never won fair lady," and flushing all sorts of challenges and encouragements, did her lips turn traitor to her glances, and, denying their supremacy, utter contradictory badinage of light disloyalties and coquettish treasons? And, why would she persist in calling him a boy, and make sport of that most august, undeniable sign of robustious and aggressive manhood, his downy and cherished moustache?

Ah! Tom.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Love's philosophy.

Go on with thy life-harmony, thy violin, thy prospective music-lore, and thy present love-pathos. The first to-day, is thy comfort, and the last, the one detracting element in thy dream of a perfect joy; yet, who can see the end?

The unexpected is what happens in life.

Work on and wait, Tom. By-and-by the end will be shaped by that Divinity that shapes all things, rough hew them how we will.

"I shall go and see if Barbara is come," said Jessie.

"Wait a minute," said the young man with a sigh. "I shall put my work away and come, too. I feel strangely tired to-night."

II.

MORNING.

It was late summer, and the damask roses were showering their crimson petals on the garden walk just outside the door of the little tool-house in which Tom was in the habit of working.

Barbara had not paid her customary visit, after all, that Tuesday evening, nor had she been at the house since, and now it was Friday.

The work on the violin had, moreover, been interrupted. Tom had himself been away from home, and had returned late only the night before. But this morning he was about to resume his occupation, to be completed, as he thought with a feeling of elation, before noon.

It was a lovely morning. Far away across the meadows, the blue mist was yet lagging above the rippling current of the stream, that wound by banks of alder and willow, past broad lily-padded stretches to the lake beyond. As he gazed, Tom could almost see the silver, sinuous band, with the gray trout leaping up from its bosom and falling back with a little flop and eddy into the cool, pellucid flood. Nearer, the early rooks cawed in the elm tops, that, cowled in vapour, stood like Trappist monks at penance, silent and contemplative, by their meadowed shrines, while, nearer still, against the wall, the roses clustered, laden with dew, and every now and then, as the breeze toyed among their branches, showering to earth a storm of moist and fragrant petals, like rubied rain from clouds of emerald verdure.

As the young man stood in the doorway, lost in the contemplation of the beautiful prospect, and inhaling great draughts of fresh morning air, a light step approached from behind, and his

sister Jessie entered the tool-house.

"Good morning, Tom," she said. "Why you are up early."

"Yes, I wish to have a long forenoon's work. The violin is to be finished to-day, you know."

"How proud you will be when it is done. There'll be no doing anything with you."

"No. I think I shall apply off-hand for the position of first violin in some grand orchestra. Unfortunately, it is one thing to make a violin, and quite another thing to be able to play upon it well."

"I suppose you'll take lessons at once," said Jessie, plucking the thorns off a rose-bud and inserting it in the bosom of her dress.

"Yes. I wish father were not so averse to music and literature and all that. He looks upon them as mere idle luxuries, and those who love or practise them as very drones and Bohemians, useless *dilettantes* or worse. However, I shall manage to pay for the lessons out of my allowance."

"You will learn rapidly, I am sure."

"It has been the dream of my life to be a musician. One of my dreams, I mean. I love music, and I think the violin the queen of instruments. Yes, I think I shall learn rapidly. I have a good ear, a light touch, and can even now manipulate the bow tolerably well for a beginner who is entirely self-taught."

"You said *one* of your dreams," interposed the young girl. "Have you then another?"

"You know I have," returned he, gazing earnestly at her.

'Oh! that! Of course. I did not think you meant that. Dear, dear Tom, I hope you may be as successful in one as in the other."

She put her arms caressingly round him and fondled him as a mother fondles her infant.

"It is the only chord in my life that jars upon me," said he, looking tenderly down into the sweet eyes that were uplifted to his. "All else is exquisite harmony; but that, that is a discord, a chord out of tune. Who knows, a broken chord, perhaps!"

"No, no. Not that," said she, putting her fingers over his mouth. "She is as true as steel, and—only wait. I know she likes you, respects you, and admires your talent."

"Why then, does she mock me?" broke in the young man impetuously, "and laugh at me?"

"Barbara is too good hearted, too well-bred, really to laugh at any one."

"Yes, openly and outright to one's face. But her eyes laugh and make light of me. They laugh even when her lips are set and grave."

"Tom, you are a very foolish boy. Have you ever asked her whether—whether—"

"No, never in set words. But I have hinted and hinted, but whenever I thought the opportunity had come and tried to tell her—then—"

"Yes. What then?"

"Her eyes prevented me. They said to me as plainly as words, 'Don't make a fool of yourself, Tom Brown. I am too fresh and young and beautiful for you, you poor, plodding, grocer's son.'"

"Nonsense, Tom. You do her a gross injustice. It is all your own fault. You should just hear her speak of you."

"It is one thing to speak to one's sister and another to one's self," said Tom, doggedly, while something like a frown settled upon his brow.

"Never mind, dear Tom; faint heart never won fair lady. I do not know what her deepest feelings are for you. It is the only secret between us. I know she likes you and thinks a great deal of you, but she never drops a hint of anything farther. I rally her sometimes upon her admirers, but she is a strange girl in some ways, and will brook no conversation on such a topic. She invariably drops it, or turns it, and, you know, even with those she loves, she has a way—"

"A way that plainly says, 'Thus far

shalt thou go and no farther,'" completed the young man, with a bitter laugh. "Oh! Yes. I know it well."

"Don't call it a broken chord, Tom, dear," said the sweet voice, appealingly, "because it hurts me. You are too young to have broken chords in your life yet. Only wait patiently and persevere, and it will, perhaps, turn out like the violin, one day to be completed. Fancy the trouble and labor and failures you have had, and, to-day, it is all but finished."

"And if one mistress turns out a disappointment, why, there is another to make amends." He lifted the violin caressingly, and placing it in position, made as if he would have played upon it.

"There are many disappointments in life, Tom," said his sister, "and the brave man is he who meets them and lives them down. Who knows—our bitterest disappointments, like angels in disguise, may turn out to be our greatest blessings!"

III.

NOON.

"What has happened, Tom? Why are you so white?"

"Hush! Where's mother?" Tom, who stood in the doorway of the little room with his hat on, looked furtively round the apartment, and then beckened his sister into the hall.

"Jessie, I have met with an accident. I shall have to go to the doctor at once. Don't say anything to mother till I come back."

"O, Tom! What is it?" The sweet lips were quivering, and the great brown eyes were filled with tears.

"This chisel slipped just as I was putting the finishing touches to the bridge, and I have cut my hand severely, the left hand. I have bound it as well as I could, but I must have medical aid at once. There, don't cry, dear. 'Tis nothing."

The girl had obtained possession of the wounded hand, swaddled in linen, through which the blood was slowly oozing, and was patting and caressing it with both moans and tears, and terms of endearment.

"Run, Tom. Run, Tom, dear! Don't delay an instant. Oh! Do be quick. I'll say nothing to mother."

She opened the door and pushed him gently out, and stood looking after him, wringing her hands, as he strode away down the side-walk.

It was not far to the doctor's—not the family doctor—he lived several blocks away—but a stranger, who had lately settled in the same street. He was, fortunately, at home, a fresh, fair, good-looking young fellow, not unlike Tom himself, with an eye and manner that inspired confidence, and bespoke both nerve and skill.

"An ugly cut," said he, examining the wound, from which the bandages had been removed. "How did you do it?"

"With a chisel. I was finishing a violin. The wood turned in my hand, the chisel slipped, and this is the result."

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor, looking up into the face of his patient. "Do you play the violin?"

"Only a little, by ear; but I intend to study music."

"This is your left hand," said the doctor, bending low over the wounded member. "I fear the leaders are cut, at least of the little and second fingers, and I shall have to sew them."

"The—leaders?" faltered Tom

The doctor answered nothing, but busied himself with his task, which was, ere long, deftly and skilfully accomplished.

"Are you very fond of music—of the violin?" inquired the doctor at the conclusion of the operation, as Tom sat in his chair, pale, silent and thoughtful.

"Very—passionately fond of it," he replied.

"And you have made this violin yourself?" pursued the other.

"Entirely myself and I hoped to

play my first tune upon it to-night, or to-morrow, but now ——. It will be some time now, I suppose, before I shall be able to use my left hand?"

Again the young doctor was silent. He moved to the desk, which occupied one side of the little surgery, and stood for a moment fidgeting with some loose papers thereon.

Presently he turned.

"Would it be a great disappointment if you should never learn to play upon the violin?" he asked, with a strange shade of pathos in his voice, Tom thought.

"Why, what do you mean?" replied Tom, looking up curiously into the face of his interlocutor.

The young doctor was now standing full in front of him, looking down thoughtfully at him, with an expression of pathetic sympathy in his eyes that was not lost upon Tom. Laying his hand kindly on his patient's shoulder, he asked:

"Can you bear to put up with a great disappointment?"

"I—I—hope so," faltered poor Tom. "I have had disappointments before, and have outlived them," and, like a flash, his thoughts went back to the regal form and dancing eye of his divinity.

"Because," continued the doctor, slowly and kindly, "you may never be able to play upon the violin now. The leaders are cut, you see, and your little finger, at any rate, will always be stiff. You will not be able to manage the fingering."

There was utter silence in the little surgery for a space. Only the ticking of the clock, through the half-open door leading into the next room, could be heard, but it was strangely loud and distinct.

Tick, tick, tick,—the dewy morning-tide of life and hope,—it said. Tick, tick, tick—an hour has flown, the sun is high, and love is born, and hope goes forth with high ambition. Tick, tick, tick,—how golden is the glint of the sunshine on the work of life begun! Tick, tick, tick,—the first disappointment. Tick, tick, tick,—not gold but silver now, where the shadows lengthen. Tick, tick, tick,—love has gone home, for it is colder, grayer, bleaker than before, and hope is old, and ambition wasted. Tick, tick, tick,—the dusk, the dark, the outer void!

With something like a groan of anguish, Tom rose from his chair to go.

"Don't fret about it. Don't take it too much to heart," said the good-natured young doctor, as he accompanied Tom to the door. "It might have been much worse than it is, even if it should turn out as I fear. Well, my dear fellow, there is other music in life besides that of the violin."

Other music in life, other music in life, other music in life—He walked to the refrain, marching to it as it were, in the direction of home, where, in the doorway, stood Jessie, pale as Tom himself, expectant, eagerly watching.

"My darling Tom. Is it all right? Have you had it tended? What does the doctor say?"

He stood for a moment in the slanting sunlight, looking down into her beautiful eyes, even now dimmed with tears, that, spite of her, would have their way, and welled slowly up and out.

He stooped and gravely kissed them, her eyes and lips, and then straightened himself again, and looked up to the blue sky and the sunlight.

"What does the doctor say?" he repeated. "He says, dear, that there is other music in life, other music in life, and we must find it."

She knew what he meant. With a woman's quick instinct, she had already divined the danger, the possible outcome of that cruel slip.

She drew him into the hall, and putting her arms about him, laid her head on his shoulder and cried there quietly for a while. Then she dried her tears, and taking his uninjured hand in hers, led him toward the sitting-room.

"Come, dear," she said. "We will

not fret any more. There is, indeed, other music in life, and, together, we will find it."

IV.

DUSK.

The roses clustered outside, and showered their crimson petals downward. The soft, slumbrous veil of the gloaming was beginning to droop above the river bend, where the alders and willows stood by the broad lily-pads that had flaunted in the sunshine, and the gray trout had leapt and shimmered in the morning light; the sable rooks were slowly winging their homeward way towards the mist-cowled elms that did their Trappist penance at the shrines of the daisy-broidered meadows; and, against the wall, the roses sent up their silent evening orisons to the hush, the purple, and the gloaming, as in the morning they had offered their ruby chalices of dew at the altars of the virgin dawn.

The door leading from the kitchen into the little tool-house opened gently and noiselessly, and a female figure, clad in soft, gray, clinging drapery, glided into the shadow of the room, a figure tall and regal, yet with the supple grace of a woodland nymph. She stood for a moment by the threshold, as if listening, and then looked cautiously round.

Ah! yes. It was there.

Swiftly and silently in the uncertain light, that momentarily became more obscured, she glided to the bench upon which, untouched since the accident of the morning, had lain the violin.

No one had been near it. It would have broken Tom's heart to behold the idol tumbled from its throne, and as for Jessie—well, she was her brother's counterpart, his echo. It was rarely that anyone else ever came near the tool-house.

The gray figure stood with arms full-length before her, and hands clasped in front, silently regarding the violin.

Was it the embodied wraith of the instrument gazing at its own inert, forsaken shell? Was it the ghost of the music that now could never well from forth its vibrating strings to the touch of the maker, grieving over its untimely fate? Or was it the spirit of the broken chord of that maker's life-harmony, that stood, surrounded by the dusk and the rose-glamour, contemplating the unfinished cenotaph of that maker's high, ambitious hopes?

There was a sound, as of a stifled sob, strangely human, strangely woman-like, and the gray figure stooped and laid her white taper fingers tenderly on the neglected instrument, and there followed a subdued murmur of words:

"Poor boy! Poor dear fellow! What, oh! what has happened? How shall he be comforted!"

The gray dusk deepened round the gray form by the bench, while in the corners of the room the shadows loomed blackly.

Again there was a sound as of some one at the door.

The figure by the bench started and turned, and her eyes fell on another gray figure that filled the entrance, tall, erect like herself, yet indistinct in the gloaming, but with one arm, the left arm, supported by a sling.

"Jessie, is that you? What are you doing here alone in the dark?"

He had entered the room, and was approaching the bench.

"I didn't think anybody had been here before, to day," he continued, "I myself could not bear it before, in the light and the sunshine, but I thought perhaps ——"

He ended abruptly, for he had approached the figure closely now, and it was not Jessie.

"Miss—Miss—Fisher," he stammered, "I—I—beg your pardon. I did not know——"

He stopped in evident confusion.

She had taken a step forward.

"I am *Miss* Fisher to my associates in the sunshine; to my friends in

sorrow, I am simply Barbara," she said, gently.

What was there in her voice, her presence, that he had not recognized before? Why was she there at all, and now?

The roses outside flung in a sweet burst of fragrance, and as it played about the young man's brow, it seemed fraught with a message, the message he had heard outside before, that day, "there is other music in life, other music in life."

"Jessie told me of your accident, and your—your—" she could not go on.

Again came in the sweet breath of the roses.

"Oh! I am so sorry," she said, "so very sorry. I have no words to tell you how sorry I am."

What *was* that in her voice?

The music of life was being played as of yore. It was full and strong in the young man's ears—strong and as palpable to the outward sense as the perfume of the roses in the air, as the magic of the stately presence before him; but where was now the discord? That one hope of a life had become this day reduced to a minor key, and now another hope, another melody, was intermingling with the music, and making itself felt through and above the variations that wove themselves in billows of sound-feeling about his listening senses.

And there was no broken chord, but perfect harmony!

"Miss Fisher, Barbara," he began; "I would not live to-day over again for wealth untold. I think I have verily passed through the valley of the shadow, but this moment makes amends."

She had come nearer to him, and he could dimly see her eyes in the dusk lifted towards his, but in their depths, the old-time laughter had died away, and in its place was a pathos and a pity that emboldened him to go on.

"O Barbara! I have lost one love. It never can be mine now." There was a world of feeling in his voice, pathos unutterable in the dejected droop of his head. He felt a hot tear fall upon his hand. "I have lost one love. You, of all women on earth, can tell me whether I am to lose or hold another."

She had come entirely to him and was nestling by his side.

Outside, the roses showered their fragrant petals downward, the dusk deepened into the night, the cowled elms watched in the meadows by the river brink where the lilies slept; but, inside, the unfinished violin lay upon the bench before the two gray figures—its mission accomplished, its music gone out into all the spheres.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

There came a long, dull stretch of sombre days,
With murk, dank fields, and evenings sullen, dark,
When not a shiv'ring bird had heart to sing,
But crouched in silence on the maples stark.

Then morning broke, and all the pent-up flood
Of sunlight poured its sweetness on the earth;
While clear and sweet across the meadow came
The fervid note of the first robin's mirth.

Across the humid fields, through opal air,
With reminiscent thrill of memoried springs,
Came reckless sound of the first robin's song,
All wild with promises he sunward flings;

Forsaking e'en the softer Southern skies
Before the snow has left the Northern land,
He comes again, to warble the wild news
That sun, and song and spring are close at hand.

He sways upon a leafless maple spray,
And sings across the flowerless, empty fields;
Yet hope and promise prompt delirious songs,
And flowers, he knows, the steaming snow-bank shields.

In hearts that feel the dim mysterious power
That brings each swelling bud to summer leaf,
Thy singing strikes a warm, responsive thought,
That glamours the cold shade of winter's grief.

Oh, could I catch the secret of thy hope,
Small bird that carols in the tree-top bare!
Had I the heart to feel the March's murk
So pregnant of a June-day's summer glare!

In warm, pale twilight of a summer morn,
Not sweeter will you carol, nor more gay,
Though million bird-throats, throbbing in the air,
Trill myriad-noted music all the day.

And yet, flute-throated bird, a note forlorn,—
A memory of passion sways thy song;
So full of hope, yet mateless and alone,—
No answ'ring call, remote and faint and long.

Sing back the Spring, O Robin, wild and blithe,
And tremulous with old memorial tone
Thy songs bring back lost Springs, that long ago,
Into the past, like Autumn birds, have flown.

—Arthur J. Stringer.

A TALE OF GERMANY.

BY H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

It had been a hot, sultry day, and the quiet streets of the little German town had slumbered, as usual. They always slumbered, those quiet Prussian streets, except on market day, and once a year when the Fair was held, and every man, woman and child turned out in gala costume, while the pavements resounded with the clatter of wooden sabots. A few swallows flitted here and there with white breasts flashing, as at times they were upturned to be kissed by the scorching sun. The creaking pump in the courtyard had scarcely stopped its discordant screechings since early morning, for each thirsty wayfarer had paused to quench his thirst and moisten his heated brow.

The windows of one house, quainter and with more gables than the rest, were open, and the curtains rustled languidly, as they were fanned by the hot, pulsating breeze. Within sat Herr von Reichenberg, the violinist, and while his neighbors dozed, or lazily chatted over and criticised the merits of their foaming beer, which they sipped contentedly from heavy pewter mugs, he played fragments of those grand airs which had made his name famous. One moment his bow echoed a soft, dreamy chant, carrying one in fancy to some vast, dim cathedral, with its ever-burning candles, its swinging censers, and its perfumed incense wafted heavenwards—the next, it filled the room with a thousand trembling notes, as if from numberless liquid-throated songsters, only to die away like the rippling of some meadow-threading brook.

The golden lights of the afternoon had long since given way to the welcome coolness of evening, and still Herr von Reichenberg played on. Beneath his window stood a number of ragged urchins, some carrying hoops, while others simply gazed around in search of mischief—and even their dirty little faces flushed with pleasure, as they stood and listened to the sweet strains of the violin. For some reason they seemed less inclined for merriment, though they could not have told why, and were content to stand and listen —enraptured, spell-bound.

At the feet of his father within the dimly lighted room sat a little boy, fairer than most children of his age, and he, too, like his less fortunate companions, listened to the music. Tears were in his eyes.

He was a beautiful child, and as he sat in his velvet suit with its rich lace collar and cuffs, his golden curls falling around his upturned face and upon his shoulders, his head resting against his father's knee, he resembled one of Vandyke's wondrous creations.

How he longed to hold, for one moment, in his sturdy young arms, that precious violin! How often had he stood for hours gazing longingly at the shelf where lay the coveted instrument! Surely in that childish heart slumbered the latent talent of a most intense musical passion! His youthful soul certainly throbbed with the sublimest yearning for all that was harmonious, beautiful and divine!

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The bells in the village spire chimed eleven; across the star-strewn sky sailed the moon like some fairy vessel and it shone upon the bright rippling curls of a little child in Herr von Reichenberg's studio. He was standing upon a chair and his hand very nearly reached the black mahogany case, with its enshrined treasure, the violin, but not quite. The tiny figure

descended stealthily from the chair and ran quickly across the tiled floor, the little bare feet going pitter pat! pitter pat! and soon returned, struggling beneath the burden of a huge book. The victory was gained! Triumphantly he clutched the handle of the black case, and nearer the edge of the shelf came the coveted treasure. The door creaked—the little white-robed figure turned—there was a deafening crash, and a small unconscious heap lay upon the floor. The moon shone upon the waxen features and the blue eyes, dreadfully staring but seeing nothing.

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The next day the dreamy village was dreamier than ever; small groups gathered here and there told, with bated breath, again and again, that Herr von Reichenberg's child, the light of the village, the darling of many an old frau, the pet of the men, was dying.

Down the cheek of the very hardest-hearted stole hot, briny tears, while the women broke down entirely. "So young, so beautiful, and so good"—and Death was about to claim him. Little Paul von Reichenberg dying! It was too bitter, too terrible! Many were the figures that, during the day, quietly entered the cool village church, and prayed at the altar till they could pray no more, and till their hearts were well-nigh broken; and, as night drew near, the kind-faced arzt said that the child would live, but that henceforth he would be known as Paul von Reichenberg, the hunchback.

How Frau von Reichenberg prayed! How she thanked the blessed Virgin that her child was spared! And how her prayers were echoed by the thankful villagers! Yes, and many, who never bowed the knee as suppliants, in that supreme moment released the pent-up stream of their withered hearts, and gave praise with the rest.

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Many years had passed away, and it was the opening day of the great hospital—the gift of Herr Paul von Reichenberg, the world-renowned violinist—a home for all hopelessly maimed and crippled children.

The large lecture-room was crowded to the doors. Nurses glided everywhere, some wheeling chairs, from which white, pinched faces glanced piteously—a sad, unspoken appeal shining in their unnaturally bright eyes; others stooping to soothe some poor little sufferer, as the great pain made itself felt more than usual.

Suddenly there was a hush—from one of the doors issued a hunchback with gold-gray hair. In his hand was a violin. Then there was one long, loud cheer, as Herr Paul von Reichenberg stepped upon the platform. Louder rose the cheers, and still the violinist bowed and bowed again, but not until he placed his violin against his shoulder and drew his magic bow once or twice across the strings, did the cheering cease.

Air after air he played, and when his cheeks began to glow and his eyes to grow brighter with intense enthusiasm, the crowd shouted, "Long live the King! And long live good Paul von Reichenberg!"

THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT QUEBEC.

BY FAITH FENTON.

QUEBEC, in summer time, sitting high in the midst of her greyness, is a place favored by the gods.

Poets have sung of her; historians have written of her: novelists have idealized her; and artists have sat in her streets, bending over their canvas, in endeavor to transfer some small portion of her quaintness, or to catch but a feeble reflection of the unrivalled beauty of her environments.

THE ICE PALACE.

Quebec, in summer time, with all the wondrous panorama of nature unrolled about her, is a familiar theme for brush and pen; but Quebec, in winter, is rarely written about, and little known. For with the first touch of autumn and the first breath of the bleak east wind, Quebec's summer lovers, who have paced, enraptured, her broad terrace, and thronged her narrow streets, bid a hasty adieu and hie them away, leaving the city to her greyness, her silent enwrapping of snow, and her sleep. Nor come they back until once again the birds fly northward, bringing in their tiny, pulsing bodies the thrill of returning summer.

Yet Quebec, in winter, has a beauty perhaps even greater than that which robes her in summer.

Cities of the south may have water and sky, magnificent stretches of plain, and dark, outlying mountain tops; other cities may possess in some degree the summer charms of grey-walled Quebec; but none but she can stand magnificent in winter robing: none but she can wear so royally the white, glittering garments of the north.

Winter in Quebec is winter glorified, and Quebec in winter is Quebec glorified. This is of a truth. Stand on Dufferin Terrace with me,—as thousands stood during the gay carnival week in February,—and say if it is not so. Look down at the houses of Lower Town, so close to the grey rock on which we stand, that they seem to be burrowing into it for warmth. The snow has drifted from the gables, and the steep tin roofs gleam in

the sun. The narrow streets thread between the houses like bands of soft, white ribbon.

Glance beyond them to the river, crusted with white floes dropping down with the tide. See the little ferryboat splitting her brave way across to Levis docks, leaving tortuous, dark water ribbings behind her.

ST. LOUIS GATE.

Look up the river to where it sweeps and hides itself beyond Cape Diamond. Look down it past the wide mouth of the St. Charles, and on till it breaks in curving arms about low-shored Isle Orleans. All is a dazzling, moving, snowy mass, that makes the eye grow dizzy in the watching.

Turn away, and glance up at Levis heights, with crusted fields and background of snowy hills. Take in the superb, wide sweep – the whiteness, the sparkle, and the over-arching blueness of it all.

And then turn the dazzled vision cityward. See the old, grey citadel snow-crowned; the high battlement walls agleam with ice; the narrow streets snow-piled; the steep, curving hills; the stone houses and many churches fringed with shining icicles. Climb up the grey, winding wall, and look far northward to where the old, old Laurentides lift their scarred snowy tops skyward.—sentinels of a formless past, mute monuments of the days when "the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters," and commanded that chaos should cease.

It is wonderful! It is wordless! The Gray Lady of the North sits amid her whiteness, crowned Queen of Winter, and none can dispute her title.

Where should Canada's carnival be, if not in Quebec? Where should the winter revels be held save in the court of the Queen?

That we cannot hold them elsewhere, with any degree of satisfaction is assured, for there is no other city – save Winnipeg, where snow is light and scenery scant,— throughout the Dominion that can count on ice and snow, and a temperature at or below freezing point during any winter month, with a sufficient degree of surety. Quebec, in five feet of snow, with icicle-fringed walls, means Montreal powdered lightly, and Toronto — much of Ontario indeed – with no snow at all. The difference between Canadian cities in this respect is wonderful.

Yet not in climate alone does the contrast present itself. Every city in Canada possesses strongly distinctive features, and a strongly marked individual life, based upon the conditions of its founding, its climate, its surrounding country, its religious and social bias and its race problem.

To know one city, or even one province of Canada well, is not to know Canada, save as one jewel may give knowledge of the whole store-house of precious gems.

This being the case, I think that central Canadians who object to the holding of winter carnivals in Canada, on the plea that foreigners thus obtain a wrong impression of the country, are not wise in their fear.

The ignoring of any fact will not help to advance the truth. Canada is a northern country, famed for its clear, glowing, splendid, winter months, – let us tell it out bravely, proudly, feeling assured that anyone who studies the latitudes of this broad, grand land, will understand also the vast climatic differences; so that the Queen of the North – quaint, grey, Quebec, may hold her carnival – Canada's Carnival indeed, without preventing the knowledge

of Ontario's winter mildness and summer fruitfulness, Manitoba's grain and British Columbia's balmy breezes, reaching foreigners in far off lands.

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Thus it was a good and pretty thing to see the old, grey city rouse from her winter slumber and put on her gay, carnival ribbons. The grey walls and steep hills in their robe of lustrous, ice-fringed white, needed only the bright trimming of flags, and banners, evergreen arches, snow forts and cleverly carven ice-statues, to give the requisite touch of gayety. The narrow streets required only the thousands of visitors laughing happily out into the white hoariness of the air. The pleasures were

ARCH NEAR C.P.R. STATION.

all ready: for the everyday sports of Quebec in winter time make the carnival-fun of the guests.

Snow-shoeing over wide, white fields, tobogganning down steep, icy slides, skating in the great rinks on ice perfect in its smoothness, dashing in the swift, low carioles up the hills and away over the splendid roads that environ the city, canoeing across the river between the great, slow-moving ice floes—these are ordinary winter sports to the Quebec citizens: but for carnival week they were heightened into all manner of bright racings and competitions.

Quebec abounds in snowshoe clubs, and these turned out *en masse* to throng the narrow, hilly streets, their multi-colored costumes adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene. A foreigner does not realize the fitness of the gay blanket suit to its environments until he sees it in Quebec.

The soft blanket coat, with its contrasting border and monk's-hood, the knicker-bockers of chamois or cloth, the warm, woollen stockings, the yellow moccasins, and the loosely-knotted waist scarf—these in their comfort, and license of color, with Quebec hills and Quebec's wondrous whiteness for a background, form a picture whose artistic fitness is instantly recognized.

Soft, white blankets, with borders of crimson and black; blue with its border of white: dark-green, with cream, showing crimson with relief of white: and, not the least artistic—furry, black blankets bordered with gold:—these were but a few of the varieties that made Quebec's grey and white streets a rainbow of gayety during Carnival week.

The peculiarity of such costumes is that they add much to the appearance of the wearer, both in form and face. A young man in a blanket suit is nearly always handsome, while a girl of ordinary appearance is transformed into a radiant coquette thereby. The warm, thick coat gives roundness to the figure, the tasseled tuque adds piquancy to the face, and the strong, definite colors give a tone and brightness that serve but to enhance the rosy glow of the cheeks.

Quebec arranged many attractions for her guests during carnival week: but she was perhaps unaware that the sparkling dark eyes and glowing cheeks of her demoiselles formed one of the prettiest features of the gayeties. Whether in their

coquettish blanket suits they laughed adown the steep slides, or with starry eyes and powdered hair, masqueraded upon the rink, or in lustrous gowns, danced away the hours of carnival ball, or, wrapped in rich furs, drove behind the tossing tandem teams, Quebec's pretty women were the reigning divinities of the carnival.

Among the many unique features of the week's gayeties, there were a few that were distinctly Quebeckian—such as might not be seen elsewhere, even in Canada.

One of these was the canoe race across the St. Lawrence, from Levis to Quebec, —a race, not through clear water, nor yet over unbroken ice, but between great white ice floes drifting down with the tide. The distance is one mile, and from the high cliffs on either side of the river it was an easy thing to watch the race from start to finish.

Four canoes entered the race, and when the frail little boats slipped out into the narrow waterways, and darted between the great, white, moving masses, the excitement of the spectators was intense.

The drifting floes bore down upon them, until there seemed no fate for the frail bits of bark but to be crushed between the whiteness. Yet, with swift turns of the paddle, each shot down some narrow opening and gained upon the slow moving masses, and then turned once more toward the goal.

Again and again one or another of the daring little skiffs was hemmed in amid the ice, but a sudden split would make a thread like way of escape, and with inconceivable rapidity the canoetier would dart down it and come out into clear water once more.

It was a brief, daring, spirited little race, and at the close the first was last; for when the canoetier's hope was high, a large floe moved down upon him and he was compelled to flee before it, far down below the landing-place.

Another feature was the skating masque-

SNOW FORT—FORT CHATEAUQUAY.

rade. Other cities and rinks may have gay skating carnivals, but none could excel this in beauty of costumes and in fine fancy skating.

Quebec has several large rinks, and in each of these all sorts of ice contests, in hockey, curling and fancy skating, took place daily. But the Quebec rink was reserved for the especial fêtes. It is very large and well arranged, and during carnival week was a favorite resort of the many guests, who, if they cared not to skate, yet took pleasure in the splendid music and the pretty skate-dancing, which the strains of a waltz always engendered among the skaters.

On the night of the Fancy Dress Mas-

querade the great encircling galleries and lower balconies were massed with spectators eager for a glimpse at the pretty scene. The great ice floor, smooth and polished, mirrored back the gleam of the electric lights; the high rafters were hung with multi-colored flags that waved gently in the fresh breezy air. The regimental band, loaned for the occasion, changed suddenly from its operatic airs to a spirited march, and from either dressing-room, a line of pretty women with their attendant cavaliers—each in quaint, rich costume—came gliding gracefully over the ice to execute a pretty, preparatory movement, before forming for "the Lancers."

KENT GATE.

It is as natural for Quebec girls to skate, as it is for other women to walk, and their every movement was replete with grace. As the pretty intricacies of the dance pressed upon them, their eyes sparkled, their cheeks flushed rosily, their graceful forms swayed and curved until in their rich, quaint gowns they seemed the incarnation of the joyous spirits of the carnival.

Before the silver tinkle of the little bells, that made musical accompaniment to the final figures of the dance, had died away, and while yet the spectators stormed their plaudits, the band broke into a seductive valse, and out upon the ice streamed a carnival medley of skaters, queen and peasant, cavalier and clerical, wise men and clowns, the grave and the grotesque. The richness and variety of costumes and the fine grace of the skaters made this masquerade a revelation to southern visitors.

The children's masquerade, which occurred a day or two later, was equally pretty. Little Lady Marjorie Gordon and the Hon. Archie Gordon, the children of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, led the child-skaters upon the ice. They were a merry little throng, who disported themselves with all the entertaining trickery of Cox's Brownies.

The review of the troops upon the historic Plains of Abraham, and the storming and capture of the old gray citadel—that was surely a unique spectacle and one worth journeying many miles to see. These famous plains have been partly built upon during the past few years, but the battle-ground, which is Governmental land, lies yet as it lay upon that memorable September morn a hundred years ago, when Wolfe and Montcalm met on the heights and decided the fate of Canada.

The infantry were in winter accoutrements, which, in Quebec, means with snow-shoes slung upon the back, warm woollen scarfs of red and black wound about the neck, and wearing moccasins The cavalry were similarly attired, but without snowshoes. This was the dress of the regulars; the volunteers had neither snow-shoes nor scarfs.

The attacking force assembled near the old Martello towers, and, at the word of command, advanced rapidly over the white plain that stretched between the towers and the steep citadel hill. The deep, ice-crusted snow broke treacherously beneath the snowshoes, but the besieging party pressed on, protected by field guns placed upon a slight eminence near one of the Martello towers.

The citadel battery thundered and blazed at the daring invaders; the covering field-pieces gave prompt reply. The besiegers rushed on over the glittering white plain and up the steep hill, their bayonets all a-shine in the winter sunlight. They scaled the fortification wall; they captured the old, grey fort, compelling its defenders to a good-natured surrender; they rang out their cheers, and the citadel was won.

It was a magnificent tableau for the city's guests—a spectacle whose effectiveness was accentuated by the pillar upon the white plain—a laurel-crowned column, whose base bore the inscription :—

HERE DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS.

Quebec had erected many ice structures —statues and forts and walls ; but the ice fort *par excellence*—Fort *De Glace*, the gay—was constructed upon the fortification wall near the Norman turrets of St. Louis gate and at the base of Parliament Hill. It was a well-chosen spot. On one side was the Esplanade park ; on the other, the open area of Parliament Hill. St. Louis-street was below, Grand Allee above, the gateway, while the gray wall wound between. The pretty ice fort, with its turrets and loop-holes, shone a lustrous, diamond mass at noon-day—a starry radiance at night.

Because of its height, and the open area about it, the fort seemed an ever-present beauty, sending its cool flash and sparkle beyond the city and far out into Quebec environments.

The evening set apart for attacking it was a superb one for the purpose. The sky was a darkening purple, without glint of star ; a faint hoariness pervaded the atmosphere, mellowing the air to softer mood. High on the gray wall the ice fort stood—a chaste creation, all a-gleam with cool, electric light. Upon either side of it shone two little redoubts. St. Louis gate, in all the grace of its Norman art, gloomed dim beside it.

The people massed beneath ; their thousands filling up blackly the wide, white areas above and below the walls. The windows of Parliament building were thronged with favored guests, upon whom the search lights from St. Louis gate threw many an inquiry, revealing for an instant, some group of eager watchers, then dropping them again into darkness.

Presently down Citadel Road moved a great army of torch-bearers, snowshoers in their gay costumes, and the more soberly clad militia.

They wound in front of the great Parliament building, and down over the snowy incline, until a thousand gay assailants were massed below the oval gleaming fort, while the militia climbed the battlements for the defence.

A rocket whizzed its way into the dark sky, and the brilliant battle began.

Rockets and Roman candles shot upward, to break in a thousand balls above the fort ; little fiery snakes whizzed their way through the night, tossing in a shower of sparks upon its turrets. Shells burst and crackers flew ; the white fort was under heavy fire.

It was but a moment and the retaliation began. The fort was roused to its defence, and grew chameleon in its wrath, changing its gleaming whiteness to crimson and then to emerald green. How exquisite a thing it looked—a mass of opal, fiery-hearted ; again a glitter of translucent green. Bombs broke forth ; yellow fires flashed out ; fierce red globes fell from the loop holes, to break in showers above the daring assaulters.

Thunder and flash ; a play of twisting, whizzing light ; a rare kaleidoscope of color ; a storm of iridescence ; a carnival of the spirit of light !

How brilliant ; how indescribably beautiful.

The ice fort burned opal again—her glowing heart gave strength to the redoubts on either side, and they glowed, flashed their colors, and fired their shells, like the brave little outposts that they were.

But suddenly the crimson glow began to pale. The heart of the ice fort was growing faint. The fire burned faintly ; the defence grew weak, the bombs ceased, the rockets dropped. Fainter and more faint glowed the opal heart, until the last roseate tinge died out, and the ice fort stood dull and dim in the night—a desolate, defeated thing.

Then with songs, and cheering, and flaring torches, the gay besiegers mounted the battlements, silenced the little redoubts that had still kept up their firing, and taking possession of the fort, lighted it up once again, until it shone, not with the old heart of opal—for was it not a captured thing ?—but with cool electric gleaming. They sent the Union Jack fluttering to the top to wave in the dark night air ; they cheered a three times three, and the play was over.

GABLE ENDS.

MILESTONE MOODS AND MEMORIES.

THE volumes of poetry that have emanated from the pens of Heavysege, Sangster, McGee, McLachlan, McColl, Dewart, Roberts, Campbell, Frechette and others sufficiently attest that even if we are "mere colonists"—hard, work-a-day people,—there are amongst us not only some whose tastes incline them to "court the muses," but a goodly number who thoroughly appreciate literary composition of a higher grade than is afforded by the average newspaper or book English

To the trio of Macs named above we have now to welcome a fourth, and this latest accession, unlike the three Macs and others on the list, is a native Canadian.

Away down by the sea, in the island of

DONALD McCAIG.

Cape Breton, Donald McCaig was born on the 15th of May, 1832. It is almost needless to state that his parents were Scottish—his father of Highland, and his mother of Lowland (Ayrshire) lineage. When our future poet was about four

years of age, the McCaigs removed to Upper Canada, then in the far west. They settled in Hamilton for a time, but in 1840 they found their way into the veritable bush, in the southern portion of what is now the county of Wellington. Here for fifteen years young Donald remained with his parents, assisting them to hew out a home "in the forest primeval,"; but with an ardent desire to improve his educational standing he left home in 1855, during the summer session of which year he attended the Toronto Normal School. For some time after this he taught in Waterloo county, but returned to the Normal School in 1858, and succeeded in obtaining the highest grade of certificate, after which he taught in the county of Wellington until 1864. About this time he entered into partnership with his friend, Mr. McMillan, and for seven years successfully managed Rockwood Academy, an institution whose fame for a long period was more than local in the Province of Ontario. About 1871, he had the temerity to enter the lists and break a lance with no less an antagonist than John Stuart Mill. No doubt he had some trepidation as to the result, for his "Reply to Mill, on the Subjection of Women," appeared anonymously; but his fears were allayed on this score when the *Athenæum* and other high class periodicals bestowed unstinted praise on his production.

For several years subsequent to this time he acted as principal in Berlin, Galt, and Ottawa public schools, but finally gave up teaching and devoted his attention to an excellent farm, of which he had, some years previously, became proprietor, in the township of Eramosa, Wellington county. In 1886 he received the appointment of Public School Inspector for the District of Algoma, in which occupation he is at present engaged.

Although McCaig has only just blossomed as the author of a volume, it will be readily understood that he had made many Parnassian flights "long, long ago." Some of these appeared in local papers, and one of his best first saw the light in Dent's *Arcturus*. In 1885 he wrote the prize poem, "Moods of Burns," for the Toronto Caledonian Society.

The little volume bearing the alliterative title of *Milestone Moods and Memories*, from the press of Hunter, Rose & Co, contains many truly poetic gems, notably "The Tramp." already referred to as having appeared in *Arcturus*. He has no word of scorn for the homeless wanderer—he pictures him rather as an unfortunate—as the victim of circumstances too strong for a weak will to overcome, but who, nevertheless, remained intensely human as he sat

"On a stone by the wayside, half naked and cold,
And soured in the struggle for life."

Perhaps few of us have ever given any member of what Goldsmith calls the "vagrant train" credit for retrospection any more than for providence—not so our poet, who writes:—

"But he thought, while the night, and the darkness and gloom,
That gathered around him so fast,
Hid the moon and the stars in their cloud-shrouded tomb,
Of the fair, but the far distant past!
Around him a vision of beauty arose,
Unpainted, unpencill'd by art,—
His home, father, mother, sweet peace and repose,
From the sad *repertoire* of the heart!

"And brightly the visions came gliding along,
Through the warm go'den gates of the day,—
With voices of childhood, and music, and song,
Like echoes from lands far away.
And the glad ringing laughter of girlhood was there,
And one 'mong the others so dear,
That o'er his life's record, too black for despair,
Flowed the sad, sacred joy of a tear!"

In the midst of thoughts like these, the tramp dies.

"In thedark, si lent night, thus his spirit had flown,
Like the sigh of a low passing breath;
Life's bubble had burst, and another gone down
In the deep, shorcless ocean of death!"

Although the poem is a short one, consisting of only eight double verses, space is too limited to quote from it any further. As an effective piece for recitation, our language holds few things in this vein that are its superior.

The first poem in the book is called *In Memoriam*, but the title is so threadbare that one hardly expects to find much under it. This poem, however, contains some beautiful thoughts, delightfully expressed, and the poet's own experiences and aspirations are evidently the theme. The first verse strikes the key note:

"The shadows lengthen, and the sinking sun
Gilds the far mountain with a golden crest;
The autumn clouds stretch motionless and dun,
Like cold, grey ocean in the distant West.
With sixty years of life gone o'er my head,
I sit and dream of all those years have seen,—
Of the strange paths by which my steps were led,
Up to this hour, by hill and valley green,
With varying aims and hopes that erst had been."

In Memoriam is one of the longest and most pretentious poems in the book, but it seems to us to be marred by the introduction of a score or more of verses, which, though highly spirited in themselves, and well worthy of a place in the book as a distinct poem, appear to have strayed in here quite accidentally, and to hold their position by right of possession merely. We cannot forbear quoting from *In Memoriam* two or three of the best stanzas we have ever seen by way of apostrophe to Canada. The first is on page 11:

"My dear loved land! thou all in all to me
Of home or country woven through my life,
Till all its texture now is part of thee,
Chased with the flowers of joy, the scars of strife!
In younger days I longed for other climes,
In song or story, more for glory meet.
O Bonnie Doon, like far cathedral chimes,
How seemed thy song to me, the sole retreat
Of that strange sorrow of which pain is sweet!

"But now I ask no other land afar,
I know no other clime so bright as thee;
What now I am, what we together are,
I must remain, I can no other be;
For I but bear the color, sense and sound,—
The mingled woof and warp of joy and tears,—
The wrong and right of Time's unchanging round,
That stone by stone, to monument it veers,
The all we feel and suffer through the years."

And the concluding verse of the poem on page 18 is still more noble, more pathetic:

"Dear Canada, my home! my song is sung,
A poor, weak tribute which I leave with thee;
I dreamt of nobler things when life was young,
But now 'tis all, but if the time should be
When nobler bard may touch a higher strain,
Or wiser seer have brighter tale to tell,
When thou has travailed through thy birth of pain,
If thou on this in retrospection dwell,
'Tis all I ask, Dear Land, Farewell! Farewell!"

Surely this is true poetry and true patriotism, without any rant about flags, and beavers, and maple leaves!

Not a Poet is one of the choicest things things in the book. It is truly philosophy in verse. The closing lines are really beautiful:—

"But do not the wings of morning
Wait upon the darkest night?
Is there not a sun still shining
Always on the shores of light?

Judge him kindly, if he wanders
From the line so plain to thee.
What to some is truth unquestioned,
He may strangely fail to see.

You may stand where others left you;
He has on and onward trod,
Till no chart will show his bearing—
Is he farther, then, from God?"

We can only refer by name to a few of the other excellent poems in this book.

These include *The Old Sugar Camp*, *My Island Home*, *Waiting*, *Too Late*, *Love in a Cottage*, *Wayfarers*, *Questionings*, *Evening*, and *A Grandsire's Christmas*.

Mr. McCaig has made a few attempts in "lighter vein," and while all are readable, and some of them passably good, he is not successful as a humorous poet. The *Epistle to a Plagiarist* should have been omitted; *To Sandy McSnaoisean* would 'never be missed,' and while there are many good lines in *The Age of Progress*, the longest piece in the book, its value is an extremely doubtful quantity. Of *Evolution: or the New Philosophy of the Unconditioned*, nothing need be said, except that it is unworthy of the author, and this is saying a good deal.

Mechanically, the book is quite creditable to the publishers.

Taken all in all, it may be honestly said that "Milestone Moods and Memories" is a treat of no usual character to the lovers of poesy, and the author may safely enough congratulate himself on having written therein many things that his countrymen will not soon, or, at any time, willingly allow to be forgotten. Mr. McCaig, in his preface, which is as ingenuous as it is original, says: "All I have ever hoped for in my most sanguine moments has been, that when Canada has outgrown her novitiate, when she has a literature of her own, and a standing among the nations of the earth, I might be recognized as one who had, in her then long ago, seen some beauty in Nature, some grandeur in country and home, some

greatness in God, and something of heaven in the face of woman, and had, in some sort worth remembering, recorded his convictions." It is safe to say that such recognition will be freely and fully accorded to the author of *Milestone Moods and Memories.*

DAVID BOYLE.

ON MOSS PARK RINK BY NIGHT.

[It may be well to remark that Moss Park Rink, at the foot of Pembroke Street, in the very heart of Toronto, is formed of a portion of the course of a little winding stream that has been long filled up and built upon elsewhere. With its gently sloping banks dotted with trees, and pretty much as nature left them, it makes, when flooded over, in the sharp, bracing, clear-sparkling nights of a Canadian winter "cold snap," a very attractive skating rink.]

Hurrah! the Rink is a mirror of ice;
And we clamp on our Acme skates in a trice;
Then putting forth an adventurous foot,
Away like a gale of wind we shoot,
Rivalling the speed of him who bore,
As fables feign, Jove's errands of yore;
While his own wild will each skater follows
O'er the frozen stream, as in summer the swallows.
And hither, thither—left and right,
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Let poets harp on the "rolling main;"
We'll sing the jubilant crystal plain,
With its merry skaters in winter gear,
And its band of music to charm the ear.
Hurrah for the Rink with its pretty fleet!
For not half so graceful, half so neat,
Are white ships scudding before the gale,
As bonnie young lassies "under sail,"
While trimly, primly—left and right—
They curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

'Tis a scene of enchantment as wondrous quite
As ever beheld in "Arabian Night;"
A picture on ice in its frame of snow,
Of Canadian youth with health aglow;
Figures gracefully, mazily, circling around,
Swaying this way and that to the melody's sound;
While the light, tho' electric and brightly gleaming,
Is excelled by the glances from soft eyes beaming,
As spurting, flirting—left and right—
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Light holiday hearts, whence care hath flown,
Here are belles with their beaux, and some with none;
While the very stars that some mystic link
Ties up in clusters, "tip us the wink!"
Ha! ha! how the hot cheek glows and swells,
As if pricked by invisible icicles!
How the young blood courses, rushing, bounding,
As we sail our airy circles rounding!
As racing, chasing—left and right—
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

So brisk is the air to the sharpened sense,
'Twould seem, in sooth, even did we dispense
With merry maidens' laughter-knells—
Ringing with peals of fairy bells!
And briskly, merrily, to and fro,
With or against the wind we go,
Lads and lasses in couples and single,
While the nimble sandals clink and jingle,
As airily, fairily—left and right—
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

'Tis a busy scene: let us stand and gaze.
'Tis the mimic of a mightier maze;
'Tis the great world's epitome;
And here fortune is fickle too, for see—
Yonder our champion skater down,
Coming to grief and endangering his "crown;"
Others tripping, colliding, or apologizing—
While we wax cold a-philosophizing!
So laughing, chaffing—left and right—
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Bump! down we too go! an easy case.
Our skates seem not in their proper place!
And lo! how the cracks divergent fly—
Shooting stars in the fishes' sky,
That flee, no doubt, from the omen dread.
Ha! ha! belike we have cracked our head,
As well as the ice. How one's fancy grows tipsy,
And gallops waywardly, like a gypsy,
As bustling, jostling—left and right—
We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel!

WILLIAM KAY.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The usefulness of a free, public, astronomical observatory is being discussed in the cities of New York and Boston. In the former, efforts are being made to accomplish the purpose of appealing to those who have means, and are willing to expend a portion of their wealth in the furtherance of popular schemes for educating their fellows. In the latter, the Boston Scientific Society is taking the lead. A paper on the subject was read by Dr. S. C. Chandler, of Harvard. He argued that a public observatory would not only "have its value as a scientific missionary feature," but that, in competent hands, with a moderate expenditure, the public taste in this department would be appeased, and the service of astronomy could be advanced in a way which is very much needed. All that is being said for the scheme in Boston can be said for such a scheme in Toronto, the centre of the educational interests of the Province, and the seat of many schools and colleges, and two universities, none of which possess a telescope. For a small sum, comparatively speaking, a really useful observatory could be built and equipped. Such an equipment would be lasting in its value, and the perennial source of blessing not only to the students, but to the public, the larger proportion of which must be directly interested in astronomy, the most charming of sciences within its reach.

The Rev. T. E. Espin, F.R.A.S., is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has edited a new edition of Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. This book, which has been pronounced a classic, should be in the hands of every observer, to whom it is simply invaluable. Mr. Espin is issuing it in two parts; the first is devoted to the sun, planets, moon, comets and meteors, and the second to the stars. The editor has done well in inserting in the first volume (just received from Longmans, Green & Co.) two entirely new chapters, the one on celestial photography, the other on the spectroscope as applied to the telescope. both well written. The hints as to photography are already being availed of by several members of the Toronto Astronomical Society, which Mr. Espin, in his preface, thanks for having appointed a special committee to make suggestions, which were inserted by the editor when he undertook the work, which must have been a labor of love. The first volume is embellished by an excellent photograph of the late Prebendary Webb, who laid all astronomers, but especially amateurs, under a debt of lasting obligation.

It is interesting to learn that Lippmann, of Paris, is still making progress in his investigations having for their purpose the photographing of objects in their true colors. He has recently communicated a paper on the subject to The French Academy of Sciences, the contents of which have have not been made public.

Speaking of this, reminds us that a photographer has discovered that by interposing screens of green and yellow glass between the combinations of the lens in a camera, it has been found to be possible to translate the colors of Nature into correct monochrome values; with long exposures, special plates are not necessary. If the yellow be placed behind the green screen, in the proper position, the correction required is secured.

The two most interesting planets observable are Jupiter and Saturn; the former is still in excellent position; the latter is rapidly becoming better situated for study. Saturn's rings are opening out and the planet presents now an aspect much more interesting, from the general observer's standpoint, than he has for some years. Venus has become a morning-star. Mercury has just ceased to be an object easily visible in the West after sunset.

—G. E. L.

AT SUNSET.

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EMBLEMS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

BY H. SPENCER HOWELL.

MANKIND, in all ages and in nearly every land, has shown a desire to have associated with his own identity some peculiar mark or symbol as an emblem characteristic of his family, his attainments or his place of residence. These insignia—carved in stone, in ivory and in gold, painted on wood, or worked in silk and woollen fabrics—have represented almost everything in the animal and the vegetable world; yet they were not chosen in an indiscriminate manner and without meaning, but with due consideration for the appropriateness thereof, as tokens to perpetuate the remembrance of some valiant deed of arms, some special act pertaining to the welfare of the Church or State, or some other event in the history of the life of an individual person, or of a community as a nation.

The earliest chronicles give evidence of these symbols being worn and used, and the ancients were particularly careful that there should not be any misconstruction of the implied meaning, for nothing was employed that was not truly emblematic. In the second verse of the second chapter of the Book of Numbers we find that "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house." In the first Book of Kings we read of "Letters being sealed with Ahab's seal;" and seals are mentioned very often in Revelations; also the "Lion of Judah." Josephus, in his *Antiquities of the Jews*, gives a minute description of the "essen," or "oracle," composing the breast-plate of the High Priest, on which were twelve precious stones engraved with the names of the sons of Jacob. Seals were very popular in Egypt and Rome. In Britain, the ecclesiastical seal first made its appearance in the ninth century; while under the Normans sealing became a legal formality. In Scotland, it dates from the eleventh century, when Duncan II. was on the throne. In point of beauty, the seal reached its highest degree of elegance in the fourteenth century. In the fore part of the present century, letters were usually fastened with wax and protected with the impress of a seal; but the use of the adhesive envelope has, to a great extent, done away with this, while on documents of a legal nature, the simple paper wafer is sufficient to accompany the signature. (To the impecunious gentleman who has mortgaged his property, no doubt the little red disc appears as large as the great seal of William the Conqueror!)

In its signification, the "totem" of the savage differs but little from the gorgeous escutcheon above the royal seat of honor in the British House of

Lords, or the coat-of-arms of the Czar of all the Russias; it is only a matter of degree; within its empire the *feakahili* of a *Moi-alii* in the Sandwich Islands was as potent as the gilded Lion at Westminster, or the double-headed Eagle at St. Petersburg. The seal appended to the Treaty of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," between Henry VIII. and Francis I., was of solid gold, and was much admired; but it did not evoke veneration such as was inspired by the bone *palaoa* suspended from the neck of Kamehame-ha, the great Hawaiian chief who conquered the entire archipelago in 1795. In the costly beauty of the one the beholder forgot its functional value; with the other there was always the *emblematic* purport, which appealed more to the mind than to the eye. Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, says: "In a symbol there is concealment and yet revelation. Thus, in many a printed device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us, proclaimed with quite new emphasis. For it is here that Fantasy, with her mystic wonderland, plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched." The mysterious *poulou-lou*, in the islands of the north Pacific, was the signal-mark that the dread *Tabu* was in force—the failure to acknowledge which meant certain death to the offender; the sacred green banner of Mahomet heralded a war of religion—or, rather, of fanaticism; a bunch of arrows, among the Indian tribes of our country, conveyed a hostile meaning. Thus, in all lands and with men of every creed and color, have these emblems or "tokens" been the "visible embodiment of a thought, symbolical as well as real." Some of the tents of the Ojibeways rival the Egyptian obelisks in their fantastic decoration and curious characters on the long sheets of bark, and on the blankets. These cannot be called works of high art; but the red man understands the expression, and others, too, soon learn to decipher the picture-writing. M. Kohl, the traveller, tells us of a tomb, in an Indian burying ground, on which were depicted a red sun with black rays, and a semicircle (in black) representing the heavens; thus showing that to the mourner the face of all nature was darkened, even the sunlight could not dispel the shadow cast upon his heart. Truly, not all the sculpture in St. Paul's, nor in the Abbey, could more feelingly express the idea of grief.

It is in the study of heraldry that we find the significance of symbols reduced to an almost perfect science. To give a proper description of the various "charges" would take up too much space for a magazine article, though some of these which are most familiar to us may be mentioned: for instance, the escallop-shell, the emblem of the pilgrims, supposed to denote journeys across the seas; the falcon and the stag, typical of field sports; the martlet, a bird of passage; the lion and the leopard, animals which represent power or valor; the chevron, emblematic of the roof-tree, or chief support of the house; then there are the several crosses, the saltire, or cross of St. Andrew, cross of St. George, Maltese, cross *pateé*, etc. The "red hand" on the escutcheon denotes baronetcy of England or Ireland. Many of the devices on the coats-of-arms and the crests belonging to the nobility and others, have taken their derivation from actual facts in the history of the family. Take, as an example, that of the Duke of Leinster—a monkey, which reminds us of the tradition that, in the year 1261, when the fifth earl was slain in battle, the news of this calamity so terrified the household that they fled from the place; so eager were they to find refuge somewhere else, that they forgot the heir—a little baby boy; but, to their suprise, on returning, a pet ape, or monkey, was found to have carried off the youngster and

hidden him in a church steeple, from which it was difficult to induce the animal to come down, until left to take his own time. Another legend says that the monkey rescued the heir at a time when the house was on fire. The arms of Sir John Herschell were a telescope and a terrestrial sphere, indicative of their derivation. The arms and motto of the Torrance family (that of two oars, crossed, and the words : "I have saved the King!"), refer to the incident in the life of Robert Bruce, when, at a time when he was pursued by his enemies, he was rescued by two men of the above name, who rowed him across a river in their boat. The bearings of the Marquis of Lansdowne are in evidence of the arctic explorations of his celebrated ancestor, Sir William Petty. And thus it is with many other escutcheons of old families in Great Britain and in Ireland.

Still, there are instances when the crest or arms are bestowed by the Herald's College without much regard to the appropriateness thereof, so far as their armorial meaning is concerned. It is on record that a certain worthy citizen of London applied to the officials of the College to be allowed to use a crest, and, upon getting their consent, he requested that it be a clump or row of spears tied together. On being asked if this was in reference to some deed of valor performed by an ancestor, he said:—"No; but they looked so much like *the iron railing of his front fence!*" Another individual, living in the same old city, was anxious to have for his crest—a pile of cannon-balls. On enquiry as to the reason for this warlike trophy, he replied that he had just seen them as he came through the park, and thought that "they would do *as well as anything!*"

In our everyday life we see emblems on all sides; scarcely a newspaper is printed without containing cuts of various emblems, and nearly everyone knows what is meant by the sign of the "compass," the "three links," and the "deer's head;" while the "red triangle," the "three stars," and the "XXX" are commercial symbols which are supposed to become obsolete when the government evinces a desire to enforce a prohibition measure! Whenever a society, club, association, or any organization—be it of a sectarian, literary, military or commercial character—is formed, about the first thing done is to get the official sheets, note paper and envelopes stamped with a "crest" or "arms." This is a *sine qua non*; and, though the club may eventually go the way of all ephemeral things, it must not be omitted. (The arms of some of these concerns are often *supported* by the bailiff and sheriff—dexter and sinister!)

Nothing of an emblematic character has played a more conspicuous part in the history of the world than the flag; for, whether it has been as an armorial pennant of the knights-errant of the olden times, or as the national standard of later days, it has been representative of the integrity of a community, or the honor of a country. Great as have been the changes in the many costumes worn by civilized humanity, there have been no less alterations in the ensigns, or banners, belonging to the various nations. The Egyptians carried staves on which were figures of sacred animals and birds, "feather-symbols," or tablets; while the Persians bore aloft an eagle, or the image of the sun (their emblem of religion) on a lance. These staff-ornaments in barbaric lands were usually—serpents, dragons, sea monsters and wild beasts. The Romans began the system of a regular code, and this was the origin of personal, or heraldic, devices and national insignia. The Roman soldier, we are told, "swore by his ensign." The Bayeaux tapestry, descriptive of the battle of Hastings, shows many little flags of different shapes; some of these are supposed to designate the "trophies torn from the shields of the Normans," by the Saxons. The standard of William the Conqueror was

sent to him by the Pope. At the Battle of the Standard, fought between the Anglo-Normans and the Scots, August the 22nd, 1138, the Scottish ensign was—"a simple lance, with a sprig of the blooming heather wreathed round it." That of their enemies was quite remarkable in its size and construction. On a large four-wheeled car was a ship's mast, strongly fastened, surmounted with a crucifix, in the centre of which was a silver box containing the sacred sacramental wafer; below this floated the banners of the three English saints. And it was around this great banner-emblem that the battle raged the fiercest. On the flag, or pennon, of Henry V. were the red cross of St. George (next the staff), a dragon, and six or seven roses.

Our Union Jack dates back to 1801 only, in its present appearance. Prior to that time there were but two crosses :—the broad, red cross of St. George with the white edge, and the white, saltire cross of St. Andrew on the blue field ; to these were added the narrow, red cross of St. Patrick, at the time of the union with Ireland.

The name of "Union Jack" has been said to owe its derivation to James I. (*Fr. Jacque*) of England and VI. of Scotland ; but, as the *real* union of these countries did not take place until 1707, the story may well be doubted, though this double-cross banner was constituted the national flag of Great Britain by a royal proclamation dated July 28th, of the same year, —just eighty-two years after "the British Solomon," James, by the grace of God, was laid to rest in the cool shades of Westminster Abbey.

A much more plausible reason for the name is that it is derived from the *jacque*, or surcoat, worn by soldiers in olden times—notably during the wars of the Crusades. The *jacque* (jacket) had on the breast and on the back a large colored cross, so that those of the same division of the army might recognize each other. "The *croisé*" (crusader) from France wore a red cross; those from beyond the Rhine wore yellow. The cross of the Flemings (Netherlands) was green ; while those worn on the surcoats of the English were white ; but all the crusaders displayed a small red cross, of woollen fabric, on the right shoulder. At a later period it appears that the cross of St. George was recognized as emblematic of England, and the crosses of St Andrew and St. Patrick as pertaining to Scotland and to Ireland respectively. Now, in these days, it was customary to place a *jacque* above the bowsprit of a ship, so that vessels approaching each other might see the distinguishing badge ; and on ships belonging to the fleets of the British Isles the three crosses, together, formed the *jacques-unit* or "Union Jack." To this day the little pole above the bows of a British man-of-war is called the "Jack-staff."

In France the national ensign has undergone many changes. The sacred banner of the Abbey of St. Denis—called the *oriflamme*—was succeeded, in the 15th century, by the "white flag with the *fleurs-de-lis*." The Imperial standard was blue, eagle in centre, and studded with golden bees. The tri-color of the republic, the blue, white and red, is symbolic of the city of Paris (red and blue), and the army of France (white); it was first used about the time that the Bastille fell—July, 1789. The flag of three colors is, evidently, very popular; Germany has black, white and red ; Belgium has black, yellow and red; in Italy it is green, white and red ; Holland has red, white and blue, in horizontal stripes ; and Mexico, like Italy, has green, white and red.

In America, prior to the War of Independence, the devices on the flag of the Colonies were changed many times. Even the "star-spangled" banner of the United States has undergone considerable alterations since the day when the arms of the English family of Washington were first utilized as the standard of the new republic.

In nearly every land the national ensign has been altered, improved, and made a banner-emblem appropriate to the country and to the people. There is but one exception—Canada!

True, we have a flag; but who can describe it? Only those versed in the proper language of heraldry. Until the *Canadian Almanac* of the present year was issued, it was doubtful if one person in a thousand could tell what was our Canadian national flag; and, to-day, who can tell the meaning of its complicated device, even when they see it? Why? Because the arms of the Dominion (or, rather, of four of the Provinces) are a too intricate "design" to be remembered. It is not in reason to suppose that a mixed medley, a dazzling splash of color, should be expected to appeal to the national sentiment of the masses; and there is no reason why the "arms" should occupy the place of a simple, appropriate emblem, which would be known and recognized by the Canadian people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Does Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, alone, compose our Dominion? Have not the Provinces of Manitoba, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia (and the North-West Territory) the same right to be represented on the flag by their Provincial arms also? Some may affirm that the arms of five Provinces are to be seen on the flag, and—in many cases—seven are placed there; yet the authorities recognize only the four mentioned. Still, these same officials at Ottawa send out, as the proper Canadian flag, an ensign containing the arms of seven Provinces, surrounded with a wreath of oak and maple leaves, and the escutcheon surmounted with a crown! It is quite probable that, even among those who are engaged in making flags, there are a score or more ideas as to the right device on the standard; indeed, many very highly educated men and women of our country suppose that the badge is a wreath of maple leaves enclosing a beaver.

Would that they were right! But the old favorite emblem does not find place on the shield bearing the arms of the Dominion, or the flag of our beloved Canada. We have crosses, and lions, ships, and fish; we have thistles, and lily-flowers, and sprigs of maple; but no beaver! If it is right to decorate the ensign with all this fantastic conglomeration, this multifarious collection of things horticultural, zoological, piscatorial, and nautical; if it is proper to charge the mother flag with the armorial bearings of every Province, as is often done,—then should the Imperial banner of Germany comprise the arms of each kingdom, duchy, principality, and free-town within the empire; then should the Stars and Stripes be spangled with the insignia of every State in the Union! We may not be iconoclasts,—far from it, we may have the greatest respect for aught that has been hallowed by time and circumstances, and dislike (nay, dread) anything of the nature of radical change, but we may approve of those minor alterations which modify appearances, and yet go so far toward intensifying their significance.

The arms of Canada, as an escutcheon, are in their proper place; although, in deference to heraldic requirements, it would be better to have eight provinces or territories represented than the odd seven, but they should not be on the flag. It cannot be doubted that if this multiform cognizance were eliminated from our ensign, and, in place of it, the authorities would adopt some neat, appropriate symbol—as, for instance, the maple leaf and beaver, or a wreath of maple leaves—the government would be congratulated on its good sense, and Canadians would rejoice at the change. Thus we should have an emblem worthy of our country, a truly representative device, on the grandest flag that ever waved over a free and enlightened people—the British en-

sign! There is no more prosperous country on the face of the earth, to-day, than our own, and the events of the past year have proved that we are equalled by few in point of financial integrity, and excelled by none in the spirit of national progress. Nevertheless, we might take a lesson from our sister colony, Australia, in the matter of a denotative badge on the ensign of the empire. In the colony of Victoria, it is a constellation of five stars (the Southern Cross): in New South Wales, it is a red cross, on which are four stars, lion in centre; in Queensland, it is a blue Maltese cross, crown in centre; Western Australia has a black swan on a yellow disc,—all on the fly of the British ensign. These are simple and appropriate emblems, and when the colonies are federated, it is not likely that Australians will place a menagerie on their new flag.

The great powers do not blazon their standards with fantastic devices; their national banners are neat, but striking in appearance; those of Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Turkey, Austria, and that "meteor-flag" of our mother-land are easily remembered; and so, too, should be the Canadian ensign. Thus, with a truer sense of its significance, we could sing with greater fervor the praises of our national emblem:

"The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear; the Maple Leaf forever!
God save the Queen, and Heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever!"

Let us pray that, whatever indicative mark may be displayed on the fly of that flag, the Union Jack shall remain next the staff—never to depart from this Canada of ours, until the voice of Albion be stilled forever, until the English tongue be hushed throughout the world!

"With that loved flag above us, with Britain to watch o'er us,
We should never fear the future—be it famine, be it foe."

PROMPTINGS.

On this strange stage where men and women play,
When they, who linger on their half-learned lines
To look before and after, go astray,
An unseen Prompter from without reminds

The Actors of their half-forgotten parts;
And then the faltering Comedy takes life;
Out-laughs the sterner Tragedy, and starts
Anew to act the drama's ranted strife.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

GHOSTS AND "THINGS."

Being Reminiscences of Medical Student Life fifty years ago.

BY EDWARD WORTHINGTON.

SPINNING yarns before the camp fire, and in the home circle, it had often been said to me, "Well, if you could only write your stories as well as you tell them they would be rather amusing." But I was not then to be seduced into such an adventure. Now, however, that I am an invalid, and have passed the "regulation allowance" of three score years and ten—the time drags so wearily along that I have listened to the suggestion of a friend—"Why don't you write a story and send it to one of the magazines?" So here I begin with a series of short stories, which, in reality, are not stories at all, but emphatically true—in every word and incident related.

When quite a youngster I was indentured before a Notary Public to Dr James D——s, a very eminent surgeon in the ancient city of Quebec. There being no medical school in the province at the time, this was the usual custom.

The doctor lived on Mountain Hill, in a house now used as a hotel It was built when the country was under the dominion of France, and a remarkable house it was—and probably is—to this day. It was built on the slope of a steep and tortuous hill, and built apparently to last forever. The foundations had been laid at the foot of the slope, on Notre Dame-street, near the site of the historic Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and the building was carried up so as to have two stories on Notre Dame-street, and two and a basement on Mountain Hill; the house thus fronting on two streets, each having its distinct and separate entrance, one shut off completely from the other.

The first story on Notre Dame-street consisted of warehouses and wine-vaults: the second was a private residence.

The Mountain Hill side, on the contrary, was not *in trade*, it was strictly *professional*. Passing through its large drawing room you saw a splendid circular staircase which led to a glass-covered cupola, and out on a leaded roof, giving a promenade the full length and breadth of the building, and commanding a glorious view of the Citadel above, the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers below, the beautiful Island of Orleans, the Falls of Montmorenci, and the distant Laurentian Mountains, with the lovely slopes of the Beauport shores, from Ancien Lorette to Ange Gardien. Such a magnificent view to be once seen, is to be always remembered. At the foot of this circular stairway stood a huge stuffed moose, with immense horns, a trophy of the Doctor's skill as a hunter, and nearly every celebrity of the day who visited Quebec called and asked permission to see the moose,—Admiral Sir George Cockburn—it was he to whom was intrusted the charge of conveying Napoleon to St. Helena—Charles Dickens, the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles Wellesley, Lord Powerscourt, Count D'Orsay, Sir James Macdonnell, the hero of Huguemont, and others too numerous to mention. But all have now gone to the "Spirit Land." Where the moose is I do not know.

This stairway was used only in summer, when the family and their visitors wished to enjoy the grand view from the roof promenade, and

it was always a matter of surprise why the dwellers in Notre Dame-st. should have been denied this great privilege. But it was reserved for one of the ghosts of my story to discover that it had not been always *thus*. In fact, a very narrow private stairway had been made for their benefit, but this being objected to by the "upper crust," it was closed up, and in time its very existence was completely forgotten.

Before my time, the basement referred to had been used as a dissecting room, but that had been moved to the attic, and the dissecting room converted into a kitchen! Just for the sake of pleasant associations! The presiding genius of the kitchen—old Kitty—was Irish, a strict Protestant, but, when in extreme peril, not above crossing herself, and appealing to all the saints in the calendar. She slept in a cupboard-bed in the kitchen, knew what this room had formerly been, and was prepared accordingly—every mouse was to her a ghost in disguise. "Why, then, Master Edward," she would say, "not a night of me life that they don't come and sit across me legs, and dance on me chest, and then lift me up—bed and all—up—up—until, my jewel, I think they are going to shut me up intirely, when I wakes wid a scream, an' comes down wid a jump. Not for worlds—no—not for me weight in goold would I stay in this house another day, but for the Misses, the darlin!"

"Now, but Kitty, what did you have for supper?"

"What did I have for supper, is it? Just a glass of beer and a bit of bread and cheese; sorra thing else."

"Well, Kitty, don't you think it might have been the cheese?"

"Arrah then, honey, don't you think I am old enough to know the differ between *them* and cheese? The craythurs, they'd never harm one any way—God be good to them—but they've been cut up in this room, and they likes to come back to it."

I do not wish it to be supposed, for one moment, that my familiarity with Kitty is any proof that I had a "mash" on her. It used to be said in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere: "Whatever you do, keep good friends with the cook." Kitty was an old maid—she could not help that—under proper facilities she might have been a grandmother; she was old enough! But she came from the *dear owld sod*, not far from where I was born, and it was pleasant to hear her talk of owld Ireland, and its fairies, and its churches, and round towers, and blarney stones, and how St. Patrick banished the snakes from the island and drove them all into the *say?*

The family spent the summer in the country. So Kitty and I had the house to ourselves a great part of the time. I am afraid that, in spite of my friendship for Kitty, she saw a great many ghosts in those days, but she was very forgiving, and thought it was all done for her own good.

A day of retribution, however, came at last. That kind of thing is sure to come, sooner or later, upon the wicked. I saw a ghost myself, and in that very kitchen. Smoking was a luxury to be indulged in cautiously in that house. Lucifer and Congreve matches, and phosphorous bottles were unknown. Only the old tinder box, with its flint and steel, could, in the absence of a fire or a lighted candle, be relied upon to light a cigar.

One Sunday evening, knowing to a certainty that I was alone in the house, I went down to the kitchen for a light. A man sat on a chair in front of the coal stove, his feet on its hearth, his elbows on his knees and his face on his open palms. I had firmly believed the man servant to be out, but there sat some one. I passed behind him, and coming to his left side stooped down to open the stove door. He did not move. Not one foot. So I said, in my blandest tones, looking up at the same time: "Will you have the goodness to move your foot? want

to open the door." If I had had my hat on I would have taken it off; I was so awfully civil. No, he never moved. I repeated my request, without result. So, losing patience, I pushed the door open forcibly. It opened back to its hinges, but the feet never moved. *The stove door went "right straight through" them!*

I stood up quietly—with my eyes fixed steadily on the figure. I had always heard that that was the correct thing to do when attacked by a lion! I had seen it recommended in books of Eastern Travel. I had never travelled myself much, nor was I ever attacked by a lion, but this man never moved—he was worse than a lion, and I might be annihilated at any moment. Oh! for a word from old Kitty. She would have prayed to the saints for me. I had to act for myself—and I acted quietly—oh, so quietly. I feared to disturb that "questionable shape." I retired backwards with my face to the foe—until I reached the foot of the stairs, and then! *then* I took about eighteen steps in three bounds! Never before was such "time" made on that stairway.

This was the first *ghost*—I may as well call it by that name as by any other—I had ever seen. I had not been eating cheese, and I had not, then, ever tasted beer. I firmly believe to this day that I saw what I have described, and as I have described it, "and further deponent saith not."

If tobacco had never been discovered, or if parlor matches had been introduced, and I had not been obliged to go to the kitchen for a light, would that "poor ghost" have been there?

* * * * *

Years afterwards I saw another shadowy form, which I may as well get off my hands while I am about it. It was not in Quebec, but where I am living at present. Driving out professionally one summer evening, just before dark, as I was coming to a bridge over a tiny streamlet, I saw in front of me, and not twenty yards off, a man in a nut-brown suit, with a pack on his back. He was in the middle of the road, and walked as if fatigued, so I said mentally, "poor old fellow, I must give you a lift." At the moment I had to attend to the bridge, which was narrow and had no railing; when I looked up the man was gone. It had been raining lightly—but there were no fresh footmarks to be seen, no stone or hillock or tree, behind which a man could hide. I got out of my trap and looked everywhere. *No pedlar! no pack!* Months afterwards I was passing that spot again, having with me a man I picked up, and whom I had known for years. As we neared the bridge he said, "*that is the spot where the man is seen.*" "What man?" "Oh, did you never hear of him; he has been seen off and on for years—dressed in a brown suit, with a pack on his back. He has never been seen for more than a moment at a time." I verified this statement afterwards, and declare most positively that I had never spoken of the circumstance to any one. It was said that years before, a pedlar, or backwoodsman, going to one of the lumbering shanties, had been murdered in the neighborhood, but nothing definite was ever known.

* * * * *

For a couple of years, the united wisdom of the medical faculty on Mountain Hill was devoted to the case of Paddy Quin. As his name implies, he was by birth an Irishman, by occupation a stevedore, and he was the unfortunate proprietor of a pair of very poor legs. During the summer months he was at work loading ships engaged in the timber trade, and if there was a big stick, or a sharp-edged "*deal*" "convaynient," Paddy was sure to rub his shins against it, and this being repeated day by day, by the time the summer was ended, and Paddy's occupation gone, he was ready to spend the winter and all his earnings, in "undergoing repairs." Poor Paddy—as

simple and good-hearted an Irishman as ever lived—he was passed along from one student to another, and one and all gave him up—or rather his legs—as a bad job, until at last he was handed over to me. I strapped and bandaged—applied lotions and ointment to those unfortunate legs, in the most orthodox manner—for a whole winter without result—that is, without any good result. One day he was better, another worse. What between my want of success, and the "chaff" of the other sawbones, I was of all men most miserable, but Paddy, if not proud of my skill, admired my perseverance, and always had a word of encouragement. "Well, may the Lord love you anyway: you are willing to try—and do what you can—but what am I to do next summer when the shippen bee's comin in?"

I lost sight of Paddy for a while, and when he turned up he had a line of treatment to propose which was emphatically new and striking—in fact, tragic. An old woman from Ireland had told him of a remedy, and "would I help him to try it?" "Of course I would do anything in the world for you, and you know it, Paddy." "Indade, I do, sir, but I don't like to tell you what it is." After a good deal of persuasion, it came out that his countrywoman had suggested the passing of a dead hand over the sores on his legs; it had cured lots of people in Ireland. "Well," said I, "sure that is easily done." "Arrah then, how and where am I to get a dead hand?" "Oh, Paddy! We have lots of them in the house, this minute. What kind of one would you like?" "Faith, then, and sorra one of me knows, but she said a black naygur's if it could be got, would be the best." "By George," said I, "you are up to your knees in clover, Paddy. We have a most elegant nigger upstairs this moment." "Glory be to God! I heard you had such things in the house, but I was afeard to spake of it, for fear you'd think I'd tell." "Don't say that again, Paddy: I'd trust you with my life; only tell me what you want to do, and I'll do it."

What was to be done was to be done at the silent hour of midnight—the moon to be at the full—and none to be present—but himself.

The following night would do, so it was arranged that he would be on hand at 11.30. In the meantime I would get every thing ready.

The scene of operations was to be the new dissecting room. This was in the attic, down the centre of which ran a long, narrow dark passage. On one side was a rubbish room, on the other a line of small rooms originally intended as bed-rooms for the servants. The doors had been made, and stood on end, unhinged, against this partition—in this narrow passage—and here the passage abruptly ended in a door, the door of the dissecting room. This room had one large dormer window, fronting on the river St. Lawrence, and as the moon came up over the water its light "slept" brightly and beautifully on the poor "subject's" face; the table was wheeled up so that not one beam of light was lost. Elephants' and lions' and tigers' and crocodiles' skulls lay on the floor, men's, women's and children's heads—*galore*—were ranged on shelves round the room; skeletons of men and animals, down to Bandicoot rats were there: "dried preparations," too, abounded: arms and legs, and a few at full length, were in "review order" standing at "attention" round the room. It was a lovely sight, but one had to get accustomed to it—to be comfortable, particularly at midnight.

Paddy Quin was sharp on time, but as I had a few touches to give to the room at the last moment, I asked him to sit down a minute, and rest himself. He had a raw potato in his hand, and as I left the room he said pleasantly "Well, I'll cut this up, while you are away—just to amuse meself."

With a stick of phosphorus I made a few artistic touches, in the orbits,

along the lines of the ribs of the skeletons, and on the walls, until the whole room presented a brilliant phosphorescent display. Then I led Paddy Quin up, but I must confess that I did so in fear and trembling: I might be carrying the thing too far. It was cruel, I confess it, but I was young, and always rather too fond of a lark: but I poured balm into Paddy's ears, as I took him up, and vowed I would stick to him through thick and thin—like a brother!

When the door was opened, and Paddy looked in, he gave a jump back, and cried out in dismay. "Holy mother, I can't do it," but I said "I'll go in before you, to show you there is no danger. Don't look round: don't mind what you see—at all—you want your legs cured"? "Arrah" says he, "it's aisy for ye to talk, so it is." "Well, Paddy, it's getting on the edge of twelve: if you are going to do it, do it: if not, let us go." "Ah well, be aisy—be aisy a minute." Then he added: "You are not to look in, and I am not to have a candle: lave me to meself, but for the love of heaven don't stir out of this. If I want you I'll call." He then walked in with a courage equal to facing a masked battery.

I had a little peep-hole all ready, and this is what I saw!—

The brave fellow walked up in fear and trembling to the side of the table: he put his right foot on a low stool beside it, bared his leg, and then—*then* came the tug of war: but Paddy was equal to it; he took the right hand of the "subject" and passed it slowly down over his bared leg; when this was done he knelt down, crossed himself, said a "Pater Noster," and "Ave Maria," *and then* placed a small square of raw potato on the table beside the body. This he did nine times—each time *keeping tally* with *a piece of potato.*

Then he came to the door, and said in a dry whisper "LET ME OUT!"

As I look back upon that night, I regard that act of Paddy Quin's as one of the grandest religious ceremonies I ever witnessed, grand in its simplicity and trusting faith. Many a soldier who had fought in the great battles of the world, would not have entered that room, at that time!

I did not meet Quin again for two years. I had been in Edinburgh, and on my return he was one of the first persons I met. "Well, Quin, I am glad to see you, and how are the legs?" "By St. Patrick, Sir, you did me a good job that time; they have never troubled me since that night—Glory be to God!"

* * * * *

Next in order I must relate poor old Kitty's adventure with her own particular ghost, and how its appearance led to the discovery of the dark staircase that had been so long shut up as to be forgotten.

When describing the rooms in the attic, I should have stated that one small room—the first one—was finished: it had a door, and a lock and key, and was the store room of the house, and a very inconvenient one, too. If Kitty wanted a "drawing of Tay" she had to go up two pairs of stairs, to this store room, which was at the entrance to the dark passage; she knew what was at the other end! This passage was always dark, dark at midday, and she was most careful to get her supplies in the daytime.

One Sunday evening, however, she was obliged to go up for something: it was between the two lights—and as she was putting the key in the lock, a woman in white walked up out of the darkness. Kitty had a lighted candle in her hand; a lighted candle is by common consent admitted to be a protection to a certain extent against uncanny visitants. But the moment she saw the woman she dropped her candle. The woman smiled at her, and said, "Who lives here?" Kitty, thinking it wisdom in the face of the enemy to be civil, replied, "Doctor D—s," "Oh" said the woman

in white, "*And what is in that room at the end of the passage?*"

This was coming to close quarters; it was in fact, in legal phrase, a leading question, too leading for Kitty, so she ran down stairs screaming, and when she got to the bottom she gave way to the most bitter lamentations. She would "not stay in the house another night, just as if a dacent woman could not go about her business without being molested in that way. It was only natural that the poor craythurs would be allowed to go back to their quiet graves—to sleep in pace—and not be mayandering round the world to try and find where they belonged."

It certainly was very extraordinary where that female had come from. It seemed utterly impossible that any living being could find his or her way into that passage. The only possible entrance seemed to be by the big front door, or down the chimney, and out through an eight-inch stove-pipe hole! The Doctor came in at 9 o'clock and joined in the chase.

It is not very pleasant to know that the sanctity of home can be invaded mysteriously by a woman—even in white. If by a woman, why not by a man—why not by burglars?

A careful search was made at once, at which every one in the house assisted.

"In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
We sought for her wildly, but found her not."

At length our efforts were rewarded, and the mystery solved. Four unfinished doors and some loose boards stood on end against the partition in the passage; on removing these we found another door, exactly parallel with the door of the dissecting-room, and which this lumber had hidden. A panel had been recently removed from this door, and in the dust on the floor were plainly to be seen the marks of fresh footprints. As the door was fastened from our side with screws, it was soon taken down, and the footsteps followed. Such a pile of dust, such curtains of cobwebs, and such a musty, sickening smell! But down we went in Indian file—the stair was too narrow to admit of any other line of march—until at last we heard voices, and saw a light through a keyhole. The Doctor knocked and a woman within said, "Oh, Mrs., don't let them in; it's me they're afther." But the Mrs. opened the door and the mystery was explained. While the family were out in the afternoon, the servant girl being of an inquiring turn of mind, determined to open a door in a deserted corner—and see what was beyond. "No sooner said than done." She had her reward in a stairway full of dust and cobwebs. Up she went until something barred the way. She had no light, but groping about carefully she loosened and removed a panel, squeezed herself through and was rewarded by coming out in the dark passage above, close to the dissecting room door. Looking through the keyhole made her wish to "enquire within,"—but at that very moment Kitty came up to the store-room door. She could at the same time gratify her curiosity and establish friendly relations with the stranger; so accordingly, but with timidity, she diplomatically asked: "Who lives here?" and "What is in that room?" When Kitty screamed and ran away—to give the alarm, as she supposed—she ran away too. "She meant no harm; she was only lonesome, and hoped to be forgiven," and she was. It was a pleasant solution to what promised to be a very great mystery. The doctor had lived for ten years in that house, and knew nothing of this dark stairway, and the dwellers in the lower regions were equally ignorant.

The discovery of this dark passage, however, was not without further result, for one of the students hearing of Kitty's adventures, and being blessed, or otherwise, with a most inordinate amount of curiosity, went down one day to see what he could see, and re-

turned with several bottles of very choice wine. After having lost his way, he had suddenly found himself in a large vault, surrounded with shelves loaded with bottles, and he had brought up a few to sample them. The result was so encouraging that for many days he went down and returned with spoils. At last the poor boy came in one day looking rather depressed. Most affectionate inquiries were made at the cause of his melancholy. That day at dinner he had heard his father say to his head clerk: "John, have you noticed that that famous Port of '96 in the Duponts' vaults has been disappearing mysteriously? Some one is stealing it!"

* * * * *

There is a general impression that a dissecting room is very dirty and very disagreeable. Of course it may be, but is not necessarily so. It cannot, under the best of circumstances, be called "home-like" in appearance, but a "post-mortem" examination for family reasons, or an "autopsy" in the interests of justice, may be infinitely more disagreeable.

When one settles down to the quiet dissection of an arm or leg, or the following out of the distribution of the branches of blood vessels or nerves, it is rather pleasant than otherwise, especially as often happened in those "good old days," when the ladies of the house would bring in their work, sit down for a pleasant chat, and manifest a deep interest in the surroundings; and when it was so pleasant to explain to them all the mysteries that were explainable,—and this was more than half a century ago, before the idea of entering the medical profession had ever been contemplated by the coming sovereigns of the universe.

A SILHOUETTE.

Blood-red, the angry sun sets in a haze
Of pearl-gray smoke from distant prairie fires,
Behind the Bow's high banks. And, as expires
The sinking orb, there glides upon the gaze,
Full in the glory of the dying rays,
A gaunt, swart figure, of a race whose sires
Once ruled the plains, but wraith-like now retires
Before the pale-face, and, despised, decays.
He halts, and, turning to the fierce-flushed West,
Dark silhouette athwart a lurid light,
Stands statuesque, high on the cut-bank's crest,
Lone watcher of the daylight's sullen flight,
The sombre sinking of the sun to rest,—
Sad symbol of his people's hastening night.

CALGARY. —FRANCIS H. TURNCOCK.

MEMORIES.

O, dear! what detestable weather,
And how the wind whistles and plains,
As though all the demons together
Had burst their undignified chains!
Just look at that flood in the gutters!
Just mark the wild rain how it pours!
Come, Mary, let's close up the shutters
And make ourselves cosy indoors.

I'll pile up the maple and cedar;
They'll surely some comfort impart—
Then you to your novel by Ouida,
And I to the rhythmical art;
For, what brighter scene could inspire
The flight of a poet than this?
Such a wife, such a chair, such a fire,
Would make even poverty bliss!

* * * * * *

How cosy the room! and the embers—
How gaily they flicker and gleam!
Bringing visions of vanished Decembers,
When life was a murmurous dream,
And I roamed through the depths of the wildwood,
Or war dance or paper-chase led—
Ye bright, happy days of my childhood,
How quickly, how quickly ye fled!

Close at hand I've a bundle of letters
I've treasured for many a year—
Sound links in life's lengthening fetters,
Though blotted with many a tear;
For the fingers which fashioned the phrases
Dear lips have so often expressed,
Long since cleared the wildering mazes,
To pass to eternity's rest.

Here's a line from a chum who died fighting
In Africa ages ago;
Ever ready when war was inviting,
He fell with his face to the foe—
Grand, brave-hearted hero, and simple,—
Aye, Scotland has many a man
Made of stuff like the gallant Dalrymple,
The pride of his warrior clan!

Here's one from poor Anthony Freeland.
I wonder what's come to him now,
Since he fled to the wilds of New Zealand
To handle the sickle and plough;

And we thought him a ninny at college,
By a fond mother's apron strings bound,
Drinking in, with his scholarly knowledge,
Grave morals refreshingly sound!

Ah! well, we have all of us squandered
Our talents in years that have passed,
And the paths where our footsteps have wandered
With clouds are for ever o'ercast;
And 'twere better, ere carping at others,
Whose folly their sense has outgrown,
We should look, loving sisters and brothers,
At some sad little sins of our own.

Here's one from a delicate maiden
I knew in a halcyon time,
When we lived in a luminous Aiden,
Where pealed a perennial chime,
And we prattled thro' sunshiny hours,
Or wrangled in innocent strife,
Ever culling the sweetest of flowers
Which grow on the margin of life.

She has gone—but her memory hallows
The years of that childhood serene,
When we waded knee deep in the shallows,
Or sportively played on the green;
Or listened where high on the branches
The birds carolled early and late,
Ever heedless of dread avalanches
Hurled down by the fingers of fate.

Here are letters from warrior cousins,
Who are dearer than brothers to me;
Here are letters by tens and by dozens
From others far over the sea;
And here, in the centre reposing,
With its face ever open to view,
Is a letter a likeness enclosing,
And the likeness, dear friend, is—of—you—.

Of you as you were when I knew you,
Down there on the Devonshire coast.
And in fancy I ever endue you
With traits that I cherish the most:
For I know that though years now quiescent,
Now rough, may have furrowed your brow,
Yet the past but foreshadowed the present,
And what you were then you are now.

—F. M. De la Fosse.

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

The Narrative of a 2,500 Mile Journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River basin.

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

I.

By the terms of Union with the Dominion, British Columbia, in May, 1871, conveyed to Canada, in trust, a belt of land, not to exceed twenty miles, on each side of the projected Canadian Pacific Railway line. It was found that much of the land in such a belt had already been conveyed by the Province to settlers and others, and to compensate for this, 3,500,000 acres in the northern corner of this Province, adjacent to Peace River, was granted to the Dominion.

Some material changes in this arrangement were proposed by the Government of British Columbia; in view of which, and to gather some information required for the proper selection of the 3,500,000 acres in question, the Dominion Government determined to make an examination of this part of the Province lying between the Liard and Peace Rivers.

To make this examination, the writer was selected, and received his instructions therefor on the 5th of June, 1891. A special canoe had to be made for the purpose, and shipped to Calgary by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This delayed his departure from Ottawa until the night of the 30th of June, or the morning of the 1st of July.

As the thriving little town of Edmonton has now, and had very nearly then, railway connection with the rest of the world, I will begin with it the account of the journey.

The name of this place recalls a ridiculous item copied by an Ottawa paper some weeks ago, from, if I recollect aright, a Minneapolis paper, giving an account of the travels of three men who had left that city to hunt buffalo in the so-called frozen north. These men had not been heard of for some time, and the paper proceeded to give a sensational account of their presumed wanderings, picturing them as Arctic travellers, and wound up by the expression—"*When last heard from they were at Edmonton.*" Altogether, the item sought to convey the impression that these men were attempting something almost unprecedented for hardship and cold. Now, I can safely venture the assertion that any ordinary civilized being could spend his life about as happily and comfortably in Edmonton as in Minneapolis—any way, as much so as in any town of the same size in the State of Minnesota. Edmonton is a town of several hundred inhabitants, and four or five churches, good schools, two lines of telegraph connecting it with both the east and west, several doctors, lawyers, and surveyors, and members of other professions. With several grist and saw mills, numerous stores and hotels, and lighted by electricity; with a large coal mine just outside the limits, and railway communication putting it within *three days* of *Minneapolis*, it was not a bad place in which to be "last heard from."

Edmonton is, to use a stereotyped phrase, "beautifully situated" on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan River; though, since the railway reached it, in 1891, quite a town has started on the south bank. The river here is about 300 yards wide, and, except at very low water, permits the ascent of the ordinary flat-bottomed stern-wheeled steamers, such as navigate the Missouri and other

rivers in the western United States.

Before the days of the C.P.R, several fine steamers of this kind plied in this river from its mouth to Edmonton. They could go farther up if necessary.

The ascent of upwards of a thousand miles, against a current of four to six miles an hour, put competition with about a thousand miles of railway out of the field, more especially as the navigability of the river was uncertain, owing to the irregular and great fluctuations in the depth of the water.

Just here I will warn the reader that he is not to be regaled with uncanny tales of adventure, still less with grandiloquent accounts of heroism. He will simply get as plain a history of the journey as I can place before him.

First, then, as to the *personnel* of the party. With myself the readers of this magazine are more or less familiar, as they are also with Gladman, who accompanied me on this journey, as he did on my journey down the Yukon and up the Mackenzie. Let me introduce the other member of the party as "The Professor," for as such he is known wherever he has lived, and certainly if originality of character can give a man a claim to the title, then he is a Professor among ten thousand. The Professor, by the way, was our *chef de cuisine*, but, in addition to his duties as such, he took much delight in instructing Gladman and myself in the due performance of our duties, from cutting a stick of firewood to the reduction of a lunar distance. All this gave him such infinite satisfaction, that I very seldom interfered with him, and, even if I had, he was invulnerable to reproach or persuasion. His various dissertations on geology, cosmogony, botany, astronomy, and ethnology during the time we were together would immortalize me, could I repeat them here. They certainly were original, but that they were logical is open to dispute in his case as well as in the case of every other celebrity. He always had a theory to account for anything and everything we saw or heard of, and the theories were just as satisfactory to himself as if the wisest and most learned man in the world had propounded them.

EDMONTON, 1890.

NOTE. Several of the views given in this article are by Count de Sainville, and are loaned by His Honor, Lieut. Governor Schultz of Manitoba.

On the morning of the 10th of July we left Edmonton with one canoe, the *Nelson*, fixed on top of a waggon-box, and part of our supplies for the trip in the box beneath; the remainder of them were in a cart. We had a team and buckboard.

The distance between Edmonton and "Athabasca Landing," on the Athbasca River, is, by the road, about 95 miles. In an air line it would be about 82 miles. The first forty miles from Edmonton passes through good country, it being prairie and woods mixed. The soil is good everywhere, and much of the timber is fair, but there is not enough of it of marketable quality to justify thought of export, although, no doubt, it will yet be in demand in the more open country to the south and east. The surface here is undulating, sometimes rising into high knolls and ridges.

At the end of this distance, the conditions change: the prairie merges into the great northern forest that stretches to the Arctic Ocean, but the forest fires have in recent years destroyed much of the wood. In 1883 and 1884, when I first passed over this road, for more than fifty miles south from Athabasca Landing there was a continuous forest, with much fine spruce timber in it. In 1891 much of the best of it had been destroyed. As there are only two or three settlers in the northern half of the distance, it is impossible to prevent the spread of fires when they are once started.

The supplies for all the Missions and the Hudson's Bay Company's posts in the vast Mackenzie River basin pass over this route in carts, waggons and sleighs. Besides this, all the hunters and traders going north go this way, so that several hundred tons are yearly carried over it. The Hudson's Bay Company had to cut the road out wherever necessary, and bridge or ferry all the streams, and I believe they have had to bear the brunt of keeping it in repair ever since it was first used. Whenever the pushing of our railway system past Edmonton to the Landing is needed, no serious difficulty in construction will be met. About midway of the distance, some knolly country will be passed over, but I think no more difficulty will be found here than in some parts of the prairie. The descent to the river level near the Landing—some 300 feet—will be easily made down the valley of the Tawatana.

This stream rises near the height of land between the Athabasca and Saskatchewan River systems. The name Tawatana is Indian for "the river between two hills." It got this name from the Indians, because one coming down the Athabasca River sees the points formed by the intersections of its valley with that of the Athabasca valley, projected against the sky, and they appear like two high knolls, though in reality they are not knoll-shaped.

We reached Athabasca Landing on the morning of the 13th, just in time to see the steamer *Athabasca* take her departure.

The day was spent arranging matters for our early departure next morning, and, as there was little probability of our being able to send any letters out until our return here, we all wrote several letters to friends at home. In the evening Gladman and I launched our good canoe and had a trial spin on the river. We encountered an Indian family going up the river in a great, ugly hulk of a "dug-out," made out of a very large balsam-poplar tree; and we amused them highly by paddling around them in a circle and still ascending the river as fast as they. Of course, our canoe was very light and theirs was very heavy, but they had half a dozen paddles to our two.

The river here is about 300 yards wide, with a sweeping current, and at mean height has an ample depth of water for the steamer *Athabasca*. This steamer was built here by the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1887. She is

a stern-wheeled, flat-bottomed boat, capable of carrying 150 tons, and with this load will draw about three feet. It was originally intended that she should ascend as far as the mouth of the Lesser Slave River and go up it to Lesser Slave Lake, thence along the lake about 65 miles to the Company's post at the west end, but so far she has not succeeded in doing this. The lower part of Lesser Slave River is generally shallow and rapid. Some people say there are 19 rapids, some say 21, but, though I have been over the river three times in summer and once in winter, I have been and still am under the impression that there is only *one*. However, there is no use in arguing over trifles: suffice it to say, the steamer has not yet been able to pass this one or those many rapids. She has got so far as to have the end of the last in sight, but, after many days' trying to get over, and after waiting for a rise in the water, she had literally to turn round and *walk* back.

For many years past the Company took all its goods for the Peace River district in by this route. They were brought from Edmonton, or Fort Edmonton, as it was originally called, in carts! Then they were stored in a small building erected by the Company for the purpose. York boats took them from the storehouse up the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Rivers to Lesser Slave Lake, and over it to Lesser Slave Lake post, where they were landed and taken by ox-trains 86 miles overland to Peace River Crossing, and thence commonly overland by carts, to Fort Dunvegan, and some down to Vermillion in scows.

York boats are usually constructed to carry about six tons. The keel is 25 to 28 feet long, bow and stern are made alike in shape, and the end posts are given great sheer, to offer as little resistance as possible to strong currents. These boats are generally about 40 feet over all: the width is from 9 to 11 feet. They are commonly manned by a crew of ten men The steersman's duty is obvious. The bowsman's is to stand on the bow with a pole and sound as it goes along—for in the swift, turbid water, bottom cannot be seen—to help to get the boat around sharp points, fallen trees, and other obstructions. and see that the hauling line does not get fouled on the bottom or along the bank. The remaining eight, man the hauling line by turns, four at a time, taking "spells," as they are termed, of half an hour or more. As soon as the pilot calls time, the half on the boat jump overboard, it may be up to their necks in water, scramble ashore, run to the end of the line, seize it and start, while those relieved get into the boat as best they can. In this way the boat is kept on the move from 15 to 18 hours a day, and so difficult is the progress that, on this route, the general rate of travel is a little over a mile an hour. The line used to haul with is not much, if any, thicker than an ordinary penholder, and is hard spun and strong. Its chief requisites are lightness and strength, for usually there is about 100 feet of it out—often more—and a heavy line of that length would in slack water and eddies give great trouble to keep it taut, which, if it is not, would cause great delay by allowing the line to be caught in brush, logs, or rocks in the river. A great deal of the work formerly done by these boats is now done by steamers, but there are some parts of the river where steamers cannot run, and the old style of navigation described still has to be kept up.

Early in the morning of the 14th we loaded our outfit (in all about 1400 pounds) on our canoe, and with Gladman in the bow, the Professor in the middle, and myself in the stern, we started on what we expected to be a 2,500 mile voyage in that canoe.

The Professor was jubilant and looked forward to immortalizing himself, as he fully intended writing a glorious account of his wanderings and heroism

for the Edmonton *Bulletin*. He was full of discovery and speculation, and amused us by his droll fancies and droller way of expressing them. His vocabulary was not limited to Webster or Worcester, and his pronunciation was not confined by orthoepy A peculiarity of his speech, which would attract attention anywhere, was the prolongation of vowel sounds. Being full of geographical knowledge and the annals of discovery, he could not refrain from talking about them.

Once he addressed me as follows:

"Say, Mr. Ogilvie; do you think they'll discover any continents or great islands in the world yet?"

"No, Professor, I don't think so; in fact, I am sure we won't. The world has been travelled over enough now to assure us there is nothing extensive to be discovered."

"Wall, that's what I say, but I had an argument with a fellow not long ago, an' he said they'd discover continents yet."

"What did you say to him?"

"Wall, I said, for a man of his knowledge and education, I thought it was a *heterogonus* kind of an idea."

"A what?"

"A heterogonus idea."

"What's that?"

"Don't you know?"

"No, what is it?"

"Never heard the word before?"

"No, what does it mean?"

"Never saw it in the dictionary?"

"Not to my knowledge. How do you spell it?"

"Wall, I don't remember, but it's there."

"Well, what does it signify?"

"Come now—honor bright—boss, you know what it means?"

"I tell you *no*. I never heard the word before, and don't think I ever saw it. What do you mean by it?"

"Wall it means, ah–ah kin' of–ah, —oh, come now,—honest— you know what it means."

"No, I don't, I tell you. Can't you believe what I say?"

"Why, that's curious. Wall, it means—ah—ah— wall, it means—a kin' of a d——d fool idea like."

"Yes, I guess it does!"

"Don't you think I hit him right?"

"Certainly you did; couldn't do it better."

Were I to commit all the Professor's queer remarks to paper, they would fill a large volume, and all just as original as the one given. He knew all science, but theology was his favorite subject, and he several times averred that there were many souls in Meeker County, Minnesota, who daily thanked the Lord for his ministrations there in his early days. Nothing escaped his attention, and everything was described and explained, sometimes to his and our satisfaction, but often to his satisfaction and our annoyance or mere amusement. He certainly never let us weary thinking.

Early in the afternoon we passed some families of Indians camped on the bank. Now, Indians expect all passers to call, and at least treat them to a smoke; but, as we were in a hurry, I was not inclined to stop at all. They hailed us with the usual salute; "Ho, bo joo" (*bon jour*). I fired back at them some phrases in the Chinook jargon which they never heard before. It so dumbfounded them to hear white men speaking in such a strange tongue, that without a word they meekly watched us drifting by.

The Professor too, was amazed. He professed to know something of every language under the sun except this, and he vainly besought me to tell him what it was and translate for him. I felt so elated at knowing something he did not know, that I would give him no satisfaction, and Gladman, who knew what I said, was equally heartless: whereat the Professor vowed in wrath that he would "learn that yet, if it cost a farm."

I would simply weary the reader were I to only attempt to relate the many original and ridiculous discussions we had on our way. The reader

GRAND RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER, FROM POINT ON EAST BEACH, BELOW ISLAND.

may think me very foolish for indulging in such farcical discussions: perhaps I was, but our lonely position and the strong temptation to which we were exposed must be remembered.

I will give now some notes on the Athabasca River.

From Athabasca Landing down stream the river is free of hindrance to navigation for about 120 miles, when we reach Pelican Rapids. These are not difficult to navigate; the only trouble in them arises from low water and some rocks in the channel. When the water is high there is no danger at all, as the steamer can easily ascend under a good head of steam. It appears they take their name from the presence of pelican in or about them nearly all summer. Both times I went down the river I saw some there. A fair-sized canoe can be run down these rapids with safety.

One hundred and sixty-five miles below the Landing, Grand Rapids are reached. This is the rapid of the river, and partakes more of the nature of a cataract than of a rapid. In the middle of the channel there is an island, over which the Hudson's Bay Company have constructed a tramway on which to transport the outfits for all the northern posts. The steamboat landing is about one and a half miles above the island, and the intervening water is very shallow, with many rocks and a very rapid current. Through this the company has made a channel by removing rocks. Between this steamboat landing and Fort McMurray the company does all its transport with large boats, locally known as sturgeon-nosed or sturgeon boats, from the fact that both bow and stern are spoon-shaped and somewhat resemble a sturgeon's nose. These boats are capable of floating about ten tons, and are each manned with a crew of ten or twelve men, and when loaded draw upwards of two feet of water. The time of their ascent and descent varies much with the height of the water, as in some of the rapids more or less portaging has to be done, which varies with the depth of water. Below the island in Grand Rapids there are nearly two miles of rough water, which in low water requires much care in navigating to avoid rocks and shallows.

Grand Rapids are about two miles

long, and I estimate a fall of about sixty-five feet for them, most of which occurs in about 2,000 feet. The river here has, through past ages, worn for itself a bed in the soft sandstone, about three hundred feet deep. Thickly scattered over the face of the rapid may be seen spheroidal, concretionary masses of sandstone, varying in size from a foot or two to 10 or 12 feet in diameter. These, harder than the surrounding mass, have offered greater resistance to the action of the water, and have remained standing on the slope of the rapid in incalculable numbers, adding greatly to its roughness. Midway in the rapid is a large timbered island, around which the waters sweep, and, converging below, rush through a channel not more than 100 yards wide, while above the island the river is from 500 to 600 yards in width. The rush of water through this channel is tremendous, and reminds one forcibly of the rapids below Niagara Falls. Standing on the east bank of the river, just at the narrowest part of the channel, and looking up at the wildly-tumbling white waters dashing from rock to rock as they sweep around the fir-clad island, while on either hand stand the towering and almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs with their fringe of dark green fir apparently brushing the clouds, one sees a spectacle that inspires with awe and wonder, and one that an artist would love to look upon and feel to be worthy of the best touches of his brush.

The greater volume of water flows down on the west side of the island. The channel on the east side is generally shallow. The descent in it is less abrupt than on the west side. At certain stages of water the channel on the east side can be run down in a good canoe or small boat, if the voyager does not mind running the risk of getting his "stuff" wet.

In 1884, I passed my stuff down the east channel in a boat manned by two men, and managed by a line held by three men on shore. One of the party ran most of the way down in a heavy dug-out canoe. On my last visit I was told of a man running down the east channel in a very small bark canoe. It was a risky thing to do, and had he been drowned we would say "served him right."

We reached the rapids at noon on the 16th. Here we found the steamer tied up at the landing-place, discharging cargo, and waiting for the boats from McMurray. As the captain told me he was going down to the island in the morning, and he would put my canoe and outfit over the tramway if I would wait, I decided to remain. On board I found my old friend Jimmy Flett, whom my readers may recollect had the great dance with Mother Cowly at Fort Chipewyan. We had a pleasant chat together, and Jimmy gave me an account of all that happened in his horizon since I saw him nearly three years before. In honor of my visit, some of the steamer's crew crossed to the west side of the river, and painted my name in huge white letters on the sandstone cliff. A lob-stick was also made to commemorate the event. A lob-stick is formed by cutting all the branches of a good-sized tree, except a few near the top. The tree, after the operation, presents a docked appearance, and many such trees can be distinguished at a long distance. Originally and generally, these lob-sticks were made to commemorate the meeting or parting of friends and parties, but some times they were made in recognition of the gift of a pound of tobacco, or a little tea. To many of the old inhabitants, they are historical land-marks, and with them in actual or in mental view they could give a fair history of the district.

In the evening, part of the forward deck was cleared, Jimmy brought out his fiddle, and the Red River jig was indulged in. I have sometimes thought that Burns must have witnessed some such dance as this before he wrote the immortal "Tam O'Shanter." Cer-

tainly the witches could not have put any more vigorous effort into their dancing than do the patrons of this jig, even if

> "They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
> Till ilka carline swat and reekit."

The Nannie on this occasion was "Schott," the pilot of the boat, a big half-breed. He is the fastest dancer I ever saw. Jimmy was put to it to play as fast as Schott could dance, and I am not sure but that at the finish Jimmy was half a bar behind. However, they divided between them the admiration of all on board, and as it was dark we could not tell which was in the greater state of collapse.

Early in the morning, Schott and part of the steamer's crew, dropped down to this island in a small boat. We followed in our canoe. After some delay a tram-car was procured, our outfit and canoe were run to the other end of the island, and from there we re-embarked. The run over the rough water below the rapids was safely made, and in about two and a half hours we were down to the natural gas well on the left bank of the river. This well is about seventeen miles below Grand Rapids, and is situated in a sharp bend of the river. The gas bubbles up all over the bay in the bend, but the principal outflow is through a rift in the bank, close to the water's edge—so close, in fact, that at high water it is covered. The crews of the boats often use it to boil their kettles, and, when once lighted, it burns until a strong gust of wind puts it out, or the water overflows it.

LOWERING A SCOW OVER THE CASCADE RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER.

Could all the gas flow be gathered into one outflow, it would make a large volume. Incautiously, I applied a lighted match to the rift, and paid the penalty of having my face scorched, though not seriously. The flame fluctuated much in volume, dancing up and down from two to five feet in height. The gas burns with a pale, bluish flame, so far as I could judge, of much heat, but little illuminating power. The Professor had many theories to account for this gas flow, but as he settled on none of them as satisfactory, in justice to him I refrain from giving any of his speculations.

Shortly after passing this, we met

the fleet of sturgeon-nosed boats on its way up to Grand Rapids for the "stuff" brought down by the steamer. It was several days overdue, and we learned that the cause of the delay was an epidemic of *la grippe*, which seized on the majority of the crews at the same time, and rendered the boats so short-handed that they had to tie up for some days, and a messenger was sent back to McMurray for help. Two of the boats were left at the next rapids until the crews left with them, consisting of all the sickest men, should recover sufficiently to come on. Many of those we met were not feeling fit for work, and some of them were prostrate in the boats.

This was the first time that the malady had visited this part of the country, and these simple, superstitious people looked on it with much concern. Strange to say, it kept ahead of us all the way to Simpson, arriving one or two days before we did at every post. I was glad of this, for, had we preceded it, on us would have been laid all the responsibility of bringing it in; even as it was, some of the natives thought we sent it ahead of us.

Most of the natives are very suspicious. They cannot understand what strangers, who are not traders or missionaries, want in their country, and they attribute ill-luck of any kind to the baleful influence of the stranger.

Between Grand Rapids and Fort McMurray there are ten rapids. I obtained from the pilot of the steamboat (a man who was acknowledged by all I inquired of, to possess as complete and reliable knowledge of the river from the Landing to Lake Athabasca as any man in the country), the names of these rapids, and the best way to run down them.

The first in the order of descent is named "Brulé Rapids." It is about 25 miles below Grand Rapids. In it the river spreads out from 250 or 300 yards in width to upwards of 400. In mid-stream the water is shallow, so much so that large trees strand on the way down. The channel is on the left side of the river, and quite close to the shore. It is not more than one-fourth of a mile long, and by keeping not more than twenty or thirty yards from shore, there is no danger in its descent. It appears the rapid takes it name from the presence of an extensive brulé. About sixteen miles below it comes "Boiler Rapids." This is quite an extensive rapid, though only the lower part of it is very rough. In high water the left side affords the safest channel to run in, and in low water the right side. It takes its name from the fact that the boiler intended for the Hudson Bay Company's steamer on the lower river was lost in the rapid, through the wrecking of the scow which contained it, on its way through in 1882. At the foot of this rapid there is much rough water, which requires a good-sized canoe for its safe descent.

In sight of the lower end of the last comes "Drowned Rapids." The channel here is on the left side, quite close to the shore, and were it not for three or four large swells caused by rocks, it might be run down by anyone, without any apprehension of danger. It takes its name from the fact that a man named Thompson was drowned some years ago by the swamping of his canoe in running through it. I had the misfortune, in 1884, to lose a member of my party in a similar manner, though I have gone through it myself twice, and ran no risk that I was aware of. Less than a mile from this rapid we enter "Middle Rapid." This is not very rough, but is somewhat shallow and stony. The channel in this is on the right side.

The next rapid is known as "Long Rapid," and the channel here is also on the right side. The water in it is not very rough.

Next in succession is "Crooked Rapid," so-called from the fact that in it the river makes a very short turn

round a limestone point. The channel is on the right side, and is not rough, with the exception of a small "chute" just at the head; this requires care in a canoe.

"Stony Rapids" come next. In them the channel is on the right side, and is not very rough.

The next is appropriately known as the "Cascade," the river falling over a ledge of rock about three feet high. The channel is on the left side, and certain stages of water permit fair-sized canoes to descend it without much risk.

The last rapid worthy of note is known as "Mountain Rapid," by reason of the high banks in its vicinity. It is rather rough, but there is a good channel, which at the head is on the left side, and in the middle there is a piece of smooth water, through which a crossing is made to the right side, which is quite smooth, while the left side is very rough.

The last of the series is known as "Moberly Rapid." It is only a ripple caused by some rocks on the left side of the river, in the midst of a swift current. On the right side, the water is smooth enough for the passage of the smallest craft. From the head of Grand Rapids to Fort McMurray is upwards of 85 miles of river altogether too bad for the present steamer to ascend. It is the opinion of some, that with proper appliances the present steamer might succeed in doing so, but it appears to me that such a project would involve much expensive labor and considerable risk.

The first outcrop of petroliferous sand is just at the head of Boiler Rapids, and from here it is found anywhere along the river for a distance of 150 miles. *In situ* it presents a stratified appearance, and looks like a dark grayish rock, but when exposed to heat for a few minutes, it becomes viscid; hence on hot summer days the cliffs exhibit long streams of the sand and tar crawling down their slopes. As the cliffs become weathered, the mixture rolls to the bottom, in many places forming a beach of tar-sand along the river. When this is exposed to the sun on hot days, if one stands for some time on it, he will find himself slowly sinking into it.

The tar sand is several hundred

GRAND RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER, FROM THE FOOT OF THE ISLAND.

feet in depth, and overlies a Devonian limestone, the first extensive exposure of which is seen at Crooked Rapids, and continues as exposed at every point and rapid until we get some forty miles below McMurray.

Mr. G. C. Hoffman, Chemist of the Canadian Geological Survey, reports that "the tar or maltha, as at present found on the surface throughout a large district on the lower Athabasca, could be utilized for a bituminous concrete for the paving of roads, courtyards, basements, and warehouses, and for roofing. The tar is found combined with fine, colorless siliceous sand, which constitutes 81.73 per cent. of the mixture.

At one or two points along the river the tar collects in hollows which are called tar springs, but there is nothing subterraneous about these springs. They are due to the action of gravity, the tar oozing down the surrounding slopes into a basin and accumulating there.

The tar from these springs was formerly used to pitch the outsides of the boats used on the river. For this purpose it was cooked as in the case of ordinary boat pitch. On hot days the odor from these tar sands is very similar to what we notice when walking through a railway yard when the sun has heated the oil-smeared ties.

The Professor was amazed at the enormous exposures of this sand, and racked his brain in vain to account for its existence. He was not sure but that it was due to the glacial period. Generally, he believed, we owe most of the North-West to that time.

From Athabasca Landing to McMurray the river banks are never less than 300 feet high; in the rapids they are sometimes 500. They are often bold and bluff, forming picturesque scenes. At McMurray there is a marked change in the surface features; the banks are seldom more than 30 or 40 feet high, and the river valley slopes easily back to the general level of the country. At many points along the lower river extensive and beautiful views are seen from some of the river reaches.

All the surrounding country is timbered with spruce and poplar, much of which is merchantable, but unfortunately the river system flows away from the settled parts of the country, and as we have homes for millions on the prairies and semi-prairies south of this, which will take decades to even partially occupy, this timber is practically a sealed treasure to us now. On some of the upland swamps, tamarac and white birch of small size are found, but they will never figure in the country's assets.

We arrived at McMurray in the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th of July, and spent the remainder of the day there. At this point the sturgeon-nosed boats discharge their cargo, whence it is taken down to Chipewyan by the steamer *Grahame*, a sister boat to the *Athabasca*, but not quite so long. The *Grahame* was built at Chipewyan in 1882-3. Though not a large boat, it is hard for a resident of the civilized parts of Canada to realize the immensity of the task of building her. Every inch of timber used in her construction had to be shaped by hand with axe or saw. Every ounce of iron and machinery used in connection with her had to be hauled hundreds of miles in carts and waggons, then taken down the Athabasca river 430 miles to Chipewyan, and past several of the rapids in the river some of it had to be carried on men's backs. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that only wood native to the country she was built in was used in her, she presents a good appearance, and though now running ten years, is a fair boat, and with some patching is good for several years yet. This steamer also runs from Chipewyan down Great Slave or Peace River to Smith's Landing, the head of the rapids in that stream. She also runs up Peace River proper to the falls—

A CROSSING ON THE ATHABASCA.

250 miles—with the supplies for Fort Vermillion on that river.

The only hindrance to easy navigation this steamer finds between Chipewyan and the falls is the Little Rapids. This is about one hundred miles from Chipewyan, is 3¼ miles long, and really is not a rapid at all. The river in its lower reaches varies from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in width, but here it widens to a mile and a quarter or more. The incline of the river bed is somewhat steeper than the average, and the current is stronger, but there is nothing to prevent its descent in the smallest canoe. It is said that there is a pretty deep channel near the middle, but it is crooked and fringed with rocks which constitute the only danger. Even as it is, I never heard of the *Grahame* touching anything but the bank in this magnificent river, though she yearly makes one or two trips to the falls. It will be found that a good channel for much larger boats than the *Grahame* can easily be made through this rapid whenever it is necessary to do so.

The falls are a perpendicular drop of 9½ feet, and have a width of a mile. Above them is a rapid about a third of a mile in length, and a fall of about eight feet. These falls are not a very impressive sight, as the banks are low, the timber scrubby, and, on account of the width, the water is smooth. About a mile and a half above the falls is another rapid which, in time past, has been a cascade; but the water has worn channels through the rock over which it fell, leaving large masses of rock standing in the bed of the river. The fall in this rapid is about eight feet and is not more than 300 yards long. This makes a total fall from the foot of the falls to the head of this rapid of about twenty-five feet. Mr. McKenzie, at Red River post, near the falls, told me that there is a natural channel on the north side of the river, from a point a little below the falls to a point above the upper rapid, which could easily be converted into a canal. Through it the waters of an extensive swamp enter the river, and the only rock-cutting on it would be at the upper end to connect with the river. This opinion is only given from ordinary observation, and might be modified by actual survey. I did not see the place referred to, but think Mr. Mackenzie's judgment can be re-

lied on. The falls and rapids do not cause much trouble to the passage of the empty York boats or scows, for on the south side of the falls the waters have worn the rock away, so that instead of one perpendicular drop there are three or four of a foot or two each, forming a channel some 60 or 80 feet wide, down which the boats run quite easily, their impetus being restrained with ropes from the shore. A natural wharf is found at the foot of the falls for loading and unloading boats.

Once above the falls, the *Grahame*, or a larger boat, would in ordinary stages of water find no difficulty in ascending to the Rocky Mountains, about 640 miles. In very low water there are three places where she might, with a heavy load, touch bottom, but she would not be completely stopped. Two of these shallows are near the mouth of Smoky River, where the Peace spreads out over gravel flats. The other is near the boundary line of British Columbia.

Early on Monday morning we took our departure from McMurray. It was a beautiful day, delightfully clear and breezy. The river here runs in long, straight reaches, which were ever opening some new scene of beauty. Now it would be a far away vista of dark-green spruce, set in a field of emerald poplars, whose snowy white trunks reflected the sunbeams in showers of beauty; again, a dark ridge sharply outlined against the azure sky, with its dusky sides dotted with the yellow foliage of the northern birch, and all bathed in that indescribable crystal atmosphere one seldom sees in our smoke-laden, vapor-saturated air. All day we felt the impress of this scene, and were hushed in silent admiration.

By sundown we had put seventy good miles between us and McMurray, and were looking forward to making one of the quickest trips to Chipewyan on record—but record in that region is traditional. Alas! we were doomed to disappointment, for on the morrow rude Boreas was up betimes, and angrily forbade further trespass on his territory. We impertinently disregarded his command, and started to make further invasion in his domain. He, however, was not to be contemned with impunity, so rose up in his might and smote us, so that a four-mile-an-hour current and three lusty paddlers could make no progress against him. He raised the water into respectable billows, which covered us with spray, and ignominiously we had to retreat to the shore, and—before we could get comfortably fixed—to punish us for our temerity, he deluged us with a cold rain, which kept us under canvas, shivering all the rest of the day. To appease him we fasted until morning—that is, we ate nothing warm, for fire was out of the question. Next morning he relented somewhat, but kept a tight hand on us, and we could make only four miles in an hour and a half: so we landed on a point where some Indian huts were erected, and a few potatoes had been planted. The Indians were absent. We made a thorough exploration of the place. The Professor found several varieties of *Corralyne*, which he defined to be "a very precious stone." We also found different specimens of iron "prī-ātes," which he informed me was "a kīn of iron ore," and when I remarked: "Oh, then, it is valuable," he advised me to have nothing to do with it, as a "hull county of it ain't worth a ——!" As no two of his specimens agreed in appearance, nor any of them possessed the essentials of those minerals, I doubted his mineralogy; but contradicting him involved a useless argument, and I meekly accepted his information.

About noon, Boreas blustered himself into collapse, and we proceeded at such speed that we were in the alluvial flats near the lake at sundown. These flats undoubtedly occupy a part of the original Athabasca Lake, and, geologically speaking, not very long either. The soil in them along the

river is a rich, black loam, and the surface is covered with fine, large spruce trees, collectively the best timber I have seen anywhere in the territories. Close to the lake, some of the flats are not yet timbered, and some of them only partially so. On some of the last there are great accumulations of drift-wood, brought down by floods from the shores of the river. From Athabasca Landing to the lake is about 415 miles, but as this is only a little more than half the course of the Athabasca—all of which is heavily timbered—we can well imagine the largeness of the source of supply of the drift-wood.

LOOKING UP THE ATHABASCA, "AT DROWNED RAPIDS."

As this river rises in the Rocky Mountains, in summer it is fed by melted snows; consequently, like all such streams, it is subject to great fluctuations in height. It is not unusual for it to rise several feet in the course of a few hours. While I was at Grand Rapids in 1884, it rose four feet in onenight, but fell almost as rapidly. These fluctuations are governed by the weather in the mountains. A warm day or two turns so much of the snow into water that the narrow valleys are gorged. A cold day lowers the river below its usual level. The only time the water maintains its usual height is the autumn, when the snows are nearly all melted, and the weather in the mountains is colder.

Near the lake we passed some Chipewyan Indians camped on one of the arms of the delta. They were all sick with *la grippe*. Old and young, all came and stood on the bank, and raised their united voices into a heart-rending wail, while pronouncing the word of such import to Indians—"Medicine!" I was sorry for them, but had nothing to give them, nor could I help them, so I fired at them a concentrated volley of Chinook, before which they retired in confusion, and we passed in peace.

By noon we were in sight of the lake, but one of the channels we passed through was so choked with drift timber, that it was near sundown before we emerged from it. I passed through this channel in 1884, when it was perfectly clear.

Across the lake, eight miles to Fort Chipewyan, we quickly went, and made ourselves at home for a few days. We found nearly all the people of the place were away on the steamer *Grahame*, which was down Great Slave River at Smith's Landing, one hundred miles from here.

Before many of the cities of Canada were thought of, this was a flourishing trading post. In the last years of the 18th century, it stood on the south shore of the lake, some twenty or more miles south-east from its present site. From there in June, 1789, Alexander Mackenzie — afterwards Sir Alexander—started with some Indians on his voyage down the great river which bears his name, 1500 miles to the Arctic ocean, and three years later he started on his celebrated journey up the Peace, and across what is now British Columbia, to the waters of the

Pacific. He wintered on the bank of the Peace, nearly opposite the mouth of Smoky River. The crumbling remains of the houses he erected then were pointed out to me in 1883. In the summer of 1793 he crossed to the sea and returned.

Early in the present century the post was moved to its present site, where it will probably remain while it exists. It is situated on a rocky point at the west end of Lake Athabasca, from which there is a beautiful outlook. The lake here is dotted with rocky islands, some of them rising quite high. Four miles from the post a channel known as the "Quatre Fourche," leaves the lake, and connects its waters with Peace River. This channel is the highway from the Fort to Peace River, yet it can not be called a part of that river, for, when the lake is high and the river low, the waters flow through it into the river, and *vice versa*. It is narrow but deep, and resembles a canal cut through the alluvial flats, which now, as at the mouth of the Athabasca, occupy a part of the original lake. This canal is nearly thirty miles long. The passage to Great Slave River, locally known as River de Rocher, and the distance from the post to "Great Slave" or "Peace" River, is about thirty miles long. A few miles down this stream, a ledge of rock crosses it which causes a ripple in low water. The *Grahame* has sometimes touched when crossing, but has never been seriously delayed. In ordinary water, however, she has no trouble.

I remained several days at Chipewyan getting observations to determine its position, from which I deduced its latitude 58° 43′ 02″ and longtitude 111° 10′ 24″.

The lake here lies between two widely separated geological formations. The last rock exposures on the south side are cretaceous sandstones: the north shore is formed of Laurention gneissoids.

Generally there is very little soil near the post on the north shore. At the post there is a comparatively large area of sandy soil, which is utilized as gardens by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Anglican Mission and a few of the Company's servants. The Roman Catholic Mission is across a bay about a mile west of the post. This mission, some years ago, drained a small lake and swamp into the lake and a portion of this drained area they still cultivate. On this was grown wheat which won a gold medal at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. The fact that such grain was grown upwards of 1,000 miles farther north than Toronto helps us to realize the importance of our great North. We may qualify this fact with as many failures as we may; it is still a fact—such wheat has several times been grown in the past, and can be again. I have seen potatoes grown at this post which in yield, size and quality, would compare very well with the same tuber in any part of Ontario.

Several head of cattle are kept at the post and mission. The hay for their sustenance is generally cut on the alluvial flats along the south and west shores of the lake, and hauled across in winter. In summer they graze on the flats between the granite hills back of the post. There are numerous places around the post where the rocks have been worn by glacial action.

Great numbers of fish, principally white fish, are caught in the lake near the post, and generally near Goose Island, about fifteen miles south-east from the post, but sometimes the fisheries have to be moved to other places. In the fall of 1888, the Hudson's Bay Company required thirty six thousand, the Roman Catholic Mission twelve thousand, and the rest of the people at least thirty thousand fish. These fish would probably average three pounds each; thus we have one hundred and seventeen tons for less than two hundred people. But it must be borne in mind that fish, here, is the principal

article of food for man, and the only one for the dogs.

This is the See of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Athabasca-Mackenzie. The mission comprises a church, nunnery, residence for the clergy, and schools.

The post was for a time the See of the Anglican Diocese of Athabasca, but the seat of this diocese was some years ago moved to Vermillion on Peace River, two hundred and seventy miles from here.

On Monday morning, July 27th, we started for Smith's Landing on the Great Slave or Peace River. A word here in explanation. On all the maps of this region published, the river formed by the confluence of the Peace and Athabasca is named the Great Slave, but by the people in the district it is generally known as the Peace. Often when speaking of the Great Slave to people there, I have had to explain myself. There is really no reason why it should not be called the Peace down to Great Slave Lake, as it is principally formed of the waters of that river, which discharges, I would say, at last twice as much water as the Athabasca does, at the junction. It would be just as reasonable to call the St. Lawrence below its junction with the Ottawa by some other name, as to call the Peace below its junction with the Athabasca by any other name than the "Peace."

Just before entering the Peace River, we passed a large camp of Chipewyan Indians. They, along with those I have mentioned on the south side of the lake, had just returned from a trip to Athabasca Landing, where they went in the spring with their furs. They had heard that furs sold much higher at Edmonton, and determined to test the matter. So in the early spring, they had a small scow built for themselves, and hired a guide, and with their families and dogs, they started to make the ascent of the Athabasca to Athabasca Landing, and thence to make their way to Edmonton. This incident shows how changed they are becoming. A generation ago they would hardly have ventured so far out of their country, in such numbers, on such an errand.

Like all the other people in the country, they were down with *la grippe*. We endeavored to pass quietly by: but one old woman saw us and gave the alarm, when out they all came, wailing forth the word "Medicine!" in most dismal tones, and at the same time keeping up the most violent coughing, all vieing with each other who would produce the best, or rather worst, cough. They kept it up as long as we were within hearing, and, no doubt, thought us very unfeeling for passing without calling. Had we stopped we would have had to refuse a request from everyone in the camp for tea and tobacco. That one or two met with refusal would not deter every one, in his turn, from repeating

R. C. MISSION FARM, CHIPEWYAN,
on which the Gold Medal Centennial Exhibition wheat was grown.

the solicitation. All Indians appear to think white men ought to part with any, or all, of their goods at their request, but very few of them will give anything to a white man until they are well paid for it; not even after they have been most generously treated. In fact, generosity, generally, has a negative effect on them, and to be grateful is, as a rule, something foreign to their nature. I know there are some exceptions to this rule, and I know also that many people who have had no experience with these Indians will shake their heads and mutter: "Absurd!" just as a few who have had experience will exclaim—"Prejudice!" Well, the prejudice is not on my side, as the vast majority of people who have lived near them or have had occasion to depend on them can testify.

I can illustrate this trait by referring to the journey these people made to Athabasca Landing. They and their fathers had traded with the Hudson's Bay Company for generations, and, whatever faults the Company may have, it certainly always treated the Indians kindly—yes, more than kindly—fatherly. It made money by them, it is true, but it has also lost much extending help to them when others would not, or, anyway, did not. I have myself often known the Company to go to much expense and trouble to relieve starving and helpless Indians. And at every post there are always several old and helpless people entirely dependent on the Company's bounty, which may not be very munificent, but it keeps them alive, and in comfort compared with what they would experience if with their own people. Now those Indians who had gone to Edmonton to sell their furs had realized all this; yet, because the Company's people at Chipewyan would not pay them what they were told they would get five hundred miles nearer the civilized world, they undertook a journey which most men would without hesitation say would not cover the extra trouble and expense by the difference in prices between the local post and Edmonton. Their own time is valueless to them—at least they look at it in that way—*until you engage one of them.* And they cannot, or will not, understand why goods should cost more at one point than at any other; so they considered that any extra price they got at Edmonton was clear gain, notwithstanding that they built a scow and travelled continuously for two months to get there and return to their home market, where great expense had been incurred to get in produce specially for them; which produce I have no doubt they went begging for as soon as what they got at Edmonton was done.

(To be continued.)

THE EVOLUTION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE COLONIES:

THEIR RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE EMPIRE.

HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P., P.C.

It is my purpose here to discuss matters of great importance to us as a colonial population. States have their periods of infancy and maturity, no less certainly than the individuals who compose them, and as society, in a dependency, becomes more wealthy and grows more complex, the powers of its government must necessarily grow in a corresponding proportion, so as to keep in harmony with the wants and conditions of the population.

I feel specially interested in discussing this subject, because there is occasionally exhibited a spirit of unrest in reference to the future of Canada, and it is assumed, as a matter of course, that our political growth has already reached its utmost limits unless we either at once attain the rank of an independent state, or become incorporated with the neighboring Republic. It is true that some parties have been looking forward to the Federation of the Empire as a solution which avoids the necessity of independence or annexation: but I think that the more that this proposition is considered, the more it will be seen, that such a solution is one not capable of realization.

I shall in this article undertake to show that we are not tied up to any of these as the sole solution of which our future is capable. It seems to me that, when we examine the history of the English colonies, we shall find that there has been a gradual growth of their political authority: that, from time to time, the parent state has yielded a larger measure of self-government to meet the political necessities of the colony: that colonia authority has been extended, until it has reached the extreme border of domestic jurisdiction: and that with the growth of the colonies, and the extension of their commercial relations with other States, these relations must ultimately be dealt with by the colonies themselves. I know at first blush, the statement of this opinion may lead many to suppose that separation and independence must be the logical outcome of our growth. I don't think so. I think it will be found that we may assume the exercise, hereafter, of external Sovereignty, as respects our own wants and necessities, without political separation from the Parent State: and it seems to me that we have, for the present, but to proceed empirically, and to deal with each question affecting our external relations as it arises, in order to work out for ourselves, and for the United Kingdom, a satisfactory solution of our future relation to it.

It is my duty to try and make what I may write, on this subject, of some use to the young men of Canada. I know well that I am expected to express sentiments in conformity with the history, the traditions, the principles and the aims of the Liberal party, and this I purpose doing.

The primary duty of the Liberal party is to correct such abuses as experience points out, to adjust our institutions to our present condition, and to see that the legislation and government of the country move forward so as to keep in step with the progress of the population. I dare say that some may dissent from the doctrines here advocated, but perfect

agreement in opinion is never the characteristic of those who think. We are often obliged to reason from imperfect data, and to draw conclusions from facts which may not be all that we should have before us in order to avoid mistakes. Nor must we forget that there arises, in the consideration of every great question, a period of initiation, a period when a formative process is going forward, and the opinions first promulgated, may be revised by the aid of more extended information, and corrected by the discussion and consideration which may be subsequently given to the subject.

Nothing is more obscure than the future of States. Providence has not lifted the mists which lie upon the path which stretches out before political communities, and upon which they are destined to travel. It is impossible to predict, with any pretence to certainty, the course that may, at a distant period in the future, be taken. The obstacles which lie in the pathway before us are unseen, and the effect of their existence may be to turn us in a direction quite different from that which, looking at the present condition of things, we might reasonably suppose we were likely, in the future, to take. We cannot even say in what direction, therefore, we are certain to move. This much, however, is certain, that the most formidable difficulties which we shall be called upon to encounter will be those for the existence of which we shall be ourselves solely responsible. We have, in the past, had many important questions put in issue, which the public have not, in every instance, solved. Many which are very important await solution; because they do not alone involve matters of judgment, but also subjects of public morals, and they cannot be dealt with by us without leaving the whole community the better or the worse on account of the action taken. It is for this reason that, I confess, I approach some of them with anxiety, and I cannot help feeling that there is much more than party triumph or party defeat involved in them. The whole people will be the better or the worse by what we do; they will be raised to a higher moral elevation, or sunk to a lower moral level than that which they now occupy, for it must be remembered that where there is power to decide, there is also the duty to decide rightly, and this is especially so in cases where the way is plain, or where it is one in respect to which the right course may be easily ascertained. It is scarcely less wrong to refuse to carefully investigate, than to unfairly decide, because, to us, the consequences will be the same, whether we take a wrong course from indifference, or take it deliberately, knowing it to be the one which a strict regard for right would compel us to abstain from choosing.

It is my purpose, in this article, to avoid party issues, and to consider what is to be our future relation to the United Kingdom. The past history of a state is always taken up, and incorporated, with its present life, and the future must be largely determined by the forces which are evolved from its growth and history.

One of the most interesting events in human history is the growth of the English Colonial Empire. It differs, in some important respects, from that of every other country, ancient or modern. Of modern civilized nations, Spain and the United Kingdom are the only great colonizing States.

It is no part of my duty, and it would be wholly beside my aim, to discuss the character of the colonization of Phœnicia, Greece and Rome. I purpose considering here the future of the colonies of England alone.

Holland began the work of colonization not long after Spain and England. She planted a colony upon the Hudson, in South America, in South Africa, and in the East Indies. Her chief colonies were New Amsterdam and Good Hope, and they became, by

the fortunes of war, English possessions. France began the work of colonizing in New France. Her possessions, too, have been transferred to the English; so that England not only retained the colonies which she began to establish, until near the close of the last century, but she obtained possession of all the important colonies established by other European States, except in the case of Spain and Portugal. Spain is the only other modern country which can, with any propriety, be regarded as a great colonizing country.

The Spaniards, to-day, occupy a territory nearly as great as that occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race. But the Spanish colonies have not kept pace with the colonies of England. The United States contains, now, a larger population than is found in all the independent states which Spain has founded, and this is due mainly to the fact that all Northern and Central Europe have poured their migrating population into that country, where they are being transmuted into Englishmen,—obeying English law, living English custom, speaking the English language, and learning English literature, in place of the laws, customs and literature of the country of their birth, all of which they have left behind them.

It would be interesting to trace the growth of colonies, to consider how it came about, that Spain, rather than France, became the founder of so many colonies, spread over so vast an extent of territory. The political importance of Spain in our day does not impress us. She has been superseded by other States who have come to the front and who occupy a much larger space in the minds of men than she now fills: but in the 16th and 17th centuries, Spain held a place even more marked in the eyes of the world than that which England occupies to-day. She was a great naval, as well as a great military power. Her people were a commercial people, and it was the growth of her commerce, and especially the wealth of two of the countries,—Mexico and Peru,—which she discovered and conquered, that gave to her people their colonizing impulse, and did so much to secure to her the possession of some of the finest territory on the globe. Spain, in her commercial and geographical phases, occupied the foremost place, and when we look at the early maps, marking the bays, the rivers, and the inlets of this continent, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coast, we find that they are the work of Spanish navigators, explorers and geographers.

The Spanish colonies were wanting in that vitality which free institutions impart to a people. Spain had destroyed her free institutions in Aragon and Castile, and had become a great consolidated power before her colonies in America were fairly established. Her colonies were held to be under the sole jurisdiction of the Sovereign, who was possessed of the entire control of every department of government, and was the sole proprietor of the vast territories over which he claimed jurisdiction. The people were entitled to no privilege independent of the Sovereign, except the municipal government of the cities, which was entrusted to them. The Spanish Sovereign divided his American possessions into two immense governments, those of New Spain and Peru. Over each a Viceroy was appointed, who possessed the regal prerogatives of the Sovereign within the precincts of his government. He claimed supreme authority, administrative, judicial, and military. When the colonies became populous, the Viceroy was so distant, and so inaccessible, as to exclude a large portion of the population from intercourse with the seats of government. In the last century, a third Viceroyalty was established in Granada, between the two which before existed.

The administration of justice was vested in Courts which were similar

to the Court of Chancery in Spain. The Viceroy was prohibited from interfering with the judicial proceedings of the Courts of Audience. He was prohibited from delivering an opinion upon any matter before the Court. This was intended as a legal restriction upon the arbitrary power of the Viceroy; but a restraint upon one who controlled the military, and the ordinary administration of civil government, was necessarily weak, and did not always serve the purpose, and appeals were frequently had to the King, and to the Council of the Indias. When a case involved a large sum, there was an appeal from the Court of Audience to the Council of the Indias. The jurisdiction of this Royal Council extended to all departments of government,—civil, military, commercial and ecclesiastical. With it originated all laws and ordinances, which could only be enacted by an approval of two-thirds of the Council, and it continued to possess great authority down to the period when the colonies became independent of the parent State. Indeed every State that had an extensive commerce sought to establish colonies.

The Greeks and Phœnicians were both colonizing, as well as commercial, peoples, and Rome, though not so much so, extended her empire, from military considerations, as Russia is doing to-day, incorporated her conquests with her dominions, sent her soldiers in advance of her citizens, and made herself the centre of an organized system, which embraced every country and people that had been subjugated by her armies.

England has for two centuries taken the lead in the work of colonizing, and placing her own people in the possession of every derelict country, and of every coast held by tribes of men who were without the semblance of organized governments. She has done this in the interest of commerce, and to open new markets into which the product of her industries may be carried. Had Christendom recognized the wisdom of the freedom of commerce, there would have been less interest taken in the work of colonizing. The commercial freedom of England has diminished the inclination and weakened the power of other States to establish colonies. The trade of the world, under a policy of commercial freedom, would have been open to the people of every Sovereign State. They would have all stood upon a footing of equality; but under the policy of the old navigation laws, one State was not allowed to trade with the colonists of another State. The goods of the English colonies, down to the close of the American Revolution, could only be distributed abroad by being first sent to England. The colonies could trade with the parent State alone, and, after the products of their skill and industry reached the parent State, from that point they might be carried elsewhere. The laws of Spain were then even more stringent than those of England, and the unlawful trader was dealt with no less severely than the felon. It was, then, of immense consequence that the countries occupied by uncivilized races should be acquired, in order that a monopoly of trade might be secured, and the State that enjoyed a supremacy at sea was enabled, on account of it, to carry on the work of colonizing with the greatest degree of security, and with the greatest chance of success.

The United States have become an independent people; but they have still, within their sovereign dominions, an immense region unoccupied, open for settlement, with all the favorable conditions that education and a possession of the luxuries and the refinements of civilization can afford. And so we find that hundreds of thousands of men, from every over-populated State of Europe, land in her ports, with the intention of becoming American citizens. They, in time, forget their own language, in order to learn the English tongue. They form the

intellectual habits of Englishmen. They come into possession of lands which Englishmen have touched, over which English law extends, where English thought and feeling prevail: and they are transmuted into men of the English race, as the snows which fall upon the Atlantic are merged into its waters. All emigrating European peoples are becoming English colonists: not through might, nor power of a physical character, but by the presence of this English thought and spirit, which pervades nearly every part of the newer world into which they are inclined to go when they depart from their own country. It is true that of recent years many Germans and many Italians have gone to Brazil and the Argentine Republic, to become, in time, Portuguese and Spaniards: but, compared with the immense number that daily find their way into English-speaking communities, to be absorbed into them, they form but a small fragment,—a fragment so small, that, in the consideration of the subject, they may be entirely overlooked. If one looks at the growth of Brazil, and of the Spanish American Republics, he will see, that though they are very considerable, they are small, indeed, compared with that of the English speaking States, which are spreading over the world. They have retained all their population by birth: they have had a small accession to their numbers: but their progress, in numbers, has been slow as compared with the Australasian colonies, the Cape, and the great Republic to the south of us.

The growth of the English race is a great fact, and so it becomes a subject of great interest, and it is well worth our while to pay some little attention to the evolution of the English Colonial System, to trace its primitive political conception, and its political growth, in order that we may learn from it, as far as may be possible, its future destiny.

The powers of the Local Government both as to colonies by occupation and as to colonies by conquest, had their earliest expression in Ireland, and yet they had not their origin in that country. The English settlements within the Irish pale were regarded as those of colonists by occupation. The natives of Ireland who dwelt beyond the pale were dealt with as colonists by conquest. Unfortunately for the peace and welfare of both countries, this characteristic, which has disappeared in every dependency abroad acquired by the force of arms, still continues in the case of Ireland. There are features of the government which show that the notion that Ireland is a country acquired by conquest has not even yet been wholly obliterated. I am not, however, going to discuss Irish constitutional history. I wish to say that the primitive colonial conception of local self government will be found in the early Anglo-Saxon constitution. The Local Governments of England were, for a long time, in the conduct of their local affairs, sovereign. The authority of the Earl in his county, and of the Lord Marcher on the borders of Wales, were not inferior to that of the Sovereign of England in the whole kingdom: and the Palatine Counties of Chester and Durham, which were survivals of the system, furnished a form of government for many of the early colonies. In some of the seaport towns the Burgess proprietors were, themselves, possessed of the franchises of an earl, and the free tenants held of them, and paid the same scutage, and rendered to them the same fealty which the tenants of a nobleman paid him in his court. There were, too, great estates which belonged to the Sovereign, and his tenants in capite appeared in Parliament and constituted, in the first instance, the House of Commons: so that these three distinct forms of local self-governing communities in England furnished three types of government, when colonies came to be established. There were the Charter Governments, moulded after the

type of the borough corporations: the Proprietary Governments, moulded after the Counties Palatine; and the Royal Establishments, formed after the type of the King's Parliament, where the laws were enacted by the crown, upon the advice of freemen, but where the writ issued to freemen did not call them to meet the king, in person, at Westminster, as in England, but, from the geographical necessity, to meet the king's agent,—to whom letters patent had been issued,—in a local Parliament, just as the other colonists met in the Parliament of their Proprietary, or of the Corporators. In some respects, the third form proved the most satisfactory, and it did so for the reason that there was less conflict of interest between the population and the crown, in respect to the public domain, than in those provinces where the interest of the crown had been transferred to the person or company that had received the charter. In many of those cases, the progress of the colony was subordinated to the avarice of the Proprietary, or to the greed of the Corporators, whose anxiety for gain impeded the settlement of the immense country which was granted to him or them as trustees of the nation. The writs for the holding of an election were issued by the authority of the crown in the Royal Establishments, and by the proprietor or proprietors in the other cases. The issue of writs for holding an election was regarded by the crown as a matter of grace; but this was no more the case, according to the rules of strict law in a colony now judicially recognized, than in the mother country. It was not a matter of grace, it was a matter of constitutional duty, because it is now well settled, although this has not always been the case, that the prerogatives of the crown in the colonies, are the same as in the United Kingdom, and the crown has no more authority to legislate for Englishmen without the advice and consent of a Representative Assembly in a colony, than in the parent State, without the consent of Parliament. The truth is, that the arbitrary doctrines of the Stuarts were effectually set aside in England at the Revolution, but they lingered in the colonies until a much later period. The crown claimed to have, in England, the power to create new constituencies, and to issue writs commanding the return of members to represent such constituencies in the House of Commons; but this practice, it was said, could not be continued after the admission of Scotland into the Union, as it was settled what should be the relative representation to which each section of the United Kingdom was entitled. But in the case of the colonies no such objection applied, and the crown claimed the right to continue to create constituencies and to determine their extent. The crown did not undertake to decide upon the qualification which an elector was to possess. This was, for a long time, determined, in England, not by statute, but by usage, and when it was determined by statute, before any colonies were planted, the rule adopted by Imperial statute was regarded as the rule of law, which Englishmen carried with them into the distant possessions of the crown; and so the crown in its proclamation, in stating the qualification of the electors, simply declared what the law already was. It is interesting to observe how tenacious the crown was of the right to create constituencies, for in many instances it absolutely refused to give its sanction to a legislative measure, defining the number of members which should be returned, and fixing the boundaries of constituencies, because such legislation would make it impossible for the crown thereafter to exercise the prerogative which it claimed to possess in this regard. We also find that the crown, in the colonies over which it retained its jurisdiction, refused to agree to have the time for which members were elected limited by law, as, apart from such legislation,

the House was elected during the pleasure of the crown, and could be continued indefinitely, if the crown did not choose to dissolve the legislature and to call a new House.

In the Province of New York, over and over again, the Governor refused to sanction a measure limiting the period for which the legislature was elected, and it was not until the year 1743 that such a measure was carried, and then it was limited to a period of seven years, being the time for which the House of Commons in the United Kingdom was elected, and for which it would continue, if not sooner dissolved by the exercise of the Royal prerogative. We also find that, again and again, in the American colonies, the crown refused to sanction a measure which abolished the law of primogeniture, and provided for an equal distribution of real estate amongst the children of the proprietor. This refusal, however, rested upon a different ground. It was provided in all the Charters, and in the Commissions to Royal Governors, that the legislation in the colonies should be, as near as might be, consistent with the provisions of Common Law, and among the older writers on English Constitutional Law, the opinion obtained that Parliament could not legislate in contravention of the Common Law, which consisted of recognized usages and customs of the people, and which were held to be of paramount authority: that while Parliament, by its legislation, might declare what that law had been, and restore it where, by Royal encroachments, it had been disregarded, it could not legislate in contravention of it: and that where a statute and a well-settled rule of the Common Law were in conflict, that the rule of the Common Law must prevail. And it was because it was thought that such a power could not be legally exercised, rather than because of the impropriety of the legislation, that this power was, for so long a period of time, denied.

There are, too, many instances in which it is plainly evident that the Sovereign, and sometimes the Imperial Parliament, was jealous of the powers of self-government claimed by the colonies. It has been recently stated in a work of merit,* that the prerogatives of the crown, in the dependencies of the Empire, are greater than they are in the United Kingdom, and great authorities, of a former period, are quoted in favor of this view. There is no doubt it was once so held, but it cannot be said to be held any longer. The prerogatives of the crown are, amongst all English-speaking peoples, in every part of the world where they have not been varied by legislation, the same, and it has been decided in the case of Long *vs.* Bishop, of Cape Town, that the prerogatives of the crown are the same in a colony having a local Government as in the United Kingdom; and this is not less true, even where no Government has been established.

Many years ago, the Governor of Nova Scotia undertook to legislate without an Assembly. The Chief Justice of the Province, who was a member of the Council, objected to this practice as being without legal warrant, and the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals of the time (1755) expressed the opinion that the Governor and Council alone have no power to enact laws, and that the Government could not be properly carried on without an Assembly. Exception was earnestly taken to this view by the Governor and Council, and the case of the Governor of Virginia having exercised such power at the first settlement of that Province was referred to, but the Lords of Plantations informed the Governor that this practice had been of very short duration, and since the Constitution of England had been restored to its true principles it had never been thought advisable that such a course should be taken.

* "Judicial Power and Unconstitutional Legislation," by B. Coxe, of the Philadelphia Bar. I would recommend this book to students of Constitutional Law.

And there are decisions and opinions in modern times which show that in this respect the colonies have the same protection against Government by prerogative where Parliament has not expressly provided for legislation without the aid of an Elective Assembly, that the people enjoy in the United Kingdom. The thirteen colonies, prior to the American Revolution, maintained on their own behalf an exclusive authority in all matters of domestic legislation, and also in respect to taxation. They contended that they could not be taxed without their own consent, given in their own legislature, or in some legislative body to which they returned representatives, and that while the Imperial Parliament had supreme control over the external relations of the colonies, no less than over those of Great Britain and Ireland, it had no legal right to legislate for the colonies in matters of domestic concern. This contention on the part of the colonies, made the Empire a species of federation, in which the federal power was exclusively vested in the central and Sovereign State. These were the issues between Great Britain and her North American dependencies. In 1778 the Imperial Parliament passed an act by which it declared its intention, in the furure, not to undertake to impose taxes on any of the dependencies of the Empire. This statute is still in force, and it has been scrupulously respected. The Parliament has, however, always claimed for itself the right to legislate on behalf of the colonies upon every conceivable subject. The Imperial Parliament has always denied that there is in any colony any power of legislation that is legally exclusive. It has always maintained that it has a right to legislate on every subject for the colony, and that where it does so legislate, its legislation supercedes that of the colony which is in conflict with it. This is a power which everyone, at the present day, recognizes as one which is not capable of general employment, as it would, if made practically effective, destroy local self-government in all the colonies of the Empire. The doctrine laid down by the American colonies is one which we have very closely approached, but it is one which has never been formally adopted. The theoretical rule that Parliament is not excluded from legislating for any section of the Empire, as it may deem, in its discretion, proper, is a rule which is found, as at present exercised, a rule of convenience, under which constitutional legislation, at the request of the colonies, has taken place, and which becomes the supreme law of the colony. Under it, too, Parliament has legislated so as to enable the Crown to do what it once claimed it had the inherent power to do without such legislation, but which the Law Officers and the Courts in recent times have advised and held that it does not possess. Parliament has authorized it to legislate on behalf of new settlements where the population is not sufficiently numerous to enable the inhabitants advantageously to call into existence, upon the authority of a writ, a Legislative Assembly.

The English colonial system took a new departure much more closely conforming to the Parliamentary system of the mother country, upon the introduction of Parliamentary Government. It has led to fiscal legislation often hostile to the commercial interest of the parent State, without leading to Royal or to Parliamentary interference. It has led to the fullest adoption of the principles of local self-government, with which the Imperial Parliament does not venture to interfere,—with which it could no longer constitutionally interfere. In fact, for all practical purposes other than those which I have mentioned, the Imperial Parliament, to-day, is, besides being a domestic legislature, a federal legislature for the Empire, and it has as carefully abstained from interfering with the domestic concerns of

the colonies as if it were restrained by a written constitution. It is true the crown, upon the advice of the Imperial Ministers, may disallow colonial legislation, but the rule has become well settled of late years, that this power of disallowance is one which can now be exercised only for the protection of Imperial interests, and for the careful exclusion of colonial legislation from that sphere which the Imperial Parliament regards as exclusively its own: so that, in all matters of domestic concern, the electorate of each colony where the Parliamentary system is established is as much the political Sovereign of the colony as if the colony had declared itself independent and as if that independence were fully recognized. So far, the Imperial Constitution is well settled.

Now, we in Canada, have to consider a very important matter, and it is this:—Whether we have reached, at this point, the extreme limit of our growth as a dependency, or whether the law of evolution may carry us still further, without any danger to the integrity of the Empire, or any necessity for its dismemberment?

Under the Imperial Constitution I see nothing to prevent every dependency of the Empire continuing to increase in power, and in authority, until it stands upon a footing of perfect equality, in respect to its own affairs, with the parent State: and if this should prove a sound view, then a larger measure of self-government will necessarily spring from an increase of wealth and of numbers. Under the English constitutional system the executive authority of the Empire is everywhere a unit; the power is everywhere royal power; it is everywhere exercised by Her Majesty, but it is not everywhere exercised by Her Majesty upon the advice of the same ministers. At present, Her Majesty's Ministers at Westminster, are her sole advisers on all matters of Imperial concern. Is it necessary to the stability of the Empire, and to its political unity, that this should forever be the case? I don't think so; and there are indications which show that a new state of things is arising: that we have, in fact, already passed the limit beyond which, in the minds of many, we could not go without separation. We did so in our negotiations with the neighboring Republic in 1871, and again in 1887. We did so in the recent arbitration for the settlement of the dispute in respect to the killing of seals in the Behring Sea. The course taken by the Imperial Government was, in a large measure, determined by opinion in Canada, and upon the Board of Arbitration, Great Britain and Canada were both represented. Formally both representatives were appointed upon the advice of Her Majesty's Ministers at Westminster, but, in fact, the choice of the Canadian representative was determined by the Government of this country. The Imperial Government was largely interested in the matter. If war should have arisen, the burdens of that war would have most largely fallen upon the parent State. But while the necessity is such as to entitle her to a vote on the Board, her interests were not exclusive, and Canada being also an interested party, having interests distinct and separate from those of the United Kingdom, was entitled to receive, and did receive, representation upon the Board of Arbitration. So, too, the Australian colonies set up a claim in respect to the determination of questions of external policy which might affect the future destiny of these colonies. They pointed out to the Imperial Government, that the action of France and Germany in establishing colonies in their neighborhood were not matters which solely affected the parent State; that they were matters far more largely pertaining to the Australian colonies; and that they could not be indifferent to the colonial establishments by France and Germany, in their neigh-

borhood; and they insisted upon an Imperial policy, upon the question which so much concerned their welfare, which would relieve them from the menace arising from having great military powers established in their vicinity.

Is it not then, clear, that in proportion as the commerce and wealth of the colonies extend,—that in proportion as they have a larger trade with other countries, they must have in a more marked degree a voice in negotiation, and in the settlement of questions which deeply concern them and which their public men understand and which the public men of England don't and can't understand equally well? The special occupation of the public men in the parent country with those things which specially concern those whom they represent must always make them less competent to deal with the affairs of the dependencies, than they are with their own; and so it is to the interest of the Empire, as it is to the interest of that section of the Empire specially concerned, that those who best understand the questions, and are thoroughly in touch with those whom the matter affects, should be the parties authorized under the constitution to deal with them, and should be the chief advisers of the Crown in respect to them. In the very nature of things, the smaller colonies,—those not having any external relations properly so called,—must trust to the parent State; and, on the whole, their interests are fairly dealt with. But in the case of colonies, which may grow until their interests abroad are not less than those of the parent State, and, in special matters, may be altogether greater, the parent State must trust them as they have trusted her. It is the same Sovereign who negotiates; it is the same Sovereign who expresses what her royal will and determination is in regard to the matter; but that will, that determination, is not moulded and shaped, in every instance, by the same men, and it certainly can be of no greater moment to Imperial Ministers that colonial Ministers should be the chief advisers of the Crown in such special matters, and that they, in the United Kingdom, should be bound by the conclusions reached, than it is now, when they are bound by acts of men who had gone out of the world before they appeared upon the stage of existence.

This question of political evolution and national growth is one of very great importance, and there obviously springs from it responsibilities as well as rights. It would be indeed monstrous, if we were to claim the full measure of our authority, and, at the same time, deny all responsibility incident to the exercise of such authority. Have we considered, as our interest requires, that when we insist upon exercising, as occasion may necessitate the powers of a Sovereign State, we must also be prepared to assume some of the burdens and responsibilities which attach to that character? We must, while remaining a portion of the Empire, once we claim to exercise such power, be ready to assume, in a larger measure than we have hitherto done, the protection of our own territory in case of war or hostile invasion. It would be in the last degree pusillanimous to make claim to Sovereign authority, and to repudiate all the burdens which Sovereign power, if we stood alone, would necessarily bring. No one in his senses would pretend to say, that if Canada were independent to-morrow, she would not find it necessary to incur expenses in the erection of forts and arsenals, and in the establishment of a fleet, to some extent at least, for the purposes of police and for the purpose of protecting her commerce. As a portion of the Empire, some of the expenditures are no doubt avoided. If our security were not made greater, or less costly, by remaining within the Empire,—if we had no special advantage from doing so,—then the motive for continuing to

grow within it, instead of standing alone, would be at an end. This much, however, it is clearly our bounden duty to undertake,—to protect our own cities on the seaboard against the possibility of surprise, and to make adequate provision against their becoming possessions, for the time being, of an enemy. The tribute which might be levied, the injury which might be done, the risk of permanent loss which we would incur by neglect, the humiliation and disgrace of capture, would be immeasurably greater evils than the expense which we would now be called upon to bear, in order to give proper security to our own people, and to fairly protect our own special interests. The boy, who, on arriving at years of manhood, does nothing to acquire habits of self-reliance, who makes no sacrifice in his own interest, —will be wanting in some of the highest qualities of manhood: and as it is with him, so is it with the colony grown to the status of a nation that claims power, but which repudiates the burdens which accompany it. It must consider larger questions of state for itself: it must consider the subject of its own defence: it is not called upon to abuse its neighbors, or to indulge in swagger and bravado, but it is bound, in duty to itself, to acquire habits of self-reliance and to make some sacrifices on its own behalf. We expect, from time to time, to press upon the parent State the propriety of conceding to us a larger measure of authority: to place, in a larger degree, our own destiny in our own hands. With what face can we do this, if we are not prepared to put forward the least effort for our own protection, and for making ourselves a substantial source of strength to the Empire, instead of being, in case of hostility, a source of humiliation and danger.

Let us, in discussing the future that lies before us, consider what further measure of authority in particular we should possess, and what further responsibilities we should, in decency and fairness to the parent State, be prepared to assume: because I take it that the moment we enter upon the field of external relations as one with which we have to do, and as one which politically concerns us, we cannot stand towards the mother country, in reference to questions of defence, as we stood before. There has been, on the part of the English Government, ever since Parliamentary Government for domestic purposes reached maturity, a determination to throw upon the colonies the maintenance of peace within their own borders. Was not this a reasonable determination? Now we stand upon the brink of a new phase of colonial life. We enter upon grounds hitherto untrodden by the feet of any dependent community, and we are bound to consider all that is incident to this new state of affairs. I have no doubt that when the subject is fully considered, and exhaustively discussed, the people of this country, as well as those in other portions of the Empire, will reach such conclusions as will bring to it greater strength, and greater security, along with that increased authority which the different parts may constitutionally claim and rightfully possess. But there may be other interests arising quite independent of any question of defence. When one State becomes an ally of another in case of war, it is not always because their designs are ambitious, or because the integrity of both is endangered.

Let us consider for a moment what the effect of the fall of England would be, not only upon Canada, but upon the whole of North America. If France and Russia could destroy the English fleet, and acquire a naval ascendency, the British Empire would be at an end. We might have a French garrison in Halifax and in Quebec, and a Russian occupation of British Columbia. But I pass that consideration over. No colonies would remain to England. They would pass under other control, or become independent. The trade of the world would

go back. The restricted system would again be introduced. The whole commerce of the world would be conducted on lines similar to those which prevailed before the beginning of this century. Places with which we can now trade, we could trade with no longer. With the destruction of British commerce, would come the diminution of the British population. Their numbers, by famine and emigration, would fall to, at least, one half of what they are at present. What then would be the British market to us? With New Zealand, Australia and India under the control of Russia and France, I need not say to you, how very serious the change would be both for Canada and the United States. The United States would be in much the same position that she was when the Holy Alliance threatened the independence of this continent and the re-conquest of Spanish America. It would, indeed, be worse. The world has not, since the fall of the Roman Empire, known any event which would so calamitously affect its material and political progress. A great war fought upon our soil would indeed be a great evil. But it would be to us, in its mischievous consequences, trifling, indeed, compared with the fall of the United Kingdom and the dismemberment of the British Empire. The labor of the husbandman would, in the one case, once peace was restored, soon repair the injuries inflicted by war, and the ploughshare would, within a few years, obliterate the evils inflicted by the sword. But nothing could repair for us the evils arising from the commercial ascendency of nations using that ascendency, not in the interests of freedom, but to uphold commercial exclusion. A war which would have the effect of reducing the United Kingdom to the position of Spain would only be less calamitous to us and to every other British possession than to herself. The English-speaking population on this continent would find their commerce destroyed by the restrictive policy extended to so large a portion of the industrial world. Let, it not then, be supposed that such a war is one which but little concerns us, or that we are not called upon to make any sacrifice, from domestic considerations, to uphold the greatness of our motherland. It would once more become a question whether any portion of mankind should possess free institutions. We should be devoted to freedom and to peace; but we must not forget that these are made more secure where it is seen that they are so dearly prized that we are ready to make some sacrifices for their preservation. We cannot stand still. We ought to advance: but we must not forget that increased power and greatness must be accompanied by increased responsibilities, and we would prove ourselves unworthy to share in the sovereign authority of a great Empire, if we attempt to shift to the shoulders of others the burdens which should, in justice, rest upon our own.

A GLANCE AT LAMPMAN.

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

So much has been written and so much has been said concerning Canadian literature, that there are many who are beginning to doubt the existence of such a thing—contending that if a literature really exist in Canada, it would not be necessary to indulge in the prevalent, and perhaps too blatant, trumpeting of our heretofore necessarily meagre accomplishments. An earnest and patriotic, but, at the same time, an unhappy attempt, has been made to "boom" our literature. Like all "booms" it has proven unsatisfactory and unprofitable, fatuous and illusory. We are beginning to realize that to scream at one another that we have a literature is not going to give us one. We are beginning to see that this state of self-consciousness is hampering and confining; that it cannot admit of literary freedom and activity. And to that voice that comes from time to time across the sea, asking in tones of mingled reproof and entreaty why we have not a national literature, we can only sadly but hopefully reply: "We have many promises, many blossoms that should betoken much fall-time fruit. We can only wait, and if, after all, the day of national literatures is not over and gone, we may give you something with the flavor of a great land of great lakes and mountains and plains, that will smack piquant in the cloyed stomachs of your trans-marine gourmands."

It is undeniably true that there are many promises of Canada some day possessing a number of strong and healthy literary characters; but too much trust should not be placed in mere promises. In his "Victorian Poets," Stedman disposes of the Canadian contingent in six lines, I believe, devoted to one poet and only one.

It would be both foolish and elusive to expect to see suddenly spring up, like mushrooms, a horde of Canadian writers and poets; it is enough to hope that our schools and colleges may take advantage of the fresh, sturdy material they have to deal with, and turn out men fit for sound intellectual and literary work. So far, they have failed to do so.

It was little more than courtesy that prompted an American poet, when with us not long ago, to say there was something in this Canadian air of ours that made poets. But everything should not be left to the air. In this age, our colleges and universities have their part to do; but I doubt which is the most potent of good results, the Canadian air or the Canadian university.

There is one strongly marked characteristic of the existing generation of Canadian poets—that is, intense seriousness. They have, perhaps unfortunately, little or nothing of the humor found in contemporary American versifiers; but they have an earnestness and a loftiness of ideal that is sadly lacking in much American verse. Mingled with this they have the freshness of a young race, and the strength of a northern one. It may be that this loftiness and high endeavor is, as yet, a comparative failure: but the soul is there, and the technique is a thing that can be acquired. But when there is no soul, all the technique under the blue heavens is only a mockery.

Of the group of Canadian poets who have obtained a recognized standing, —Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Campbell and Scott—probably Lampman is the most thoroughly Canadian, and in Canada the most popular. He is not as scholarly as Roberts: he has not

the strong imaginative power of Campbell; he may not have the mysterious melody of language peculiar to Carman, nor the pleasing daintiness and occasional felicitousness of Scott: but he is the strongest and broadest poet of the group, possessing the most of what Landor has called "substantiality." He has an artist's eye for color, and the quiet thoughtfulness of a student for scenery—the true nature poet. No one has written more happily of our seasons and landscapes, of the long, white, silent winter: of the warm, melodious, awakening spring, of the hot, parched, Canadian midsummer days, with their dust and drought, and of the reddening and yellowing leaves of autumn, that most sorrowful, though beautiful, of all seasons in Canada, when summer wanes, and the birds fly southward, and the rime comes on the fields, and finally snow and silence dwell on the barren, desolate, wintry earth.

I can readily understand why God put man on His world. Without humanity the most beautiful world is an unreal dream; beauty exists only when man exists to call it beauty: and things are not what they are but what we make them. Without thought, nature is nothing; without emotion, thought is nothing. That is an old, well-worn saying that in the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind; but its age and its repetition only intensify its truth. Lampman says:

> "Why do ye call the poet lonely,
> Because he dreams in lonely places?
> He is not desolate, but only
> Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces."

The poet is he who sees—a more difficult thing than humanity imagines. We say the poet's fancy, or imagination, or dreams, casts prismatic hues about what he sees, but, in reality, this fancy is the essence of truth, just as prismatic hues are the essences of white light, unrevealed until the prism analyses the colorless ray and shows its real elements. In the same way as the prism, the poet acts in the truths he gives forth, showing that they have something more than their apparent elemental white light, that they, too, have their violet and blue and orange and red.

But Lampman sees nature in a peculiarly simple light; there is little of the transforming fancy in his word-painted scenes. They are more real than ideal. I do not mean that Lampman is what is called "a realist"—what poet could be one?—for after reading a poem like "The Frogs," in which an apparently realistic and common-place subject is idealistically treated, such a supposition becomes impossible. The poet establishes a strong bond of sympathy between men and those dreamy pool-bubblers, the frogs.

> "Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,
> Quaint, uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange,
> Flutists of lands where beauty hath no change,
> And wintry grief is a forgotten guest;
> Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,
> For whom glad days have ever yet to run,
> And moments are as atoms, and the sun
> But ever sunken half way toward the west.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely
> Wrapt with your voices, this alone we knew,
> Cities might change and fall, and men might die.
> Secure were we, content to dream with you,
> That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet,
> And dreams are real and life is only sweet."

It is the poet who finds the latent beauty in what the world thoughtlessly passes over as prosaic or repulsive. Who ever before thought there was so much sentiment connected with that little, neglected, abused, serio-comic animal—the frog?

Lampman is a town man who likes to leave the fret and fever of the city and wander out into the quiet country, find a pleasant or a striking landscape, and then examine and absorb it. Having done this, he reproduces, with faithful minuteness, the scene, and it is in reproduction that one is impressed with his power of delineation and unerring detail. It is accurate and

suggestive, graphic and impressive. None but a true artist could write the following lines: they are more than the work of a mere craftsman:

"Beyond the dusky cornfields, toward the west,
Dotted with farms, beyond the shallow stream,
Through drifts of elm with quiet peep and gleam,
Curved white and slender as a lady's wrist,
Faint and far off out of the autumn mist,
Even as a pointed jewel softly set
In clouds of color warmer, deeper yet,
Crimson and gold, and rose, and amethyst,
Toward dayset, where the journeying sun grown old
Hangs lowly westward, darker now than gold,
With the soft sun-touch of the yellowing bows
Made lovelier, I see, with dreaming eyes,
Even as a dream out of a dream, arise
The bell-tongued city with its glorious towers."

But for the obtrusiveness of that lady's wrist,—but for that little straining for a back-ground figure, the picture is a perfect one.

What reader has not felt the power of the poem called "Heat?"

"From plains that swell to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare,
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly-clacking wheels."

One can see that crawling hay-cart with the vividness of a picture: one can almost feel the quiver of the hot midsummer air, and smell the dry, hot dust.

"By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing at his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land."

Very much in the same excellent style is "Among the Timothy," where

"The crickets creak, and through the noonday glow
That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,
The dry cicada plies his wiry bow
In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty sere;
From the green grass the small grasshoppers' din
Spreads soft and silvery thin;
And ever and anon a murmur steals
Into mine ears of toil that moves alway,
The crackling rustle of the pitch-forked hay
And lazy jerk of wheels."

To any one who has been in the hay-field and has heard the "crackling rustle" of the dry hay, and the jerk of the moved-on wagon wheels, the power of Lampman's pictures must strongly appeal.

This poet is a healthy child of nature, nursed by that broad, strong mother, the innocent earth. Happily he has none of the morbidness to be found only too easily in several young Canadians; grey children grown old in their youth. With Lampman, the smiles were ever too near the lip for him to make his life discordant with his own words, when he said:—

"Poets speak of passion best
When their dreams are undistressed,
And the swestest songs are sung
Ere the inner heart is stung."

Emotion and melody seem mingled, like sunlight and cloud, in the sonnet on "Music:"—

"——calm and yearning undersong,
Now swift and loud, tumultuously strong,
And I in darkness sitting near to thee,
Shall only hear and feel, but shall not see
One hour made passionately bright with dreams,
Keen glimpses of life's splendor, dashing gleams
Of what we would, and what we cannot be.

Surely not painful ever, yet not glad,
Shall such hours be to me, but blindly sweet,
Sharp with all yearning and all fact at strife,
Dreams that skim by with unremembered feet,
And tones that like far distance make this life
Spectral and wonderful and strangely sad."

The due proportion between language and thought is likewise in nearly all of Lampman's work. He seldom relies on illegitimate artistic effects. There is so much that is good in him: there is so much that is worth quoting,—that it is difficult to do him justice by tearing out a few tattered stanzas. But I must be content with one more quotation,—a few lines from "Aspiration":—

"Oh deep eyed brothers, was there ever here,
Or is there now, or shall there sometime be,
Harbor or any rest for such as we,
Lone, thin-cheeked mariners, that aye must steer
Our whispering barks, with such keen hope and fear,

Toward misty bournes across that coastless sea,
Whose winds are songs that ever gust and flee,
Whose shores are dreams that tower but come not near."

Archibald Lampman is often spoken of as a young man to be measured by his promise more than by the greatness of his accomplishment; but it seems to me he has done his best work and has risen to his greatest height. He has felt his limitations. But this accomplished work is so excellent for its kind, his art is so pure and chaste, that we cannot be but well satisfied with what he has done. If he has still better work in store for us, it will be a surprise, but an agreeable one. It would be foolish to expect anything more thoroughly Canadian, for Canada at present is hardly in a condition for poets to grow enthusiastically patriotic over: and while patriotism in itself is a good thing, the poet who loses himself in rapturous expressions of our national glory could not be considered otherwise than very imaginative and very nonsensical, and perhaps he who thinks Canadian literature is anything more than the trans-frontier radiation of a central luminary, be it England or America, is likewise imaginative and nonsensical.

THE WATER LILY AND THE STARS.

From the deep, black mire of the river's bed
A lily raised its radiant head,
And gazed, with a wistful, wondering eye,
At the twinkling gems in the far-off sky.

And the stars, from their ebon throne, looked down
With never an envious eye or frown,
Each loved the other, and each admired;
For with beauty and grace were both attired.

The spotless drape of an angel's gown,
And the gleaming gold of Jehovah's throne,
Together, a glowing radiance shed
From the humble flower in the river's bed.

For the lily's glossy, silken fold,
With brow of crystal and heart of gold,
Is the work of the same strong, generous hand
As the gems in the vault of the glory-land.

In the flower of the field, in the bow in the cloud,
In the swaddling robe, in the sleeper's shroud,
There are silent deeps where no foot hath trod,
That may only be known in the Light of God.

McMaster University, Toronto. O. G. Langford.

IN THE LUMBER WOODS.

LUMBERING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE TRIBUTARIES.

I.

"YOUR name? yes; Jean Baptiste Lacroix. You say you are a log-maker, and had charge of a gang last winter. Well, we engage you at $30 per month, board included, until closing of operations in the spring. Just sign here. Oh! you can't sign your name. Well, this is your mark 'X,' 'touche a la plume,' that's right: you are engaged." After having gone through very much the same form of hiring, a great many of those hired being French-Canadians who cannot even write their own names, but who at the same time make the best workers in the woods, we have engaged, perhaps, 75 or 100 men, with wages ranging from $15 to $60 per month. The men being hired, we arrange a time to meet at the railway station, and then the trip commences.

All the men are put in charge of either a shanty foreman, or an agent of the firm, who is responsible for their safe arrival at their destination. I say safe arrival, for unless a great many of them are literally held in place, it would be almost impossible to avert disaster.

With most of this class of men, their "eve of departure" is an occasion of great jollification, and, to use the expression, they arrive at the station "loaded for moose," and in the right mood to either fight, sing, dance or sleep, just as they may be affected, so that should the one in charge not be a good judge of their different phases of character, and have any doubt as to how to approach them, he will have a most difficult task to undertake: but on the other hand, if he is able to bear with them a little, and to a certain extent humor them in their whims, he will find that they are the best-natured beings alive. The train having at last started, it is the agent's duty to see that no more imbibing is done *en route*, as everyone is expected to have sobered up by the time that the train has arrived at the point where the boats are taken, and from where their work commences.

Though these men may imbibe too freely before starting, I have not known, in my several years' experience, one case of drunkenness while in the woods. This speaks well for the discipline in the camps.

No time is lost in getting the boats into starting order, they, as well as all necessary provisions having been previously arranged for by one of the clerks, who has been sent on in advance for that purpose. The boats are thirty to sixty feet long. The sixty-feet boats have sixteen oars, each one of which is worked by one man, while the boat is steered by two men, with large paddles, one of them standing at either end. The boats, which are flat-bottomed, are very solidly built of inch and inch and a quarter strips, each strip extending the entire length of the boat. A boat will hold from twenty to thirty men, besides several barrels of pork and flour, chests of tea, boom chains, camps, etc., etc. Of course, it can hardly be expected that, as these boats are weighted down, very good time can be made, but a two or three mile-an-hour stroke is considered fair going, and will take them over a long stretch of water in a day.

All being well underway, it is an easy matter for the boats to keep to-

gether. This they generally do, so as to assist each other when a rapid is reached, when, if the current be not too strong, they pull to shore, and prepare to overcome the difficulty. Everyone leaves the boat, with the exception of two men who remain to guide it; a long rope is fastened to the bow; the boat is shoved out into the stream, and then comes the "tug of war," which is entered into by all hands. Inch by inch the boat creeps along, swaying first to one and then to the other side, the pressure of water being so strong that it is next to impossible for the men at the bow and stern to keep it in a direct line, until at last the head of the rapid is reached. Then a lusty cheer rings forth from every throat, and the men are only too glad to have the opportunity of relaxing the strain upon their muscles, which has been at the highest tension during the whole progress of the boat up the chute.

MAKING A START WITH BOATS.

If, on the other hand, the rapid is too heavy to permit of thus passing a rapid, the boats are pulled into shore and unloaded, so that their contents can be carried over the portage.

To a stranger, seeing this busy sight for the first time, it will appear almost impossible to carry this vast amount of truck over such rough country without the assistance of horses, but when one hundred strong men, with hemp lines, buckle down to work, the pile very soon diminishes at the foot, and increases at the head of the portage. At times a great deal of competition goes on between the burliest of the men to see who can carry the largest load on his back. I have known some of them to carry two barrels of flour, weighing 250 lbs., a distance of a quarter of a mile at a stretch.

The boats having been carried, or hauled over, everything is replaced in them, and off we go again until another rapid is reached, which is treated in like manner, or, dusk approaching, we land and prepare for passing the night. In the latter case, the boats being securely fastened to shore and covered with tarpaulins, part of the men set to work to pitch the camps, while others gather enough wood to supply the wants of the cook, and to keep a large fire going well into the night. The fire is most acceptable; the fall nights being quite chilly.

In due time we are apprised by the clang of the plates, and the savory smell of cooking, that our *chef* has not been idle; and having well-earned a meal, we lose no time in attending to the wants of the inner man. These transient meals, as a rule, consist of pork and beans, potatoes, bread, butter, eggs, boiled dried apples, and tea, all of which, to a hungry and hard-working man, is quite as acceptable as a Delmonico dinner. All having eaten to their fullest capacity, out comes the pipe, and friendships are made or, in a great many instances, renewed, which

will last all through the winter months. Nearly every one has his special chum to whom he could confide his numerous woes and good fortunes.

As we are to start off again the following day at dawn, we are only too glad to turn in at an early hour. Our beds are composed of a lair of cedar or pine boughs spread on the ground, on which a double blanket is laid, between which the sleeper sandwiches himself. The men sleep very close together, the motto in these camps not being "Union is strength," but "Union is warmth;" so that one might almost say that the camp is one large bed. To all intents and purposes it is all that is required, and when in the morning, having had a wash and a breakfast very like dinner, with the addition of porridge, all are in the proper spirits and form for another day's travel.

The following days are very much a repetition of the one described, with the exception of the one on which the depôt is reached, when everything is landed and the men have their names entered in the books, and are portioned off for the different shanties to which they are to go, or locations in which the shanties are to be erected, and the necessary preparations are made for starting out on the following day. So many different things having to be looked after, the start into the woods is usually left until the early morning.

Every firm and shanty has a depôt which is generally situated in a convenient and central locality; it is intended to be a distributing point for the several different logging camps. The main building is usually constructed out of logs, or, else, lumber brought up for the purpose. The upper part is composed of a spacious compartment in which the store supplies are kept, while the lower flat is set apart for a general store and offices, with a few rooms in which the depôt clerks dwell. Not far from this, there is a large dwelling house, in the upper portion of which the farm and depôt hands sleep, while the lower portion of it is used for a kitchen and dining room. Besides these, there are stables, barns, dairy, blacksmith shop, carpenter's shop, root house, large store houses, etc, so that to a visitor it would appear quite like a small village. During the summer months it is left in charge of an experienced farmer, who looks after the crops, having them cut, and seeing that they and the different vegetables are stored away for the winter.

Though it may seem strange, a good bush farm is a most profitable adjunct to a lumber firm, as transportation being so expensive a large amount can be realized, or rather saved, by raising even a portion of the winter's requirements.

The head overseer, or agent, as he is called, has full charge of all the men in the woods, and he in turn subdivides them into shanties, each of which is superintended by a foreman whose duty it is to see that all the men in his charge are performing their work properly.

When a full shanty complement start out for the scene of their winter operations they may have received instructions to occupy one of the shanties of the previous winter, in which vicinity the timber may not have been cut out; but if, on the other hand, they have to go into new territory, then upon arriving at their destination, they immediately construct their quarters for the winter. This construction is done in the following way: First of all, a space of the required size is cleared of all trees, shrubbery, etc.; then trees of the required lengths are felled and flatted on two sides and placed one on top of the other up to a distance of about twelve to fifteen feet, and the ends dovetailed and fastened together with wooden spikes. The roof, which slopes from the centre to either side, is made of split cedars which are hollowed out and laid close together with the hollow side up, the ends over-

lapping in the centre of the roof, and the cracks, or spaces, between each two being covered by similar cedars, which are placed over them with the hollow side down, thus making the roof perfectly water-tight.

The shanties of five or six years ago had a large opening in the roof to allow the smoke from the open comboose or fire-place, to escape ; but the more modern shanties of the present day contain regular shanty stoves which do both the cooking and the heating, so that now the large opening in the roof is supplanted by a chimney hole. Though the introduction of stoves in the woods is a large saving to the larder, still it does away, to a great extent, with the picturesqueness that the old-fashioned fire-place gave, and I have known a number of instances in which old bushmen have refused to engage with a concern that had the modern improvements, stating that if they had "to put up with all these new ideas," they could remain at home and do so.

The exterior having been completed, and a stable having been constructed in a like manner, the interiors are looked after. In the shanty we find that two rows of bunks, large enough to hold two men each, have been placed all round the walls. At the base of the lower bunks a log bench is placed, on which the men can sit and eat their meals off tin plates, which they hold on their knees, no such luxury as a table being thought of. The foreman is the earliest riser in the shanty ; he getting up to waken the cook, who prepares the breakfast and gives the rest of the men a call about fifteen minutes before it is ready, which is more than ample time for the completion of a standard bush toilet.

Breakfast over, no more time is lost ; the men all being anxious to get to work and secure for themselves the reputation of a "good man,"—one that is always able to command higher pay than one that is unknown.

Before going further I may well give a short description of the different occupations of the men.

The cook really reigns supreme in his domain, and, as a rule, is quite a character, and should he be endowed with the proper qualifications, he will be a great favorite with the men and give them great amusement in their idle moments. If he is quick at repartee, he will be able to repel the jocular attacks on him which they all make from time to time. So much of his time is taken up attending to his cooking and baking that he is allowed an assistant, called a "chore boy," who cuts the wood, washes up the dishes, and makes himself generally useful.

The clerk of the shanty has charge of the van or large box, in which he keeps a small stock of clothing, underwear, tobacco, etc., etc., which the men are likely to require at any moment, and which he charges up to the account of whoever is supplied. He also has to keep the depôt informed of all the shanty requirements, keep a tally of all logs and timber cut, sending weekly specifications to the head office, and assisting the culler in checking and measuring the logs on his periodical tours.

The first men to start out are the log-makers, who generally go in gangs of about four each. Each four is in charge of a head log-maker, who, as a rule, is an old hand and able to judge the quality of a tree as it stands, and who notes a great many trees, which to an inexperienced person might appear sound, would upon being felled, be found to contain either bad shake, spunk, rot, or other defect, and not worth the labor spent in bringing them to earth. If square timber is to be made, as well as logs, then when the tree, is felled the head log-maker will be able to tell at a glance how much of it will make a perfect square, and if satisfactory, a chalked line will be produced and fastened to each end of the tree, over the part to which the

piece is to be squared. Then it is pulled up in the centre and suddenly let go, causing it to strike the log sharply and leave the mark of the chalk the entire length. The same thing is done on the other side of the upper surface; and two men, called liners, take their positions on the top of the log, and with their axes chip out the sides to within about a quarter of an inch of the chalked line. Then the hewer comes along with his broad-axe and finishes these sides, making an even surface plumb with the lines. The log-makers, who have been going through the same process on other trees, return in the afternoon to the ones that they were at in the morning, and, turning them over, treat the other two sides in a like manner: and the hewer who has been following them up, also comes around again and completes the stick. Any pieces that are left over, or will not make timber, are cut up into saw logs of lengths ranging from twelve feet six inches to sixteen feet six inches, these being the lengths commonly used for the manufacture of lumber.

The logs of timber being finished, along come the road-cutters, who clear a space wide enough to permit of a horse and "sloop" to pass. Then a teamster and chainer are sent in with a span of horses to fasten the pieces to the sloop and drag them to the nearest skidway, which is a place situated on one of the main roads. Here the timber is piled up and left until the roads are in sufficiently good order to permit of the logs being hauled to some lake or tributary of the main stream.

The day's work being over, we see the men straggling in, by twos or threes, to have their meal. As they arrive, each one helps himself according to his taste. A little later on they may indulge in a game of cards or checkers, which, as a rule, does not last long, all being ready for bed in short order after the hard day's work.

Sunday is a very lazy day. Most of the men spend a great portion of that day in sleep, while others may take an old gun and go after partridge or set some traps for mink, martin or other small game. This is the usual programme throughout, the same thing being gone through until spring arrives, and all the logs having been drawn on to the ice, the men who have not engaged for the drive are sent down to the depôt, where they receive their accounts and are given an order on the town office for what is coming to them.

During the winter months there are always very good roads, with stopping-places between some point on the line of railway and the depots, so that when the men leave in the spring they almost always have an opportunity of getting a lift, to where they can take a train, with one of the returning teams that has been conveying supplies to the depots.

I remember having, on one occasion, to drive from our depot a distance of 160 miles to a point of railway communication. The winter not having thoroughly set in, the ice in some places was not strong enough to carry a team of horses. This being my first experience of going through the ice, I, of course, thought the team was doomed: but an old hand that I had with me only looked upon it as an everyday occurrence, and, taking the team, which was a spirited one, by the heads, soon had them and the sleigh on firm ice again.

When we had gone about half the distance we decided to put up our horses at a bush stopping place, so we set to work to rub down, feed and bed the horses for the night. While I was looking around for some oats, I found the hind quarter of a white horse strung up by the leg, and, though the skin was still on it, I could see that several pieces had been cut out of it. I said nothing, but made up my mind to be very wary what I took for dinner. At dinner I found that our host, not having received his regular sup-

HAULING LOGS TO STREAM.

plies, was representing the horseflesh to his well-satisfied boarders as moose meat. Thinking it a case where ignorance was bliss, they having already demolished several steaks, I did not enlighten them as to my discovery, but I can assure you that I was particularly pleased to think that I had not partaken of any of it, especially when I found out, later on, that the animal had been drowned the day before.

DOWN THE RIVER ON THE TIMBER.

The logs all having been drawn on to the ice, a good deal of delay is often caused, waiting until it breaks up and allows the driving to commence. When the ice starts to move it does not take long to clear the creeks, as, the water being high, it is an easy matter to roll the logs down the banks into the stream. As the logs pour out of these streams into the main river, they are caught in a pocket, or boom, which is made of long, flatted pieces of timber securely fastened together with chains which are passed through holes in either end of them. After collecting all the logs and timber which have been taken out, the drivers construct a capstan crib, to the bow of which a capstan is securely fastened, while at the stern they fasten the booms. Then one end of a rope is attached to the capstan, while the other end is taken off in a boat to a distance of about one hundred yards and 'snubbed" to a large tree. After this has been done the men return to the crib and start working at the capstan until the logs have been drawn up to where the rope has been snubbed. The same process is repeated until a point is reached where the river is navigable.

Then the logs are taken to the point of consumption by a towing company. Before reaching this point, however, they may have come to a rapid where the booms have to be loosened and the contents allowed to run through them as best they may. If the water is fairly deep and the rapids not very rocky, there is not much difficulty to

contend with, but should the logs begin to jam, there is no telling when the jam will break. I have seen two or three hundred thousand logs tangled up to such an extent that the men had to resort to explosives to move them.

A great deal of knack is brought into action during one of these jams. It is a great thing to be able to locate the key logs, which, when once displaced, start the logs moving. As the drivers run a great risk of being caught by the logs, when they start to move, they have to use every precaution. When the key log is found, they drive a long spike into it, with a ring attached to the other end; then a rope is tied to the ring and the log is pulled out of position by the men on the shore, after giving the others time to get out of the way.

As one can readily see, this mode of locomotion would be most injurious to the square timber; which, when it reaches a more navigable part of the stream, is treated in the following way: All the pieces, as near as possible, of a uniform size, are gathered together and made into cribs about twenty-three feet wide and anywhere from thirty to forty feet long. The length does not matter, but, as they have to pass through a number of slides, the width must not go over twenty-three feet, or they would be unable to do so. After the cribs have all been made up they are fastened together with what is called cat-pieces. These cat-pieces are made of a piece of three inch deal with a hole in either end, through which the stakes that have been driven into the cribs are passed. Then a sufficient number of small cabins are made, each to accommodate four men, and placed on the loading sticks of the cribs, and, the raft-oars having been sawn, we are ready for another start. A steam tug takes us in tow and drops us at the head of the first rapid, where we snub the raft and prepare to make the descent.

A RAFT.

Sometimes the rapids are not bad ones, and a crib may be taken through them by one man, but at other times we may come to one that will require the greatest efforts of as many as six or seven men: and I remember, on one occasion, having seen the men, through laziness, allow the current to get such headway on them that they were carried beyond a slide and out over a chute, where all met a watery grave.

As the cribs run through the rapid they are caught up at the bottom and again fastened together and prepared for the next tow, and so on until they reach the point at which they are taken apart and loaded on ship-board for some foreign market, for the square timber is very seldom used for home consumption. While the rafts are passing by Ottawa, *en route*, you may often see a party of visitors running some of the slides on the cribs, or else partaking of a meal on the raft cookery, a novel experience to many. E. C. GRANT.

THE LUMBER WOODS IN MUSKOKA.

II.

MOST, if not all, readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, know something of the charms of summer months on the Georgian Bay or in Muskoka, have steamed through the maze of islands between Penetang and Parry Sound, or have glided noiselessly in "birch bark" or "Peterboro" over the placid waters of Lake Joseph or Rosseau; but how many have seen these same streams and stretches when the iron hand of frost has been laid on them, when the wooded colonnades, reft of their mantle of scarlet and green, are decked with diamond icicles, and robed in stainless white, and be all songless and all silent? There is beauty in the works of nature when the very air is redolent of "green things growing," when the purity of the noon-day sky is unbroken by cloud or unmoved by storm; but there is no less a mystery and fascination about the winter,—the slumber time of earth,—when the very soil seems worn and weary, lying like a tired child beneath the all enfolding, all protecting snow. The rapids and falls still boom and roar through the solitudes, but the smoke of their tumult rises high in the keen, sharp air, and you must peer through shifting, veering mist ere you can distinguish the final plunge. The call of the Canada bird, the whistle of the grey duck's wing, the mimic thunder of the partridge calling for his mate, are all gone; but, instead, you have the crackle of underbrush, as a deer darts through, the splash of an otter into an open air-hole, and the far off, long-drawn howl of the great, grey timber wolf. The green of hemlock, spruce, balsam and cedar never looks so soft and rich as it does against a background of snow-covered hills and bleak sky, and the flicker of a camp fire seems more red and deep when stars are mirrored in black, shining ice, and the northern lights play, like flashing banners of orange, yellow and violet, from the horizon to the zenith.

And yet life is not so far distant, for you can see signs of it all about you. Glance at those deer tracks, put your hand down to the hoof-print and you will feel the moss still rising from his step, which means, friend, that he heard your careless approach, and fled. There are more tracks of last night, covered with the thin film of this morning's snow, where you will notice that a silly fawn tried to follow in a fox's trail and broke through at every step. Look at that young tamarac: it is girdled with bare patches where the tender bark has been gnawed away by that "old man of the woods," the porcupine, and you will also notice where he came to earth to seek "green fields and pastures new,"—that is his trail,—the heavy rut where the snow looks as if a small log had been drawn through it. There is a fox track with evenly spaced tread (and very clever is the fox in the woods, for there is no four-legged animal which can catch him, and he knows it) and there are rabbit tracks, but you will have to look very sharply to see one, for, with the exception of their beady, black eyes, they are white as the very snow itself. Listen, and you will hear the hammer of the cock of the woods,—the great, red-headed woodpecker,—for he is a hardy bird, and no cold is too cold for him; and if you fell that dry pine yonder you will probably find a family of downy, flying squirrels, asleep in

their snug quarters, while their red and more frisky brother takes daily constitutionals and laughs at the weather.

But there is more life in the woods just now than that of fur and feather. If you look at the map you will see that the Muskoka River, draining the Muskoka Lakes, leaves them at Bala, and pursues its tortuous, twisting course, broken by many rapids and falls, down to the Georgian Bay. Just before it enters the Black River, about two miles above Lake Huron, there is a long, narrow bay running to the north-east, called Minor's Bay ; and at the head of this bay there is one of the camps of the Muskoka Mill and Lumber Company ; and taking it as a type of the modern lumber camp, you may get an idea of what such a life really is at the present day. The time was, but is now happily past, when men were herded together in droves—more especially in Michigan and on the head-waters of the Ottawa —taken deep into the heart of the woods, and there during the long winter months treated with a callousness often merging into brutality, which would to-day, thank God, excite public anger and retribution, if exercised towards a dumb beast.

The food was bad, the flour of a poor quality, and the pork, which is universally acknowledged to be, of all meats, the most efficient in sustaining caloric, often mouldy and rusty. Accidents met with rough and careless treatment, sickness with ignorant and scanty nursing, and death was only too often the signal for orgy and carousal instead of sympathy and respect. But the strides of civilization have affected even the back woods ; men have learned to think and act for themselves—to assert and obtain their rights. Companies have appreciated the fact that good nourishment and good lodging mean good work, and if you peep into Kirby's Camp you will see the result.

Take the men's quarters first,—a long, solidly built log house, with walls well chinked up with strips of wood and moss, plenty of light from sash windows brought in from the mills for the purpose. In the centre of the floor is an immense sheet-iron stove, so placed as to evenly heat every part of the house. This stove has no bottom, and is set about a foot deep in a bed of sand enclosed in a rectangular frame of logs, so that if the fire should go out a great body of heat is retained in the sand. At a respectful distance, for the stove often gets red hot, are benches, and behind the benches, close up against the walls, a double tier of bunks, with ticks full of straw and an abundance of blankets. At the head of each bunk is the occupant's bag, used as a pillow, and locally termed his "turkey." Across from wall to wall of the building are strung wires and cords adorned with a most striking and varied assortment of socks, moccasins, shoepacks, etc , for the man who starts to his work in the morning with damp feet disregards comfort for the rest of the day.

The office is a smaller building, occupied by the foreman and clerk, with a couple of spare bunks for chance pedlars or travellers, a desk where are kept the camp account books, (of which a word later on), and shelves loaded with patent medicines for every imaginable malady. Supplies of logging chains, cant hooks, axes and helves, cross-cut saws, files, harness straps and buckles,—you will find them all here, together with wearing apparel and footgear of every description, and quantities of tobacco. The stables are usually very roomy and comfortable, banked up outside—as indeed are all the buildings—with earth, sand and snow. The hay lofts are open at each end, the more easily to get at their contents, and from the ridge pole hangs an ingenious contrivance, fabricated out of wood and iron, somewhat resembling a gigantic umbrella, and running in a block and pulley to facilitate unloading from the hay rack into the loft.

Now let us turn to the cook's shanty. It is much about the size of the men's quarters, viz., about forty feet by fifty, with ten-foot walls, and the ridge pole about twenty feet from the floor. The first thing which will impress you is its spotless cleanliness, for cleanliness is the motto of every good cook, and this applies not only to the shanty, but to everything in it. You will see rows and piles of shining tin, and earthenware cups and plates, and glittering milk-pans, for Kirby, the foreman, is something of a Sybarite and keeps a cow. The bread is, as a rule, equal to the very best you can get in Toronto or elsewhere, and is devoid of that hollow, spongy feeling so common in baker's bread. Then there are biscuits, rolls, cookies and cakes, "ad lib." for these are the delicate touches with which Mrs. Wesley adorns her more substantial efforts.

The meats are fresh beef and bacon. The latter, when boiled, is perfectly free from salt or taste of its curing, and is generally much preferred to fresh meat. The potatoes are of the best, sweet and mealy, and the tea is a mixture of black and green, not requiring sugar, and which seems to stand for hours without becoming bitter. Syrup and pies galore are always "on deck," for the lumberman has a sweet tooth, and when you take into consideration an occasional rice or plum pudding, and remember that "fames optimum condimentum est," you will agree with me that the Department of the Interior is by no means neglected. In fact, this principle may be safely enunciated in the woods:—The cook is very often the most important man in camp! The breakfast is what might be termed early, from 4.30 in some camps, to 5.30 and 6.00 in others, the hour being regulated by the time of sunrise, and distance from the scene of operations. If operations are carried on more than a mile from camp, the men usually "dinner out;" but the teams, as a rule, come in. Supper, a most substantial meal, is about 6.30, after which comes the universal silence of a pipe, and by nine o'clock silence and sleep.

The labor entailed in getting a pine tree cut into logs and safely deposited on the dump is multifarious, and the expense governed principally by the cost of road-making and the length and condition of the road. A lack of snow in the woods is a serious blow to the lumberman, meaning not only poor roads for hauling his logs, but also low water in spring, and the probability of his cut being left high and dry on the banks of a stream. The winter's work may be roughly subdivided into road-making, chopping or sawing, skidding, and hauling. The first of these is sometimes hard and heavy, as the snow has generally to be tramped down "solid" by gangs of men; and to see a road in course of construction reminds one forcibly of the tread-mill. Very frequently, when snow falls before frost has penetrated into the earth, the natural warmth of the soil melts it away underneath, and in places one finds it a foot or so above the surface of the ground.

Skids are stout frames of two logs, resting on heavy sills, to which the pine is hauled when felled, and sawn into lengths; they are placed in spots easily accessible from the roads, each carrying from twenty to forty logs. This skidding is generally done when the snow is not deep, as the logs are hauled singly and not on sleighs. Each skid is also numbered, and the logs on it counted when stamped with the company's stamp, so that the foreman by comparing the total of logs on the skids with the number in his dump when the winter is over, can tell exactly if any has been overlooked in the woods.

The sleighs are double bobs, enormously strong, with heavy iron runners; the bobs are coupled with chains left comparatively slack, so as to act like the bogie truck on a locomotive, and adapt themselves to sharp curves.

Across each bob, on a pivot, runs, transversely, a stout piece of wood, about six by eight inches, and six feet long, with iron spikes projecting from its upper surface to prevent the logs from slipping off. Loading sticks, with similar spikes, and resting on the ends of the cross pieces, are used for rolling the logs from the skids on to the bobs. The cant hooks, without which logs would be unmanageable, are stout pieces of ash, hickory, or some other similar wood, about five feet long, two and a-half inches in diameter, and rounded. At the end is sometimes a spike. About a foot from the end is fastened a bent piece of wrought iron, shaped like the quarter of a circle, terminating in a short strong hook, turned inward toward the end of the shaft. This iron is hung on a swivel, and swings loose like a hinge. By striking the hook into a log, using the point of the shaft as a fulcrum, and the handle as a lever, an enormous force can be brought to bear, and the heaviest log be moved by two men with comparative ease. In winter, time work must stop about five in the afternoon, for the days are short, and the men have gradually farther and farther to walk to camp, as the pine gets cut in its immediate vicinity. A tally board is kept, showing the trips made daily by each team, and the number of logs hauled.

Now a word as to the accounts. All expenses —men, time, provisions, stable supplies and board bills, etc.,— are charged to the object for which they were incurred: road-making, chopping, skidding, hauling, etc. An estimate is taken of the number of feet, Board Measure, in the logs in the dump and on the skids, and then everything is reduced to the cost per 1000 feet B.M., or, in other words, every 1000 feet of lumber in the dump or on skids has cost so much for road-making, so much for chopping, etc., etc., with the result that the Manager is able to look over the monthly reports from his camps and tell at a glance if these various items of expense bear the proper ratio each to each. In the spring, the same system is continued till the log is sawn, piled and sold.

A few colloquialisms may prove not uninteresting: The winter's work is "the cut." Bringing in supplies or provisions to camp is "cadging," or "teaming;" hooks for hauling logs to skids are "dogs;" floating logs down a river is "driving;" when the logs stick they form "a jam;" when they go aground and have to be freed it is "rolling;" collecting stray ones is "sweeping;" dry-rot is "punk;" and pork is "Chicago Chicken."

The camp foreman deserves a word or two to himself, for on him depends in a great measure the success of the season's work. He must be a man of unflagging energy and activity, thoroughly versed in every phase and detail of lumbering life. He must have the confidence and respect of his men, and be prepared to sacrifice personal comfort and convenience. He must have tact and firmness, for shanty men are not easily handled, and in out-of-the-way districts are hard to replace; and he must be quick to decide and just in decision. Petty disputes often give rise to serious quarrels, where intervention is necessary; and here the foreman is mediator and arbitrator: his word is law, and it is for him to see that it is also equity.

The clerk's duties consist in keeping the camp accounts, which, as you have seen, entails no little time and trouble when there are forty or fifty men. He must also see that ample supplies of provisions are on hand. He acts as shop-keeper when men require clothing, tobacco, etc, and assists the foreman in measuring logs and in any other way possible.

Such is life in a lumber camp to-day; yet to many, in spite of its apparent comfort, it may seem dull and grinding. That there are certain hardships to be undergone one cannot deny

The cold is often intense and frost-bites are of frequent occurrence. A careless stroke with an axe may mean disablement for a month, or a lodged pine may result in broken limbs, or perhaps worse; but are not the chances balanced, and more than balanced, in the daily work of a mechanic or other, the danger from impure air and foul gases, the constant watchfulness necessary to guard against whirling wheels and revolving shafts, the unceasing strain on brain, eye and nerve, and all the disadvantages under which "our city workmen" labor. In the woods there is none of this. The days are clear and keen; the atmosphere is the purest in the world. There is nothing but the steady stroke of deftly swung axes, the tinkle of sleigh bells, the crash and thud, as some old monarch of the forest bows his crested head to the pigmy tapping at his giant base. Sight and sound are alike invigorating and wholesome; there are no bent shoulders, trembling hands, and white faces here; but lone and brawn, sinew and muscle. Then when the day is over, and the white moon slips up into her blue and vaulted kingdom; when stars flicker unsteadily; and wavering into sight as the ridges in the west glow with the last kiss of the setting sun, a new beauty unfolds itself, and over all broods the peace of perfect and unutterable calm. Far out towards open water sweeps a field of black, glossy ice running sharply up against the rocky snow-covered ledges which fringe the shore—ice so clear and clean that you can only guess at its thickness by the gauzy, film-like cracks, which look like delicate lace imbedded there. Now and again the silence is broken by deep, thunder-like reports, where the ice heaves and splits, only to freeze again more solidly than ever, and these reports are a sure sign that new ice is forming underneath. If the frost is very severe, you will hear similar, but sharper, noises in the woods, telling you that the cold has penetrated to the heart of a tree and has split it. Perhaps, in the distance, you may catch the roar of a water-fall, which at this time, for what reason I know not, sounds exactly like a train passing over a trestle bridge. For the unobservant, all these things have no meaning and no message, the winter has no attraction, and the night no charm; but those who lend and adapt themselves to the ever-varying moods of our great mother Nature, will find in her a thousand unsuspected beauties. Yielding to her, a new world of discovery and romance will unfold itself; the falsely-called "common things" of every-day life will assume new interest and call for other interpretation. All that is best and noblest in us will expand in the new rays of a new light, and the closer we get to the warm and mighty heart which reveals itself in objects animate and inanimate all around us, so much the more will labor be less laborious, trouble the less lasting, strength the more enduring, and life the more sweet.

ALAN SULLIVAN.

A SONG FROM THE SEA.

We mermaids sing to you. We're Ocean's fair daughters ;
We sing, as we skim o'er its wide waste of waters,
To landmen who are sailing far over the sea.
We sing to you, rover, to forget not your lover,
Who dwells near the road-stead and watches for thee.

Among the pearl flowers we spend the bright hours ;
We dive when the Day-god exerts all his pow'rs,
And swim through the garden of coral, so free ;
We rest when we're weary, in caverns not dreary,
And at night we ascend to sing far on the sea,

While the mother is weeping, and a vigil is keeping,
Until, through night's blanket, the dawn is seen peeping,
For the return of a boy who lies in the deep,
The mermaids in mourning, his pillows adorning
With tokens of pity, where long, long, he shall sleep.

On the wild waves we wander, — we're Old Ocean's daughters,—
Our sea-shells we sound o'er its vast plain of waters ;
We sing of its gems, and its blossoms of foam :
We sing, before others, to maidens and mothers,
Whose husbands and brothers float far from their home.

We sound our loud trumpets to call the young sailor
To her who sings of him—what can it avail her
To sing softly of him in lowland and lea ?—
That song ! who has taught her ? 'Tis born from the water ;
'Tis the song of a mermaid and is learn'd from the sea :

" Long years have gone since Edwin pass'd the door,
Sailing to distant lands across the sea.
Where does he dwell ? Upon what distant shore ?
Oh, will he e'er return, to mine and me ?

Deep in my heart his mem'ry ever dwells.
Am I forgotten ?—No, no, it cannot be !
I know, like mine, his heart responsive swells,
On some lone island where he thinks of me. "

We daughters of Ocean, like the waves, are in motion,
And swiftly glide onward, and sing with devotion
Of the many forgotten, who lie in the sea.
We sing to you, sleeper ; O dream of the weeper,
Who in her lone cottage sits waiting for thee !

26 Feb., 1894. M.

FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

A FORGOTTEN NORTHERN FORTRESS.*

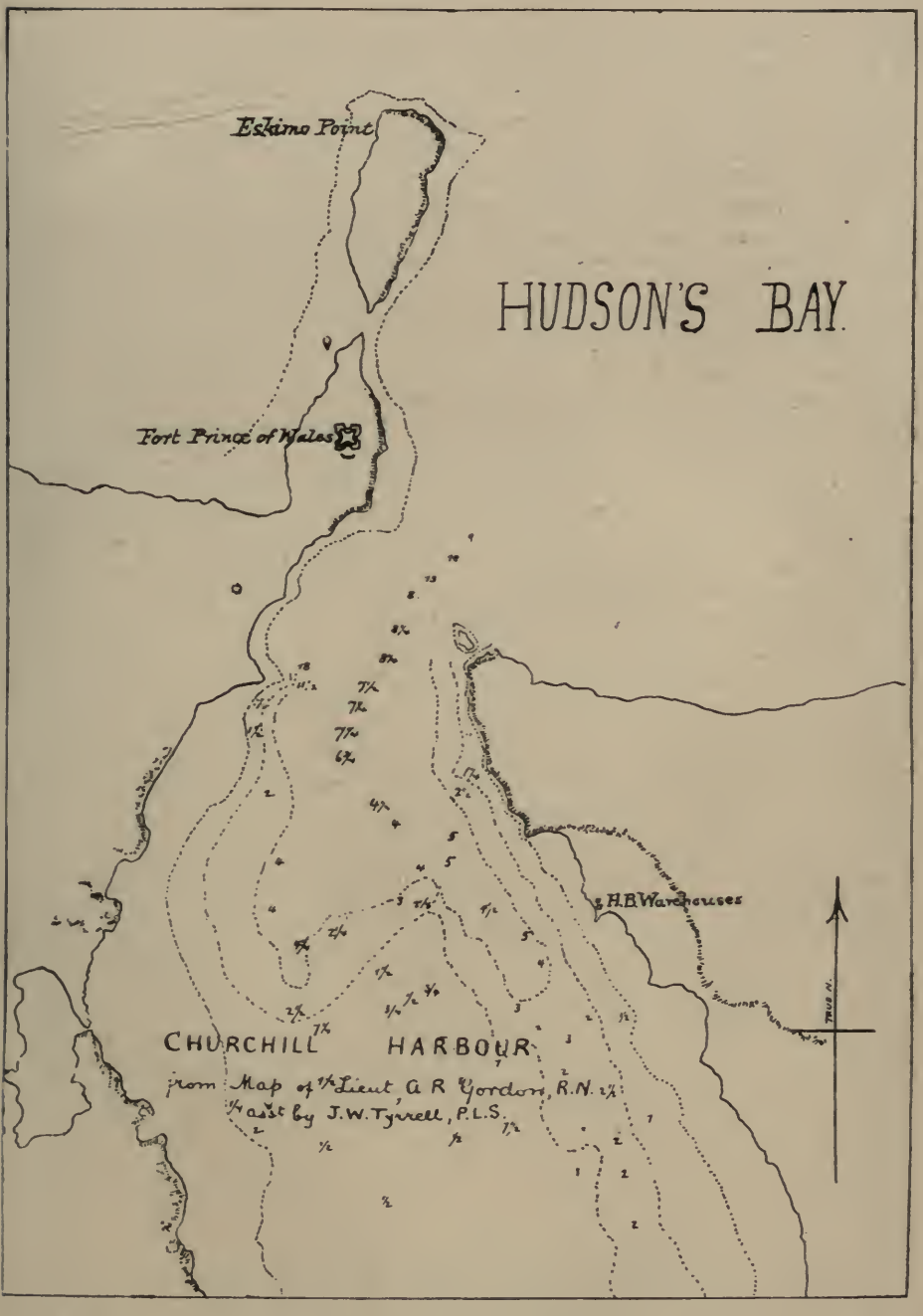
BY HON. JOHN SCHULTZ,

Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

THE sixteenth century closed with that western waterway to the Indies, which all men sought who went "down to the sea" in the quaintly rigged, queerly built ships of the period, undiscovered; and the earlier years of the seventeenth found the ardor of search unabated, and the goal the same. English kings and queens, choosing more northern routes than had the monarchs of Spain and France, failed as they had; Henry the Eighth sent the Venetian Cabot, who found Labrador barring the way; Elizabeth sent Frobisher, who, turning its northern flank, found only the ice-blocked strait which bears his name. Davis and Wymouth followed; but it was reserved for the gallant Hudson to discover and sail into a strait, apparently upon the direct route to the West, which, opening into a wide sea, that daring mariner must have thought the secret of two centuries unlocked, and fancied that through fog and mist he scented the spice-laden breezes of Cathay. In 1610, mariners were not easily daunted by wreck and ruined hopes; and Hudson's tragic fate, in the great sea he had discovered, did not deter further search, for in the years which followed, the frightened Esquimaux, flying in his kyack to relate to the old men of his band the strange apparition which glinted white through the mist, and was not the sheen of berg or floe, had but seen the sails of other adventurers who still sought what men had been seeking in vain for three generations.

Button and Bylot, Baffin, James and Fox, Hawkbridge and Jones all failed to find the desired passage; and when Captain Zachariah Gillam, accompanied by M. de Grosselier, sailed into the Bay in 1668, we may suppose that the English merchants who sent him had in view, as well as the North-West Passage, those rich furs which, brought back by other voyagers, had begun to grace the shoulders of the beauties of

*This article was embodied in an address delivered on Feb. 13th, by His Honor, Lieut.-Governor Schultz, to the Manitoba Historical Society.



the Louvre and of the English Court; for after wintering and trading in a rough stone fort on the Bay, he returned to England with reports which gained for his patrons the aid of many gallant, but needy, cavaliers in obtaining from "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland," in 1670, a Charter "of our ample and abundant

grace" to "our dear, entirely beloved Cousin, Prince Rupert," etc., etc., of what was equal in extent to several European kingdoms, with powers which no potentate in Europe would dare to exercise to-day.

While the English monarch was thus disposing of empire to his favored cousin and courtiers, Richelieu was equally active in France, and parchment powers, signed "Henry," or "Charles," were given with that easy and reckless indifference to the rights of others peculiar to the time, leaving the overlapping boundaries of these vague grants to be rectified and adjusted with the powder and steel of the grantees, and the tomahawk and knife of their Indian allies. England assumed the ownership by right of maritime discovery; France by those land and canoe explorations which have left her language everywhere in the West, in the names of river and lake, cape, promontory and island. The English Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay occupied the mouths of all the rivers with palisaded forts or factories, and fished, hunted and traded from them, visited once a year by ships, which were watched for by that daring rover, D'Iberville, as Drake had watched for the Spanish galleons. The forts were attacked and often destroyed by the hardy voyageurs of New France; surprises and reprisals continued, till Blenheim, Ramilies and Maplaquet had decided quarrels of more moment; and the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 left the English in peaceable possession of their Forts, "Factories and Plantations" on Hudson's Bay.

With France thus prostrate, the English were to pursue for over sixty years their profitable trade, in peace; but the recollection of burning forts and plundered factories was still keen, and the thunder of D'Iberville's guns not soon to be forgotten; and as their trade increased, there came with it the desire to fortify their best bay harbor, and preserve their principal *entrepot* from possible plunder. So, upon a rocky spit, forming one side of and commanding the harbor of Churchill, was commenced Fort Prince of Wales. Vigorously at first was the massive thirty feet wide foundation begun; not, however, on the rude plan of former forts, but from the drawings of military engineers who had served under Marlborough. Artizans were brought from England; the southern and western walls were faced with hammer-dressed stone; bastions were placed at each angle, with a well of water in each, and after many years of labor and enormous expense, four walls, each over three hundred feet in length, twenty feet high, and twenty feet wide at the top, closed in and protected great stone buildings, which contained in each one a prince's ransom in rich northern furs.* Forty-two guns of the then heaviest calibre furnished the armament of the bastions and walls, and stores of food were provided to enable the defenders to stand a siege. The Chipewyans from the far off Athabaska and Great Slave Lakes must have gazed with astonishment at its massive walls and portentous artillery: and its fame throughout all northern tribes must have been great indeed, and have environed with a vague respect the adventurous Hearne, who thrice between 1769 and 1772 left its gates, twice to return baffled and defeated, and lastly on that most adventurous of all Arctic land journeys, to return with the secret in his possession of the Arctic coast at the mouth of the Coppermine River. Years passed on; and as the remembrance of pillaged factories faded, and the pressure for

* Professor Bell, in writing to the author some time ago, gave the measurements of Fort Prince of Wales as "about three hundred feet on each side, twenty feet high, twenty feet wide at top, with a wall base of thirty feet, the southern and western walls being faced with hammer-dressed stone in regular courses, each stone being about four feet long and two feet thick; the other walls are faced with good rubble masonry. There is a bastion at each corner, and in each of these a well of water, still full, for the supply of the Fort. I counted nearly forty cannon on top of the walls, but as some of these are nearly covered with rubbish, others are probably out of sight altogether."

increased gain in their rich trade became greater, and the barter more inland, so did the number of men kept at this sea-harbour depot become less; so that it was with great surprise, on the Eighth of August, 1782, that the thirty-nine defenders of the Prince of Wales Fort saw the bellying sails of three ships making straight for their fortress; and when at six in the evening the ships swung to their anchors six miles away, their pierced sides shewing them to be vessels of war, their astonishment was great indeed. Strangers the new comers evidently were; for soon pinnace, gig and long-boat were busy sounding the approach to the harbor. Day-break saw them disembarking: and the morning's clear light showed to the thirty-nine defenders of the fortress an array of four hundred troops, bearing again the flag of France on those far northern shores. The summons to surrender was followed by a parley: and when the parley ended, the gallant La Perouse found himself in bloodless possession of a fortress which, properly garrisoned, might have defied all the ships of France that ever had entered Hudson's Bay.

The French admiral quickly transported the rich bales of valuable furs to his ships, and replenished their depleted commissariat from the well-filled provision stores of the Fort. Then came the license of the soldiery and the looting of the Fort: to be followed by an attempt, which occupied two days, to utterly demolish it. But although French gunpowder was freely added to the vast English store, yet the walls of the Fort,—this well-built mass of masonry,—resisted the best efforts of the French artillerymen to do more than displace the upper rows of the massive granite stones of which it was mainly built, dismount its guns, and blow up the gateway and the stone outwork which protected it.

The capture of this far-off northern fortress was cheaply and easily performed by the adventurous Frenchman, who extended his conquest around the shores of the Bay; but the fortunes of war after a time turned again, and the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, who at their own expense had built the Fort, sent in a bill for many thousand sterling pounds to the British Government for failing to protect their factory at Churchill; and when again peace was proclaimed, it was after the French plenipotentiaries had agreed to settle the bill for La Perouse's capture and demolition of Fort Prince of Wales. It was never rebuilt, and stands on the far-off northern coast, the still well-preserved remains of a massive fortification, the most northern one of British America, scarcely inferior, as such, to Louisburg or early Quebec: its site admirably chosen; its design and armament, once perfect, but interesting now only as a relic of bygone strife, and useful now only as a beacon for the harbour it had failed to protect.

A PLEA FOR IRELAND.

(Continued from the January number.)

BY E. DOWSLEY.

FROM the little station of Wooden Bridge, it is but a short run by rail to the town of Wexford. This old place is only a succession of very narrow streets, and possesses little of interest for the tourist, though it bears its own particular mark in history, and in former times was surrounded by walls, while close beside is the rising ground called "Cromwell's Rock," the vantage point chosen by the usurper from which to bombard the town.

Wexford will also be remembered as the scene of the frightful massacre of 1798, on the old wooden bridge over the Slaney.

In the same category as Wexford may be classed the old town of New Ross, at one time a place of note in this part of the country, and enjoying a very considerable trade in the centuries gone by. It, too, has its own page in a history which bears strongly upon the events of '98.

Not far from New Ross, and brought suddenly into view when rounding a curve in the pretty, winding river Barrow, stands the fine old ruin of Dunbrody Abbey,—a noble structure still, and in a fair state of preservation, —said to have been founded for Cistercian monks in the latter part of the Twelfth Century.

Gazing upon this proud, but ruined pile, roofless, silent and deserted, in fancy one sees ghostly monks glide softly through its sacred grass-grown aisles. It seems to draw one's sympathies away down through the ages to the bright young days of its power and influence.

Passing quickly on, we enter the magnificent harbor of Waterford, and draw up at the quay in front of the city.

Waterford is said to date its existence from about the middle of the Second Century, and later on was known as a colony of the Danes. On the quay stands a firm, old, round castle, erected by Reginald the Dane in the year 1003, and which in later years has been used for purposes of state and municipal requirements.

A scene of some activity enlivens the wharves along the city front, but not at all to the extent that should be expected from a place enjoying such natural advantages.

Further south lies the city of Cork. It also, and to a much greater extent, is famous for its fine harbor.

The city does not pretend to any great business activity, though it possesses some very good buildings.

A sail down the harbor to Queenstown provides a most delightful airing, which is frequently taken advantage of by many citizens, especially on fine summer evenings. Queenstown is an active little place, beautifully situated, and the people enjoy themselves to their heart's content promenading in the cool, fresh breezes, while the water all about is dotted with numerous tiny craft, yachts and sailing vessels wafting merry occupants hither and thither upon sport and pastime, much after the manner of our summer lake resorts.

Of course, one of the first questions put to the newly returned traveller from Ireland is, "Did you kiss the Blarney Stone?" and certainly no visitor coming within range of the old Castle Blarney can afford to pass it unnoticed. Many tales and legends

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

gather about the old ruin, but interest is generally centred upon the stone.

Accordingly, one fine morning, I boarded the steam tram which successfully operates between Cork and Blarney, a distance of about four miles, and was soon put down under the walls of the tower.

Here, in the middle of the Fifteenth Century, with power and influence, dwelt the great clan of the McCarthy, one of those ancient, lordly families of Ireland, which, with others, seems now to have been entirely swept away. Not many years ago the story was told of the last direct descendant of this once powerful people returning, an exile from a foreign land, to weep once more over the fallen greatness of his fathers, before closing his eyes upon the earth forever. And it is known, too, that the lineal descendants of other such once powerful families in Ireland are but the tillers of the soil where their fathers once wielded undisputed sway.

Many of the outworks and appurtenant buildings have long since been levelled with the ground, and have given place to the plough; yet there still remains this noble tower upholding its roofless head, and as one gazes upon its solid, massive walls, bold and defiant even in decay, one wonders and sorrows over its subdued grandeur and power.

Passing through the broad walks about the castle, and amusing myself peeping into some of the dark, underground passages, I soon came upon the keeper, who pointed out to me, away up on the battlements, bolted there with two great iron bars, the wonderful stone which pilgrims come to kiss, and receiving some instructions, I entered the great stone stairway which leads to the top.

Arriving there, the stone did not look so very formidable. Kind hands have placed it in these modern days within tolerably easy reach, and so I did not have much trouble in supporting myself across the open space

which looks from this dizzy height to the depth below, and succeeded in ranging myself alongside of the other "Knights of the Blarney Stone."

Tourists travelling in the south of Ireland generally take the route by rail and four-in-hand coach along the coast to Bantry. This is known as the "Prince of Wales' Route," and, in consequence, of course, attracts the most attention from Americans. But in Ireland it will often be found that the unbeaten tracks afford the greatest pleasure; and, so one fine afternoon, I took train at Cork and passed quickly out to the little town of Macroom, where I succeeded in obtaining a jaunting car from that point to Killarney, *via* Bantry Bay.

Setting out at a brisk pace we very soon leave the town behind and enter upon scenery of the most wild and rugged grandeur. It seems indeed to be one inextricable confusion of mountains, hills, valleys, passes, rocks, holes and caves. Now a winding, noisy stream forces its way along one side; now a broad lake expands upon the other; while on and on, like a great serpent, the road winds and turns in smooth and well-kept order, and is the only sign for miles around that civilization has broken in upon this solitude.

After a while, the sun begins to slowly sink, and shadows deepen about the path. What thrilling sensations creep over one, while, in imagination, the old blunderbuss of stage coach days looks out at every turning, mingled with thoughts of spooks and pookas, and even childhood's rhymes flash forth again, as yonder short and scrubby bushes appear like the beard, uncombed, of some ferocious giant, scouting for his "Jack, the Giant Killer."

I could not but feel at certain intervals a happy, quieting sense of relief, as rounding some sharp bend in the road, we came suddenly upon a group of peasantry, young men and women, boys and girls, upon some wild but grassy lawn, enjoying a song and dance to the tune of a solitary violin or flute. Greeting us with shouts and laughter, their good wishes follow after us, imparting to the scene such a spirit of life, of happiness and romance that I do not think it would be possible for any artist to portray it. One wonders, too, where these people come from, for no trace of house or dwelling appears from the roadside.

Some distance farther on we reach a side road, and here we find, at last, some signs of home and habitation, near by which is gathered a large crowd of young men and boys, engaged at a game of foot-ball, while sweethearts look on and applaud. This road leads to that sacred spot the "Lone, Holy Lake of Gougane Barra."

Under the evening shadows, encased in walls of rock which tower above it on all sides, how solemn and impressive does this little lake appear, so quiet and still, without a ripple to mar its mirrored face! While seemingly floating on the surface near its centre is a miniature island, upon which may be traced the ruins of a poor little chapel.

This island is known as the hermitage of the good St. Fin Bar, before he founded the Cathedral of Cork; and where else beside could the heart find better retreat, for separation from the world, to live and pray its days away. But now, forsaken and deserted, it seems as if the unhallowed steps and vulgar gaze of man rudely breaking in upon its shelter, had changed forever a haunt where angels might have dwelt.

This spot was long looked upon as one of the holiest in Ireland, and crowded pilgrimages were made from all the parts around for the healing efficacy of its waters.

Turning from the lake we continue our road and soon find a way of escape from all these mountain walls through the pass of Keim-an-eigh (the path of the deer).

Entering this pass, the mountains crowd in close upon both sides as

though with one final effort they would wholly overcome the traveller with all their gathered strength and power. Lifting their noble heads high above, with here and there great, overhanging precipices of rock, they seem only awaiting a chance to cast themselves down upon the first intruder.

Trees and shrubs, and tufts of grass, spring from numerous fissures, imparting a bright relief to the background of dark rock, while scattered by the roadside, having fallen from their original position, lie massive boulders of every form and shape. The scene is grand. Not a sound breaks in upon the stillness, save the patter of the horses' feet upon the hard pathway.

The pass is not very long, and suddenly we emerge once more upon civilization, and running along the grassy mountain side, we overlook a large tract of beautiful farm-land, dotted over with numerous cottages, and soon we see the outlines of Bantry Bay, but only dimly, for the shades of night are falling fast and a heavy mist is rising over the land.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

Wishing to gain a view of famed Bantry Bay, I rambled out next morning before breakfast, and finding a little Irish lad always ready to earn a sixpence, he guided me to the top of a neighboring mountain; but, owing to the mists which seem continually to hang about the coast, I was able only to catch glimpses, between the rifts as

they rolled along, of green-clad islands and wooded slopes.

Soon we are in our car again and pursuing our way through beautiful Glengariff, along the valleys, past streams and over bridges, till we reach the old Kerry mountains. And now I look down upon the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne, our late Governor-General, who has the name of being one of the best landlords in Ireland. I think his tenants have very little to complain of. Would that there were more like him!

Passing over these mountains, we meet, by the roadside, one or two of those professional beggars for which Ireland at one time was noted. Many children, also, along these roads, await the coaches, and with hands full of flowers for which they expect a penny, seem never to tire running alongside of the horses for miles at a time. The trouble is that they are never satisfied, —the more they get the more they want. Tourists travelling in Scotland, and Switzerland and other countries on the Continent where much driving is done, will remember this same occupation by the children. In some places they caper, run races, and turn somersaults. In other places they simply run alongside the coach with pleading words and looks. In Ireland they always offer flowers.

Pat now warns me that we are within view of the upper Lake of Killarney, and that our enjoyable drive is drawing to a close. But we have still to traverse a few miles of that beautiful road which runs alongside of these lakes.

Trees arch overhead; ferns of every variety, size and shape line the pathway; the ivy, luxurious in its richest of green over-runs the fences and boulders by the roadside; while at a short distance through the trees, I catch glimpses of the waters dotted over with numerous islands, and away on the other side the mountains slope up from the edge. At last we reach the hotel, and Pat, who has been all that is kind and attentive on the journey, goes off, with a waive of the hand, to seek his well-earned rest.

I wander through the gardens close by the hotel this first quiet evening at Killarney, and find a seat beside the water's edge, where I watch the sun drop down on the other side of the lake, shedding out to me its golden rays across the waters.

What a soothing dream life seems to be as, surrounded by all that is hallowed in nature, we draw ourselves from the noisy world and drift peacefully along the river of time. Evening at Killarney makes all the world a world of peace.

Everybody who has heard of Killarney has probably heard of the Abbey of Muckross, a beautiful ivy-grown ruin beside the lower lake. It is said to have been built for Franciscan monks about the middle of the fifteenth century, though some historians place the date earlier.

It is in a fair state of preservation, and is well looked after to prevent further decay. The cloisters, especially, with their beautiful arches and pillars, are almost free from any of the ravages of time, and from their centre springs a magnificent yew tree, said to have been planted when the abbey was built.

One can easily fancy the staid old monks promenading under the shelter of these walls; while the presence of kitchen, dining-room and dormitories, shows that these pious men were not forgetful of their bodily comforts.

The Abbey is crowded with tombs of some of the great families connected with its history.

One of the liveliest professions at Killarney is that pursued by the boatmen. Everyone visiting the lakes must come into contact with them; and their fame for blather and good nature is world-wide. They have regular routes which they expect all tourists who engage them to follow; but as I was not travelling in any regular track, I chose to decide my own.

They groaned a little over the extra work, but finally settled down with a good grace. The trip through the lakes requires nearly the whole day, and the traveller provides luncheon for his boatmen (two in number), and himself.

Accordingly we struck across the Lower Lake and landed beside the little "O'Sullivan Cascade," a pretty stream, singing among the rocks as it babbled its way down the mountain side, a cool retreat from a scorching sun, where we rest awhile and quench our thirst.

Now, leaving my boatmen, I strike along a path over to the "Gap of Dunloe." A walk through this gap is rather an undertaking for a hot day, but it is by far the best way to see this stupendous work of nature. Travellers as a rule ride through it on sure-footed ponies or mules.

The scenery is wild and barren, gloomy and very impressive. On either side of the roadway which winds along the foot, the mountains tower away up to formidable heights, mere masses of bold, frowning rock. Huge boulders fill the valley, around which roars the angry stream as it forces its way through the pass.

What a contrast with the wooded hills and quiet scenery which hang directly about the lakes! It seems indeed like peace and war going arm in arm.

THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

The manner in which travellers are pestered, going through this pass, by men and boys offering to rent their ponies, by women and girls selling potheen and goat's milk, by individuals firing volleys to awaken the echoes, and other like attractions, takes away something from the pleasure of the journey. One fellow, after firing his salute, thought he had a perfect right to assess all the passers-by, and I had hard work to make him understand

that I would be much happier if he would make less noise. He could not make out why, after hearing the echo, I would not pay for it, but it gradually dawned upon him that I was not ordering echoes. One bare-footed maiden wished me to buy a pair of Irish hand-knitted socks for two shillings. Said she, "Shure sor! it's to help me get to America that I want the money for." "Well," I replied, "perhaps they have enough of you there already." "Och thin, bedad! you might give me the two shillings to stay at home."

The Pass is about four miles long; and emerging from it at the top, a glance back will reveal a magnificent view of the pathway just traversed. Walking a little farther out, over a somewhat uninteresting road, I soon reach the top of the Upper Lake, where the boatmen have come up to meet me. After refreshments, I prepare for a pleasant row down.

In a short time we are gliding along the waters, winding and turning among numerous isles, large and small, each bright with ferns and foliage, each with its own particular legend or fairy tale,—on over the quiet waters, past shady nooks and bowers, and mountains sloping gracefully up from the shore, yet standing guard over the lake as if to forbid any retreat.

The guides point out all places of interest, but in other days their fathers told wonderful tales and legends with an earnestness which could not but make them interesting. The old, superstitious belief attached to these stories now no longer exists; they are told with only a laugh or a smile, and it is quite probable that in a few years more they will altogether depart from the memory, and Killarney will lose one of its many charms.

Coming on down, we pause for a few moments under the crest of the most beautiful of all the mountains, —"Eagle's Nest." Looking away up the pyramidal rock, there, plainly discernible in its face, is the crevice where, it is said, a pair of eagles have found a home for many years; and, strange as it may seem, the jutting of the rock at the crevice casts a light shadow, which resembles very much the outstretched wings of one of those noble birds.

At this point a bugler is generally in waiting for the boats, and as he retires a short distance among the bushes, one hears, at first calmly and softly, his beautiful notes stealing among the echoes, then becoming louder and louder, burst forth into one enrapturing melody, sounding and resounding, as if it were a vast multitude playing upon similar instruments; then quietly descending again, it drifts away into silence, and leaves one dreaming as if some fairy land had been wafted across his path.

Handing this charmer of the echoes a recompense, we continue our journey, and soon pass under the "Old Weir Bridge," which my boatmen inform me is the oldest bridge in Ireland, though I would not like to vouch for that.

This, for me, is the most beautiful spot in Killarney, and is called "The Meeting of the Waters," for here the waters of the Upper Lake flow down and join the other two. It is completely surrounded by trees, their overhanging boughs darkening the shadows, and mirroring themselves in the waters below, which lie calm and still, and clear as crystal.

Looking backward along the narrow channel just traversed, we see the picturesque bridge, like some old sentinel guarding the entrance: the afternoon sun glimmers lazily here and there through the trees, and away out beyond lights up the bosom of the broad lake.

Passing out, we come into view of famed "Glena Bay," with "Innisfallen" farther over, and, striking across the lake, we rest again under the shadows of Muckross Abbey.

In the cool of this same evening, I strolled along the roadside, and turned

off the pathway to visit Tore Waterfall. We enter by a gateway, and immediately meet the angry stream rushing and hissing among the rocks: and a little farther on it is heard roaring down the mountain-side, and now we see the long, white line of foam in its successive droppings and windings among the trees and rocks, coming on, gaining force and fury, until, with one final leap, it plunges itself along with the boiling stream below.

No traveller will leave Killarney without visiting that historic old ruin, "Ross Castle," built by one of the ancient chieftains of the O'Donoghues, and famous as being the last in these parts to fall before the forces of Cromwell.

It is a massive structure, flanked on one side by a huge square tower. Some time ago this tower showed signs of decay, and a solid stone buttress has been built against one side to prevent a collapse. A well-kept terrace lawn runs about the foundations, on which are placed a few old cannon.

The castle is beautifully situated on the shore of the lake, and from the battlements a grand view is afforded over the whole surrounding country. It lies in the estate of Lord Kenmare. A penny entrance fee is charged. The keeper informed me that at one time it was free, but his Lordship, becoming annoyed at the way in which the mantels and other parts of the old fortress were being chipped by Americans, in their thirst for relics to carry off, placed a caretaker in charge, with a demand of this small admittance fee.

From Ross Castle I take my last view of Killarney, and passing on to the railway station, am soon hurrying towards Dublin.

And here I will leave my readers to think of Ireland, happy only if these poor efforts may induce a few of my countrymen, who may be planning one of those delightful trips to the old world, to give some thought to the "Green Isle," and assuring them that they may depend upon a generous and hearty welcome.

I have said nothing about the old town of Drogheda and the picturesque Boyne, the thriving city of Belfast, the loyal Derry, or the bold North Coast and Giant's Causeway; but it is a country easy to reach, and in which it is easy to travel, whether one would go by rail or water, adriving or afoot. And where else may be found such panoramas of Nature's best, such a wealth of romantic old castles, ivy-clad monasteries, and ruined abbeys: such picturesque lakes, shady glens, and bold mountain passes! Ah! the traveller who thoughtlessly passes Ireland knows not what he loses. Then, too, might not this "Irish Question," this bugbear of the British House of Commons, be more easily solved, did Englishmen, and we Canadians, and Irishmen, but know more of each other and each other's country. Nothing broadens the view so much as contact with the outer world; nothing narrows it so much as ignorance of what lies about us. Much blame in these days is laid upon the shoulders of "Absentee Landlords." If there is anything in the doctrine of the "Great Brotherhood of Man," may not some also be laid upon the shoulders of "Absentee Tourists?"

THE STORY OF NURSE EDITH.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

PART FIRST.

LAURENCE stopped abruptly in his wild career after the large iron hoop he was trundling, and waited for his governess, Miss Dean, to catch up with him. Then he said:

"Didth you ever thee Untle Max, Mithie Dean? Hee'th comin' to-morrer to tstay."

"Oh, but Laurie dear, you should not go away from Missie Dean like that. I am quite out of breath trying to catch you. What would grandma say if she saw her boy running away like that?"

"Nothin' much," lisped Laurence, unabashed. "Grandma only thay, Oh, Laurence, Laurence,—like that," and the young monkey shook his finger warningly in imitation of his grandmother.

"But thay, Mithie Dean, did you ever thee Untle Max?"

"No dear, never," replied the governess. "I've only heard your grandmama speak of him."

"Hee'th tho nithe, Mithie Dean," said Laurence. "Hee'th kind ter evyone. Gueth he'll be good to you, too."

They were walking along one of the numerous promenades in Central Park, these two; little Laurence Neville and his governess, Miss Dean; and a pretty pair they made that bright April afternoon,—Laurence, in his sailor suit, his long brown curls flying in pretty disorder, after his many races with his hoop; Miss Dean with her cheeks aflame, her grey eyes shining with the unwonted exercise of pursuing Laurence's devious course with the hoop.

Many pedestrians looked admiringly at the pair, and set down their relationship as brother and sister, never for an instant surmising that the aristocratic, handsome girl was but nursery governess to the little boy, who seemed so devoted to her.

Great had been the surprise of Mrs. Neville's coterie of friends when they saw her choice of a governess for her son's motherless boy. A great risk—Mrs. Grundy had said—for a lady to run who had two handsome, marriageable sons. Many were the stories related of the danger of employing pretty governesses, companions, etc.

But Laurence, the tyrant, the autocrat, had preferred Miss Dean above all others who had applied for the situation.

"Will you believe it?" Grandmama Neville had said, in relating her experiences in engaging a tutoress for the idolized child of the house, "the dear boy took to Miss Dean the instant he saw her. He happened to come into the room while I was inquiring into her abilities, and made friends with her on the spot. So, of course," the old lady added conclusively, "I engaged her."

But the kind soul—for Mrs. Neville was the impersonation of kindness—did not add that she had herself been drawn to Miss Dean, not only by her beauty, but by sympathy for her anxiety to obtain a situation, and her solitude in the midst of a great city. She is too pretty, too refined and gentle, the old lady had thought, to be left to her own resources in this great Gotham. So without knowing much, if anything, of the girl who had applied among so many others for the situation,—for Miss Dean's school certificates of two years back were the only references available, Mrs. Neville had opened her home and her kind heart, too, to the companion of little Laurence's choice.

The fact of any danger to the handsome sons never entered her placid, unruffled mind. The knowledge that her idolized grandson was happy, was quite sufficient for her.

"Just imagine Steven falling in love with anyone," she had said in reply to a particular friend's protests,—"and Max,—why, after all the lovely high-bred girls he has met and never even noticed; no, indeed, Max is too devoted to business to pay any attention to women."

"But Mrs. Neville,"—her friend had insisted, "that girl is unusually attractive, dangerously so. Look at these lovely grey eyes, and her hair in those little rings and frizzes. Her complexion is perfect, I must own. I can hardly keep my eyes—woman's eyes—off her."

"Handsome is that handsome does," had replied the old lady, shortly. "Laurence loves Miss Dean—well—so do I. The servants worship her; so there now, we will let the subject rest."

"But Steven?"

"Is away in Europe for a year at least."

"And (maliciously) Max?"—"Oh, brother Max, he is away, too: as I said before, he never thinks of girls."

So the conversation ended, and troubled Mrs. Neville no more. Was not her life too busy a one to be bothered with trifles?

So Edith Dean lived on in the comfortable harbor whither her storm-beaten craft had sailed, happy and contented, save for the shadow of a cruel past, the dread of what a future might bring.

Only twenty-two, bright, intelligent and gifted, the innocent victim of a cruel destiny, she thanked a kind Providence daily for the love of a stranger's child, the confidence of that child's guardian, and the shelter of a home.

* * * * *

"Mithie Dean! Mithie Dean! He'arth Uncle Max, hee'th come! Come and thee him."

"But, dear," remonstrated the governess, "your uncle does not come to see me. I will see him some other time."

So Laurence, after much persuasion, ran back to see Uncle Max, without his dear "Mithie Dean" to bear him company.

"Thee won't come. Thee don't want to thee you t'all," he announced, sadly, to the newly-arrived uncle.

"She—who's she?" inquired Max Neville, surprised.

"Thee—why—Mithie Dean," with an accent on the why—which was very effective.

"What does he mean?" said Max, turning to his mother.

"Oh! it's the new governess, Miss Dean, Max, dear."

"Dear me, mother, you don't mean to say that you have one of those in the house. How miserable. If there is anything I detest it is a prowling, interfering old maid about."

"My Mithie Dean ith'nt a powlin', 'feerin old maid," said Laurence, indignantly. "Thee's thweet, and tho' wubly, Uncle Max, I just wub her: every one doth too."

"What have you got, mother? a perfect enchantress, Laurie's account· Ith thee tho wubly, Laurie?" imitating the little fellow's lisp.

"You'll just want to kith her. I did when I thaw her firtht."

"O, O, O! fie, Laurie," laughed Uncle Max.

"An I wanth to kith her ever thince, too," added the little boy, triumphantly.

"Laurence is quite right, Max; she is lovely, and a treasure, indeed."

"I'll have to see this wonderful charmer," said Max, "and, perhaps, I will share your's and Laurie's opinion, mother, but I must say women have no interest for me."

"Thee ith'nt a woman, thee's a girl," said Laurence, correcting.

"Now, Laurence, dear," said Mrs. Neville, "suppose you go to your dear Miss Dean, while your uncle and I have a little talk," and the child trotted off, obediently.

"There is such a change in the boy," said his grandmother. "He obeys so much better, Max, and is so happy with Miss Dean. Really his love for her is quite touching. She manages him so easily."

"Oh, it's a knack with some people," said Max, shortly; he was rather tired with Miss Dean; some uninterested methodical school-marm, he inwardly concluded.

But when, an hour later, Miss Dean was led into the room by her small pupil, Uncle Max was quite ready to agree with the small boy that "Thee wath wubly," indeed. Unused to meeting strangers, for the governess always kept in the background when company was about, in spite of Mrs. Neville's kind invitations to join her when her friends were present, Miss Dean flushed shyly when Laurence introduced her to Uncle Max, and slipped away as soon as possible to her accustomed corner in the library.

Uncle Max, who expected to see something of a very different style, seemed too astonished to say much, but his eyes wandered to the corner where Miss Dean sat, very frequently. He answered quite shortly when his mother asked his opinion of the new governess, and seemed very thoughtful and quiet.

"I am afraid I am like dear, silly, little Laurie," he said to himself, when in the solitude of his own chamber. "I'll just 'wub' her, and like that foolish child, I'll want to 'kith' her all the time,—what a fool I am! I, Max Neville, despiser and hater of all women, except my dear, old mother! It's too ridiculous. A little chit of a nursery governess!"

But, all the same, Uncle Max dreamed of his nephew's "Mithie Dean," and had all the symptoms of genuine love at first sight, such as had affected his small nephew. Quite unconscious of her unfortunate captivation, Miss Dean performed her daily round of duties, happy in the love of her little pupil, and the approbation of Mrs. Neville and untroubled by a thought of Uncle Max.

Then a day came, when by sundry words, glances, and a woman's intuition she discovered the painful truth.

Max could no longer hide his passion for the pretty governess.

Opportunity occurred, and Edith Dean had to listen to impassioned words, which she knew, in loyalty to Mrs. Neville, she had no right to encourage.

"But I am my own master," replied Max, indignantly, when she begged him in kindness to her—for his mother's sake—to desist in his attentions.

"I love you, Edith. My mother loves you. Why not be my wife?"

"I came here, Mr. Neville," Miss Dean replied, "to be your nephew's governess. Your mother knew very little of me, but she trusted me." Her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "I was alone, so alone, in this great city, no one could tell her my story—no one was here to speak for me—yet she gave me employment,—a home. God knows how I needed them," she said, pathetically.

And Max tried to take her in his arms,—but she drew away from him, weeping bitterly.

"Don't, don't," she cried in distress, "You do not know."

"Not know," said Max, gravely. "This I know, Edith: I love you. I offer you all that life can give, my name, my all. When I tell you that my mother knows I love you—knows and approves—will that appeal to you?"

"Does she know?" said Edith, softly, as if speaking to herself.

"Dearest, she wished me success in my suit, only an hour ago." He put his arm around her, but she drew away suddenly.

"Mr. Neville—just for once, Max—it cannot be. Don't tempt me—Don't tempt me, Max—for I like you. But you do not know. You cannot know. It can never,—never be."

"But why?" insisted Max, "why?" There was no answer. Down at his feet knelt Laurie's "Mithie Dean"—then, as he tried to raise her up, she said with a bitter cry:

"Max, Max, do not tempt me; I cannot marry you, for"——just then the door opened suddenly—they had been too much engaged to notice Laurence's usual fumbling at the handle. In astonishment the little fellow gazed at the unwonted spectacle,—his "Mithie Dean" kneeling at Uncle Max's feet. She was crying too, the child saw in an instant, and his indignation arose. Throwing one arm around Miss Dean, he pummelled his uncle soundly with the other.

"How darth you, Uncle Max, 'buse my Mithie Dean? Don't mind hith theolding, dear,"—kissing her lovingly. Miss Dean was assisted by Uncle Max to rise, who, inwardly cursing his small nephew, walked to the window, and looked out gloomily. His love-making was at an end for that day at least, and he felt that it had been a failure.

But Miss Dean,—how she blessed the child for his opportune arrival. Never before had he been so petted and caressed, even by his "Mithie Dean." He laid it all to his heroic rescue of his "dear girl from the theolding of that tross Uncle Max."

"I'll never—never wub him again," he confided to the rescued damsel, indignantly.

"That dear boy saved my secret," sobbed Edith Dean, in the seclusion of her own chamber, after her charge was safely asleep, and her duties over. "But, my boy, my dear baby; I will have to leave this home, and your pure chivalrous love, and go out into the big, lonely world again. Why will men fall in love? But Max,"—she whispered the name softly, even lovingly,—"If I dared love you—but no, Edith Dean! By one act of folly you've blighted your life. Oh, my God!" she sobbed, bitterly, "can I ever—ever love and bear it?"

PART SECOND.

The clock in the corridor had struck nine. Nurse Edith was writing in the seclusion of her own little room. She was on day duty at this time, so for just an hour she had enjoyed a spell of rest after her arduous duties in the accident ward where she was at present stationed.

She looked up from her diary, where she was making an entry of the day's busy hours, under the heading of July 6th. Anyone looking over her shoulder at the neat, regular writing, might have read the following:

July 6th. It is just three years ago to-day that I left dear Mrs. Neville's. How my boy has grown! I met him last Sunday in the Avenue—only in town for a few days, however. Such a great boy, now, is my dear Laurence The only bright days in my life are those I spend in that pleasant home, when Mr. Max Neville is away, and the dear old lady sends for me to have a talk about old times. Old times, indeed! It seems a hundred years ago instead of only three. Yet, I like nursing. In other people's miseries, I half forget my own. If Mr. Neville had not taken that fancy for me, how different things might have been. It was to be, however: the fates so decreed. Had he known that the woman whose husband he wished to be, was but the wife of a convicted felon—the wretched partner of a forger! Three years ago last March, the prison doors closed on the man who spoiled my life. A week ago his term was over. I am hidden here in this great place. How shall I dare even to venture out to see the only friends I have now. Yet Chicago is a long way off, when people lack means to travel.

"Why is it that to-night my thought will travel back to my wretched past? Thank God for these poor blank leaves of paper, to ease my mind to. Yes, I can see it,—lonely, sad, neglected in the corner of that great cemetery,—my little baby's grave. How

thankful I am now that he is safe from all the misery of this great, wicked world—my little grey-eyed baby Laurence. How his eyes seemed to look into mine from out of Laurence Neville's. I am getting strangely hardened now; nothing seems to soften my heart. What suffering, what misery is in this abode of pain; yet to me it all seems but part of a cruel world that has trampled my poor heart, my promising young life, under the heel of its inexorable fate. How long shall I have to live, I wonder—years, years, years! Can I face life until old age creeps over me? Already I feel old, and worn out in mind, and longing for the rest which, in punishment for my folly, Providence refuses to me.

Here Nurse Edith closed the book, and locking it safely in a drawer, began to prepare for her night's rest, when the electric bell connecting her room with the office of the doctor on duty in the accident ward called her in haste to his presence.

"Very sorry, Nurse Edith, but there has been a terrible accident down town, thirty cases to arrive in a few moments. Will have to ask you to lend your assistance."

"Certainly, Doctor."

"A fine woman that," thought the doctor, as he hurried away in the opposite direction to that which the nurse had taken. "I never knew a person of that sex who had so little to say. She is a beautiful woman, too—a woman, I am sure, with a history."

Awful indeed were the cases brought into Bellevue that night of July 6th 18—. The cruel iron wheels of locomotive and car had done their deadly work, and fifteen of the thirty cases entered had no need of the surgeon's attention, or the nurse's care. But those in whom the breath of life still lingered needed all the help the skilful doctor and his assistants could render.

Strange to say, after the first quarter of an hour in the ward Nurse Edith had disappeared, much to the surgeon's astonishment.

"She never leaves her post like this," he muttered angrily. "At such a time, too."

But the mystery of her absence w s explained a few moments later. Between a stretcher—one of the last brought in—and the wall, near which it was, lay the nurse in a swoon. There was nothing at all horrifying about the appearance of the occupant of this particular stretcher—at least what of him that was visible—for a coarse blanket covered him to the shoulders, revealing a handsome face, swollen and disfigured by dissipation.

Nurse Edith was hastily raised by her mystified companions, and carried to a lounge in the ante-room to recover.

The doctor made a careful but hopeless examination of the patient. He shook his head decisively. His verdict was corroborated by the expressions of his assistants, and the nurse who had taken the place of the still unconscious Edith.

Suddenly the man on the stretcher opened his eyes; he spoke faintly; the doctor stooped to listen.

"I want—Edith—my—wife—" he said, slowly and painfully.

To say that Doctor Smith was astonished, would not express his feelings. Again the man spoke—

"Edith—my—wife,—she was here. Send — her — before—it — is—too — late."

Like an electric shock, something of the truth dawned on the doctor. He had always thought that the pretty, clever nurse had a history; but now the pages were opening—the closed pages of that secret volume. In an instant—kind-hearted man that he was—he resolved that only one pair of eyes, if possible, should get a glimpse of the nurse's past.

"Carry this patient into the ante-room," he said, abruptly. To hear was to obey. Nurse Edith was just sitting

up, recovering, when the stretcher was placed beside her. The attendants withdrew; the doctor closed the door after them; he stood looking down on the nurse's shrinking form, curiously.

"Nurse Edith," he said, gently. "If I am right in my surmises, well and good; if I am mistaken there is no harm done. Your secret, if indeed you have one, is safe with me."

The man on the stretcher opened his eyes again, and saw the nurse sitting beside him. He was dying—but the doctor noted the look of recognition in his face. He left the room, closing the door after him.

PART THIRD.

Another year had passed; Bellevue knew Nurse Edith no more; she had gone to a hospital in a western city, to occupy a position her natural talent for nursing, and her application, had won for her. Occasionally, Mrs. Neville heard from her, and less frequently—for the old lady was a bad correspondent—did Miss Dean secure answers to her letters. Laurence, childlike, had nearly forgotten his dear "Mithie Dean." He was a large, fine fellow of nine years of age—a very important personage—and the brown curls which he wore when first he loved "Mithie Dean" were laid away safely in Grandmama's cabinet; only tight, brown rings all over the boy's well-shaped head told of their long, silky predecessors.

Mrs. Neville still lived with her two sons, sharing their affections with no other person of her own sex; Steven proving faithful to his wife of long ago—Max a confirmed old bachelor, as his mother had predicted. They lived together, these four, happily and affectionately. Nothing seemed lacking in, at least, one cosy home in Gotham. Sometimes Max did see a sweet face, with soft grey eyes, which was forever enshrined in his memory, as he sat and smoked his cigar in the seclusion of his own private sanctum.

Yes, he had a little note laid away,—treasured up as some do treasure the things that have wounded them so deeply—a few lines, saying: "It can never, never be. In kindness forget you ever met Edith Dean."

His mother never would tell where Miss Dean had disappeared to.

"I gave her my word, poor girl, Max, and I cannot tell you."

So four long years had passed, and Edith Dean was but a memory still in Max Neville's heart.

Dr. Smith, a former surgeon at Bellevue, was an old friend of the Neville family. It was through him that Edith Dean had found a place in the training school, and afterwards perfected herself in the art of nursing. He, now a rising man, in private practice, was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Neville's,—a friend of her two sons.

One Sunday evening he dropped in as was his wont, to have a friendly talk with Max, after his office hours were over.

The conversation gradually drifted into the strange experiences one or other had encountered, and Dr. Smith related several queer stories of his hospital career.

"Did I ever tell you, Max, about the pretty nurse with a history,—Nurse Edith?"

"Why, that was Miss Dean's name," said Mrs. Neville, who was present.

"Exactly: now I remember, her last name was Dean, Edith Dean. What a beautiful woman she was, too."

So, thought Max—that was where she hid herself, in the depths of Bellevue—but he held his peace.

"Where is she now?" asked his mother.

"Away out west somewhere, a capital position. She was very clever. There was only once that she did not come out trumps,—the story I am going to tell relates to that time."

"Go ahead," said Max; "I am getting quite curious."

Mrs. Neville did not feel at all uneasy at this revival of Miss Dean; she

felt quite sure that her son had long since outlived his affection for the pretty governess, so she settled herself comfortably to hear the story.

Dr. Smith related all the reader has heard of the events of the evening of the 6th July, continuing the story of what occurred after he left Nurse Edith alone in the ante-room with the accident patient.

"I never will forget the look on her face, as she thanked me for keeping her pitiful secret. He was indeed her husband, and had been imprisoned for forgery for some time. She confided to me, in her grief and shame, how she had dreaded his finding her. She had liked him for two years previous to his imprisonment. The look in her eyes was terrible as she spoke of that time, and the death of her child. Poor thing; she had him buried decently,—I managed that for her without exciting remark—and it must have cost her about all her slender savings."

"But where had her relatives been all this time?" It was Max who spoke.

"She had none. She was an orphan with some money. This man was the son of the lady who kept the school where she was placed before her father's death."

"Scandalous!" It was Max who spoke again. "Yes, she must have been left some means; how could she marry such a fellow?"

"Well, he had been a very handsome, attractive man. As for what money she had, the scamp got hold of it, and spent it all in a month or so."

"What must she have gone through —how fortunate that Providence directed her to me!" said Mrs. Neville, softly.

"Indeed it was; she told me of the kind friend she had, who took her in, a complete stranger. I did not know then that the friend was you, Mrs. Neville."

Max held his peace, but after a few days had passed he called at Bellevue, and easily obtained the address of Miss Dean, a former nurse and graduate of that institution.

* * * * *

"I did not know what to say, sir."

"Have you shown the gentleman in?"

"Yes, sir; he is in the reception room."

"I wonder who he can be," said the head doctor of St. Barnabas Hospital. "Nurse Dean never said that she had any relation. I understood that she was alone in the world."

The porter stood respectfully awaiting orders. The student addressed, who was carefully inspecting a case of instruments, thought a moment before he replied.

"I believe you are right, sir. She never seemed to have letters, or friends to visit her, but one never seemed to get to know her, she was so reserved."

"Yes, poor soul," replied the elder man, feelingly. "Such a clever woman: but, as you say, always silent and reserved. Ellis, by-the-way, could not you step in and see the stranger, and explain matters?"

"I hope he is nothing to her," muttered Ellis, as he followed the porter to the reception parlor, on his embarassing errand. It was Max Neville who stood there, hat in hand, waiting to see Miss Dean.

Dr. Ellis began to explain, bravely, but how he finished he could not tell. "Poor Miss Dean had a lover," he told the students afterwards, "and he had come, I think, to settle up affairs. I shall never forget it, boys. I don't want to have such a job again. Just think of telling a poor chap that his girl he came all the way from New York to see, died last night. Say, it was awful!"

And Max Neville stood and looked at all that was left of the woman he had loved.

Beautiful in her last long sleep, her heavy dark lashes sweeping her marble cheeks, here Edith lay, flowers—

the offerings of many a fellow-worker —in profusion around her silent form. The smile on the beautiful lips told of rest and peace. Could it be that, even now, baby arms, outstretched so long to welcome her, enfolded her in Paradise?

Over and past were the weary years of shame and terror, the weeks and months of toil, and longing for rest. Blessed sleep sealed her beautiful eyes for ever in this world. So Max Neville returned home, carrying with him a diary, which had been found sealed, and directed to be sent to him after her burial, on the fly-leaf of which he found written:

"Into one woman's sad life, you Mr. Neville, cast a ray of sunshine. You trusted her; you loved her. Read her history, and pity her. Could she, in justice to you and herself, have accepted that love, even after it would have been legal? Judge for yourself, after you read her history.

"It was her lot to bear shame alone. Every youthful folly has its bitter expiation. "EDITH DEAN."

So it ended, a life tragedy—a foam-cap on the great ocean of the world's ever restless bosom.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Yon steady stars that splendrous glow
Through all the lonesome night,
Shone countless centuries ago
With just as full a light.

The hopes and loves that shed their peace
Upon the soul's dim way—
They gleamed in Egypt, Persia, Greece,
Just as they gleam to-day.

Night follows night, years come and go;
Creeds pass with meteor flame;
But all serene the stars still glow—
Man's heart is e'er the same.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

THIS is verily an age of Grand Old Men. Every country seems to possess a citizen who stands out pre-eminently, though the calendar shows he has more than filled man's allotted span. Such instances go far to prove that advancing years need not involve incapacity and decrepitude. The very first name that occurs to one in this connection, is the old Hungarian Liberator, Louis Kossuth, who has just passed away in his ninety-second year. Such an one, too, is the Grand Old Man of the Vatican, who has filled the Pontifical chair for sixteen years, and who at eighty-four ably rules his ecclesiastical empire. And what a noble honor rôle Great Britain can show of Grand Old Men! Gladstone, with his eighty-four years, and his sixty years of Parliamentary life; Earl Grey, a statesman who has seen nine decades; Froude and Herbert Spencer, Newman Hall and Prof. Blackie. Germany has her Bismarck, a giant, though a trembling one, at seventy-nine; America boasts of a member of the New England guild of literature in Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose pen, at eighty-four, writes vigorously on the death of Parkman; France points to Pasteur and Leon Say, who have crossed the boundary line of three score and ten; Italy, in her new storm and stress period, turns to Crispi to take the national helm. Thus in almost every country, and in almost every department of life's activities, one can easily single out those who, by reason of their achievements, have deserved the title of Grand Old Men.

We, in Canada, have a few who have earned this distinction. Sir John Macdonald died at the age of seventy-six, after over forty years of exciting political leadership; Sir Charles Tupper, at seventy-two, represents us in England; and Goldwin Smith, by reason of his seventy years, can now refer to himself as one of the growing-old fraternity.

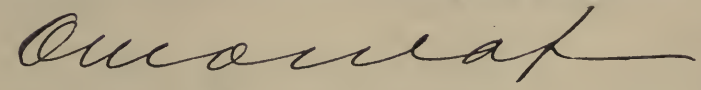
Ontario has her Grand Old Man in Sir Oliver Mowat,—a man who was born in the year in which George III. died, and Queen Caroline was under trial; who came into the world as the great Napoleon went out, and when Canada was under its first Governor-General, Earl Dalhousie, and Lieutenant Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, was a familiar personage in what is now Ontario. Sir Oliver has seen the forest transformed into field and farm, and the land peopled by thousands where scores once lived. Such a man is, in truth, growing old, but the growth is so gradual and youth so tenacious in its hold of Ontario's premier, that Father Time may well be disconcerted. Even in these days of high-pressure civilization, Sir Oliver might justly claim that his life, though comparatively long, has not only been active but resultful. He has filled a great variety of positions, including those of ensign in a Kingston Militia Company, a practising attorneyship, the positions of school trustee and alderman, Queen's Counsellor and Vice-Chancellor, LL.D. and M.P.P., Provincial Secretary and Postmaster-General, and Premier and Attorney-General for twenty-one years.

His personality is interesting from many points of view. He is the son of John Mowat, a specimen of the stalwart, vigorous, clear-headed type of men that spring from Caithness soil. Whether the son shouldered the musket of a militiaman because the father was one of the line, may be hard to tell, but certain it is that John Mowat,

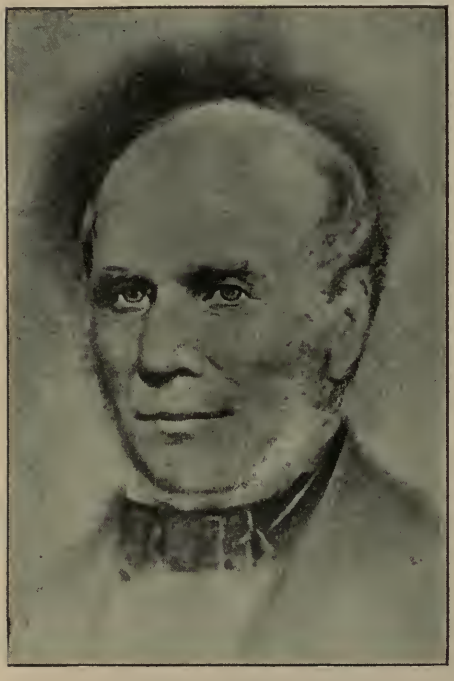
when a mere lad, joined the "Third Buffs," as they were called, and saw active service in the Peninsular war, and in after years told many a tale of his adventures, and especially of the battle of Corunna, where Sir John Moore so bravely held the French in check. It is not improbable that he also visited the St. Lawrence on one of England's numerous military expeditions in those good old fighting days. Retiring from the army, in 1816, he settled in the classic town of Kingston, where the future Premier was born on July 22nd, 1820.

Sir Oliver's school-boy days make a period of which the truest conception may best be gained from his own eloquent words spoken at the opening of the new Parliament buildings, in 1893 :

From Forbes' Painting, 1893.



I have been calling to mind that I have now outlived nearly all my early contemporaries and early associates, and many of later date. I call to mind that in my own time, and within my own memory, a transformation has been accomplished in the political condition of the province, and in everything that goes to make up a great and civilized community. I remember when neither our province, nor any other British province, had responsible government. I remember when the conduct of provincial affairs was not by the elected representatives of the population,



JOHN MOWAT, ESQ.,
Father of Sir Oliver Mowat.

nor by persons of their appointing, or having their confidence. I knew the province when it had no municipal institutions, now known to be essential to local interests and local progress. I knew the province when the various churches amongst which its people were distributed, were not equal before the law; when the established church of old England was practically the established church here, and when there were claimed for it the exclusive rights and privileges of an establishment, and one-seventh of the whole land of the country. I remember the province when there was in it not one university, not one college, and no system of public schools. I remember when, at every election, there was but one polling place for a whole county, no matter how extensive; when the election lasted for a week, and when, except in towns, the only voters were freeholders. I remember when the province had not a mile of railway, nor, I believe, a mile of macadamized road. I remember when the principal cities of the present day were but villages—when this great city of Toronto was "Little York," and its population was three or four thousand. I remember when the whole province had —or was supposed to have—a population of but 150,000, and therefore less than the population now of Toronto alone. My memory thus goes back of the time when I began the practice of my profession here, a half century ago. The city had then a population of but 15,000, and Upper Canada a population of but half a million. The changes which have taken place in our province in that half-century have been very great. Its progress in population, in wealth, in education, in intelligence, in political freedom, and in most other things which serve to make a country attractive and great, has in fact been enormous

His early education was received chiefly from private tutors, nine in number, and all of whom, with one exception, have passed away.

Choosing the law as his profession he, strangely enough, entered the office of the man who was to become his strongest political foe for many years, John A. Macdonald, at the time but twenty-two years old, while the young student was seventeen. When he arrived at manhood, Mr. Mowat was called to the bar and practised for a short time in his native city, and then removed to Toronto, where he has since lived. In this city, where he commenced his public life as an alderman for the years 1857 and 1858, only two of his associates in the City Council now survive him.

In the practice of his profession in Toronto he made choice of the Equity

branch, as distinct from Common Law, and, as a result of his mental attainments and successful professional practice he soon rose to eminence at the Chancery bar. It was during this time that he argued and won what was known as the famous £10,000 case, a case involving the then Mayor of Toronto who had sold the debentures of the city at a profit which he put in his own pocket until an adverse verdict compelled restitution.

During the succeeding years of his professional practice, his advancement in his public career was rapid. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1856, as well as one of the commissioners to consolidate the Statutes of Canada and Upper Canada, and in the following year he entered upon parliamentary life. His first political speech was made in this year at a meeting called to discuss Hudson Bay Company matters.

SIR OLIVER AT TWENTY-FOUR.

South Ontario was the first constituency to choose him as its representative—a position in which he continued from 1857 until 1864. His first opponent was the late Justice Morrison. Referring to this representation in a recent address in South Ontario, Sir Oliver said:—

It is thirty-six years and more since I made my first appearance in the South Riding of Ontario county as a politician, and twenty-nine years and a few months since I ceased to be the member for the riding. I don't see to-day many of the old faces that I used to see at political meetings during that time. I seem to

SIR OLIVER AT FORTY-FIVE.

SIR OLIVER AT SIXTY-THREE.

have survived most of my old South Ontario friends, and of my opponents too; and though some remain, most of these appear to have left the field of active politics to a younger generation. When I made my first appearance in the riding, I do not know that there were a dozen persons in the riding who knew me personally, but the electors were made aware that I had the confidence of the great Reform leader, Mr. Brown, and other prominent Reformers of that time, and that they desired to have me in Parliament. I discussed at public meetings in the riding the questions of the day, and when the election came on I had the honor of being selected and nominated as the Reform candidate, with the concurrence of the other aspirants for that honor. I remember with gratitude the hearty support which I received from them and from the whole Reform party, as well as from a sprinkling of Conservatives at that election and at subsequent elections. I represented the riding for nearly seven years. During those seven years it happened that I was five times before the people for election—thrice at as many general elections, and twice at bye-elections, the two bye-elections being in consequence of my accepting the office of Provincial Secretary in the Brown-Dorion Government of 1858, and of Postmaster-General in the Coalition Government formed in 1864, with Sir Etienne Tache as Premier, for the purpose of settling the difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada, and settling the difficulties which there also were between Protestants and Roman Catholics as to Separate Schools in Upper Canada, and kindred matters. I had also been Postmaster-General in the Macdonald-Dorion Government, formed in 1863, just before the general election of that year.

In 1864, the year in which he accepted the position of Vice-Chancellor, he formed one of the famous British North American conference at Quebec, where the terms of Confederation were settled. He is thus one of the fathers of Confederation. The passage of the Dual Representation Act in the Ontario Parliament caused another radical change in Sir Oliver's life, the retirement of Edward Blake and Alexander Mackenzie from the Provincial House, in 1872, leading to his call by the Lieutenant-Governor to form a ministry. So he descended from the Bench and re-entered the arena of public life, and has ever since that time—twenty-two years ago—held the position of Premier and Attorney-General. This is a remarkable record for a government, a record without precedent in the history of British constitutional government, excelling even the record of the ministry of the second Pitt which remained in power from the end of the year 1783 until early in 1801—a period of seventeen and a quarter years.

Such is the career, municipal, legal judicial and parliamentary, sketched in briefest outline, of Ontario's Grand Old Parliamentarian! and in his 74th year he is donning the armor for another quadrennial contest with his political opponents. Notwithstanding his advanced years, there is reason to hope for a considerable prolongation of Sir Oliver's political career, for he comes of an exceedingly long-lived family, his father almost reaching the threshold of the seventies, his mother eighty-two years, his grandfather ninety, and a sister of his father's dying only a few years ago, in Caithnessshire, at the age of one hundred and one!

Sir Oliver may be said to be in his prime at seventy-four, a mellow middle-age, and though, as he is seen daily walking from his residence on St. George-street to his office in the eastern wing of the Parliament Buildings, a slow and cautious step, chiefly caused by short-sightedness, and a little of the over-bentness of the years, may be discerned, yet it only needs a conversation or a speech to convince anyone that the mentality, the keen perception, the legal ability to analyze a question, the readiness and skill in debate, and the vigor of attack or defence in political and parliamentary warfare, are as much his as when he

first entered the lists so many years ago.

It may be interesting to refer to the subject of this sketch in other and more personal connections. He first lived on Bay-street, and then he lived in "the yellow cottage" on Church-street, and later, in houses on Jarvis, Beverley and Simcoe streets. A few years ago he removed to St. George-street, occupying the same house as did Sir John A. Macdonald during his temporary retirement while Mr. Mackenzie was premier. This new home is a spacious one, with a home-like atmosphere that is most congenial. The library—a large room well lighted by a bay window—is Sir Oliver's chief workshop, and there he spends most of his time, surrounded by his law library, an extensive, valuable one, containing full sets of the leading reports and many rare and costly volumes. His collection of books, however, has run over, so to speak, into the hall-way and adjoining rooms, the shelves being filled with all that is representative in general literature, for the Premier has always been an extensive reader, and despite his public duties, finds time to keep abreast of whatever is worth knowing in current literature. As a boy, he was an omniverous reader, and as reading material was then scarce, his avidity for study even led him to read to a finish such works as the "Four-fold State," and similar old heavy theological treatises.

A glance at the library leads to a reference to the Premier as a worker. Such he is in the fullest sense of the term. With the aid of his capable and experienced private secretary, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, he accomplishes, even at his advanced age, what might well frighten a younger man. In the morning he deals with his correspondence, which is very large, covering a wide range of subjects. Six thousand letters a year is not an overestimate of his mail, and it is a matter of courtesy with him to have every communication answered. In addition, intricate and difficult matters are often referred to him for a decision by the various departments of the government; a great deal of legislation has to be considered, framed and "seen through the House;" and between one and two hundred meetings of the Cabinet Council have to be and attended, from which emanate over 800 orders-in-council yearly. Beside all this, three months of the year are taken up by the sessions of the Legislature, when

MR. WHITE,
Sir Oliver's Tutor.

the ordinary routine of daily work is doubled, and the tax upon a minister's time and strength greatly added to. From nine, in the forenoon, till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, he works in his own library, and then, excepting during the session, spends from four o'clock till seven in his private office or the council chamber at the Parliament buildings.

It is always a source of wonder to easy-going people how Sir Oliver Mowat succeeds at seventy-four in accomplishing such a vast amount of

work, and still retains an exceptional degree of health. The explanation is simple. Trained habits of thought and labor make him, by concentrating his mind on the work before him, quickly seize upon its salient points and dispose of it while a life of regular and abstemious habits, temperate in the broadest sense, has its reward in a high degree of mental virility and physical strength. Another key to the secret is that the Premier gives place to a yearly holiday time. An ocean voyage that leads to John O' Groat's and the homes of his ancestors in Caithnesshire, is as effective a tonic as a summer in a White Mountain retreat, or a resting time by the sea. For some years he had a cottage at Cacouna. Last summer he made an extended trip to the Lake of the Woods district, and thereafter to the World's Fair—a programme of travel that might well have given pause to a younger man. But the Premier undertook it in the highest of spirits and returned with them undiminished. In 1881, he spent several months in Europe, and again in 1883, 1884 and 1888 visited England in connection with the Mercer Escheat Case, the Boundary Award Dispute and the Indian Lands argument before the Privy Council.

Sir Oliver is an adherent of the Presbyterian faith, and has been a member of the St. James' Square Church for some years, and rare indeed is it that he is missed from his pew on Sunday mornings. His catholicity of mind in religious matters is well known, and it is not a matter of surprise that he was chosen President of the Evangelical Alliance for several years in succession. Following Mr. Gladstone's example, Mr. Mowat finds recreation in a complete change of work, and during his holidays wrote lectures on "The Evidences of Christianity," and "Christianity and some of its fruits," both of which he has on several occasions delivered to large audiences and the former of which has been published, and has had an extensive sale.

A clerical friend of the writer, who has filled one pulpit for forty years, is able to show a record of four hundred marriages and burials, and I believe Sir Oliver could show an almost equal record of speeches, had he kept track of them, during his half century of public life. While lacking some of the qualities of a successful orator, the Premier may be regarded as an effective speaker. No matter what the subject, or the occasion or the place, he is invariably listened to with the keenest interest, and never fails in that most difficult of feats—"catching the public ear." Without referring to any of his former utterances, one may well regard his more recent speeches as among the best efforts of his life, in their outline, scope, argumentative, force, and clear, intelligible English.

His public attainments have been recognized by our leading universities, Queen's College having conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him in 1872, and Toronto University in 1889.

As a Scotch Canadian he naturally allied himself with the St. Andrew's Society, in which his fifty years of membership has won for him a life membership.

The Grand Old Man of Ontario,—the legislative ruler of two millions and a quarter of people, and of an area twice as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland, larger than the German Empire, and almost as large as France, extending from the vine-clad, steaming flats of Pelee, in the latitude of Rome, to the frigid shores of Hudson Bay; and from the wedding of the waters of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence to the far distant Thousand Islands of the Lake of the Woods—has altogether an almost unique record of political success, untarnished by personal corruption; a record which is not only a credit to himself, but, in a land where vigorous and able men abound, one on which even the strongest political op-

ponents can look, not only without severe criticism, but with a certain measure of national pride in his achievements. Friend and foe can join in saying, as was said of Othello, "He has done the State some service." His Queen thus spoke when she conferred the honor of knighthood upon him, making the ensign of 1825, on and after the 24th of May, 1892, Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G.

RED ALECK.

A sketch of life in Prince Edward Island, three-quarters of a century ago.

BY RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD, M.D.

"YOU'RE ha coward, and don't dare to fight me!"

These words were spoken by a man whose round, close-shaven head was set, without any apparent neck, upon a pair of huge shoulders which terminated in massive arms which reached almost to the owner's knees. His coarse, broken-nosed face was fixed in a savage sneer as he gazed at the person to whom his words were addressed. This was a young man whose tall, lithe form was surmounted by a head and face shapely and beautiful. He did not appear to be daunted by the savage aspect of his accuser, and, although his face flushed till it was as red as his hair, he contented himself with saying:

"Weel, mon, it may be that I am a cooard, but I ha'e too much sense to fight wi' the likes o' you, just to mak' sport for the crood!"

It may be well to explain the cause of this episode. To do so we must transport ourselves back, well nigh three-quarters of a century, to a newly settled district of Prince Edward Island. Here John Yoe, a typical Englishman, had opened a ship-yard, in which, when they were not tilling their farms, many of the Scotch Highlanders who had settled in this new country found work. There were in the yard many Englishmen, and, as was to be expected from the still bitter national animosity, there were continual hand-to-hand fights, in which the Scotch always came out victors. This stirred the pride and anger of the English ship-builder, and he swore to bring out from England a man who would thrash the Scotchies, one by one. For this end he had had sent to him a noted prize-fighter called "Surly Tim." He it was who used the words with which our story opens. He had been in the ship-yard but two weeks, and in that time he had thrashed a round half-dozen of the best fighters the Scotch could produce, till it came to pass that the Highland pride, which had soared so high, was now abased even to the dust.

The young man of whom I have spoken—"Red Aleck"—was, with one exception, the strongest man, although but twenty years old, in the settlement. On him the Scotch depended to raise up their fallen pride. He had not been expected at the ship-yard till the fall ploughing was over, and, in his absence, his friends made great boasts of his prowess. Surly Tim seized the first opportunity, after Aleck's arrival, to pick a quarrel with him, but, to the great astonishment of his friends, Red Aleck, who was generally eager for a fray, and, in fact, could rarely get one on account of his well-known strength, appeared strangely quiet under the insults of the Englishman.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Surly Tim, pointing derisively at Red Aleck, "so this his your great fighter, his hit? Why 'e's a coward! Wot ha bloody, bloomin' hexcuse 'e 'as! 'e won't fight fur the sport of the crowd! Why don't 'e fight fur the honor hof Scotland,—beggarly, braggin' Scotland!"

Aleck's friends were angry and amazed, and one of them, who noticed the ill-repressed wrath of the young farmer, said:

"Why will ye no' fight, mon?"

"I'll tell ye why I'll no' fight," answered Aleck, calmly, "I promised my mither before I cam' awa' that I wouldna, and I canna brak' my promise to her."

"Ho! Ho!" jeered Surly Tim. "Wot ha bloomin' baby! So 'is ma won't let 'im fight, won't she? Come mates, let's get the girly-boy a doll to play with." And more of such insults, all of which Red Aleck, though inwardly on fire, submitted to with outward calmness. But when the Englishman applied some foul epithet to his mother, Red Aleck could restrain himself no longer. With one bound he was upon Surly Tim, and had clasped him round the body, including in the sweep of his grasp the prize-fighter's arms, which, thus fastened, were helpless; and with one exertion of his enormous strength, he raised him over his head and dashed him to the ground. Gazing at his fallen foe, Red Aleck exclaimed, half apologetically:

"Mither told me not to fight, but she did na say anything about wrestling!"

Under cover of the laugh raised by this innocent speech, Surly Tim was removed to his room, where he soon recovered from the effects of his fall. He raged with wrath over his ignominious defeat, and determined to bring on a regular ring-fight, in which he expected, by his skill, to overcome Red Aleck's strength; but he wisely made up his mind never again to get into the grasp of the young Hercules.

A few days after this episode all the settlement came together at a fair held near the ship-yard. As was customary at fairs, there were sports of all kinds, at the most of which Red Aleck was easily the victor, for he was, as I have said, the strongest and most active in the settlement, with one exception. That exception was his brother, "Strong Archie," in whose grasp Aleck was a mere child; in fact, Archie's strength was so wonderful that he never took part in games, but stood in a class by himself. Many tales are told of his wonderful exhibitions; but, as Kipling, the man who found out all about the United States in a three weeks' trip, says: "That is another story."

While the festivities were at their height, Surly Tim, backed by his English friends, came upon the field and began at once to heap abuse upon the Scotch, but more especially upon Red Aleck, who he declared had taken him foul in their last encounter. Red Aleck begged his father for permission to fight the boasting stranger, but the old man steadily refused to give his consent; he had heard so much of the prize-fighter's skill that he feared for his young son. One of the strong characteristics of the Scotch is their filial obedience, and when Aleck saw that his father was inexorable, he did his best to keep away from Surly Tim, who, despairing at last of bringing about a ring fight, and yet not daring to precipitate another wrestling encounter, turned his attention from Aleck to others. But no one seemed willing to fight him; for Aleck's refusal, the cause of which was not generally known, dampened the courage of the boldest.

Surly Tim went about like a raging bear, shouldering this one, elbowing that one, and striking whoever stood in his path. Red Aleck watched him with wrathful heart, longing earnestly to be permitted to subdue the arrogance of the Englishman. Tim, in his boisterous career, was now approaching a group in which stood Aleck's white-haired father.

"By heaven! if he strikes my father I'll fight wi' him till I kill him!" exclaimed Aleck, savagely.

Some one standing by, eager for a fight, carried the remark to Surly Tim, who smiled sardonically, and striding up to the venerable old man, dealt him a blow which felled him to the earth.

From all sides rushed the relatives of the fallen man, and Surly Tim would soon have been pounded till beyond recognition, had not Red Aleck, with a thunderous voice, exclaimed:

"Leave him to me! Leave him to me!"

"Yes," shouted Strong Archie," leave him to Aleck. If he canna finish him, I will mysel' tear him limb fra limb." Nor was this an idle boast from the man who had been known to hold back a pair of wild oxen.

At once a ring was formed, and into it stepped Red Aleck and Surly Tim; the latter cool and wary, but inwardly quaking; the former exasperated by countless insults, and filled with a wrath that more than doubled his stupendous strength. I would like to describe a long and bloody battle, but the high witness from whom I heard this story assures me, and I never knew him to tell a lie, that it was all ended in one blow. And such a blow! No sooner were they together in the ring than Red Aleck, with a shout of exultant rage, dashed at Surly Tim, and struck him upon the breast. Vain was the boxer's science; vain his feeble attempt to turn aside that ponderous fist. As unswerving as a huge claymore opposed by a willow wand, fell the avenging blow; and, as an empty barrel is lifted and hurled shoreward by the impulse of a resistless wave, so Surly Tim was lifted and hurled to the ground, full ten feet from where he had stood. Onlookers say that when the blow struck, and before he reached the ground, the blood spurted from his mouth, nose and ears. When they picked him up he was dead; the blow had crushed in the ribs and breastbone, and, in all probability, had ruptured the heart.

Men talk of that blow to-day. It is needless to say that no more prize-fighters were imported by the ship-builder; and the Lion of Scotland, from that time forth, reared itself, unopposed, above the Leopards of England.

Boston, Mass.

THE SIGH OF LOVE.

Red were her lips, her eyes soft blue;
She was kind and good as heaven is true;
Her smile was sweet, her graces coy;—
I loved her, lost her, when a boy.

And now the stars, the earth, the sea,
And thunder are the same to me,
Alas! for me all joys are o'er,—
The brightest rose perfumes no more.

The thorny pathways of this life
Seem but the lengthening hours of strife;
I feel much poorer than the poor
That beg and starve from door to door.

J. A. Radford.

GABLE ENDS.

"IN VARIOUS MOODS."

THE volume of poems entitled "In Various Moods" is sure to be welcomed by Mr. Livingston's many admirers, and to gain for him many new friends. The poems are of very unequal merit, and this is true of the different verses of some of the best pieces. At times one would like to see the young poet prune a little more closely, and express himself more accurately. The reader can detect here and there traces of the influence of Tennyson — traces sometimes for good and sometimes for ill. This Tennyson influence has led him to devote much of his efforts to portrait painting, and to give an undue importance to form and finish, as compared with the matter, and with the fresh suggestiveness of such deep and original thinkers as Browning. Besides, it challenges comparisons between himself and his master, so pre-eminent in the art of portrait-painting — comparisons not always

to the advantage of the pupil. But while failing to reach the clear and beautiful conceptions and classic purity of expression of Tennyson, still he has painted a few exquisitely beautiful pictures. The reader feels an interest in all, is pleased, and even delighted, with the sweet faces, and graceful forms to be seen in these pages.

The general conception of the poem "To E. N. L." is bold, and on the whole well wrought out in detail. It is a pity to see such a gem disfigured by the lines:

"And with wan fingers on thy trembling lips
Teach thee their mighty lay."

Teachers do not put their fingers on the lips of their pupils while instructing them. With the exception of these lines, the piece is creditable alike to the poet's head and heart – is a work of art.

Most students will regard the poem entitled "A Gift," a real gift to the world of letters. It is simple, chaste, touching, and full of sunlight. How tenderly the workings of love unrequited are wrought out in the following words:

"I loved thee yet, and all of mine
Was thine, yet I so poor
Could give thee but a broken heart,
For I had nothing more."

Exception may be taken to some of the phrases in "An Evening in Muskoka"—such as "Slowly break the last faint dying flashes,"—still the work is true to nature, and has high merit.

In the "Cradle Song," the reader detects the tones of Tennyson and the effect is most pleasing. Here the poet soars on bold wing, and as he rises pours out his full heart in words warm, tender, and most touching. The call of the angels, the dying moon, the love of the mother that will not give up her child to the waiting angels, the light of Christ that makes all so clear and supersedes the need of star or moon, the voices of the angels dying as that of the mother rises up to Christ to spare her babe, are told in a few bold strokes of true poetic power.

In "My Lady" we have a charming picture of a lovely girl. With eyes blue, pure, true, thought-expressive, and devout; with hair floating gracefully on her white shoulders; with her voice sweet as music, the little queen reigns over the mind and heart of her lover.

The student of art and of morals will be pleased with the poem on "The Beautiful." Here the author enters on higher ground, and on the whole walks steadily. Doubtless the piece would have been better had the poet been less didactic. It is only genius of the highest order, such as that of Dante or of Browning, that can directly teach, and at the same time write artistically as the poet should.

Did space permit we would like to say a word or two in praise of 'He Knows," "The Death of the Poet," "In Italy," "A Song of Peace," "Keats," "A Corner of the Field," "To the Early Robin, "A Sketch," "A Serenade" not to mention others; but we must content ourselves by commending these to the student of literature. Taking the volume as a whole, Mr. Livingston is to be congratulated as having produced a work of real merit. There is not a base thought in the work, not a pessimistic note in any of the songs, but much that is inspiring, and full of promise. By years of hard study, and careful work, this most gifted writer may fairly look forward to an honored place in the literature of his country. His art aspiration and poetic genius, it is to be hoped, are of too high an order to permit him to rest satisfied with his present success. Indeed it would be a calamity if indiscriminate praise should lead him to conclude that he has nothing to learn and that he has reached the limits of his growth. Instead of folding his hands, let him make present success the stepping-stones to the higher within his grasp. By so doing, latent possibilities, so clearly revealed in this delightful volume, may be developed into the actual, and Mr. Livingston may in the near future see his name linked with the immortals.

Rev. S. Lyle, B.D.

RUSTY RASPS.

One morning while the sun was clothing the world in glory, Homer Watson, the celebrated landscape painter, and a friend were indulging in a constitutional, in the delightful neighborhood of Mr. Watson's home at Doon, on the Grand River, in Western Ontario, when they observed a farmer ploughing in an adjoining field. Mr. Watson remarked to

his companion, "That's the kind of man I have made a life study of,—one who is above music, literature, art, or any other muse. A man who is completely absorbed in his love for home, children, and occupation—he cares nothing for what is going on in the outside world, or for the frivolities of fashionable life." By this time the old farmer was at the end of his furrow, near the snake fence, and turning, said, "Mister Vatson, don't you tink it vood be a goot idea to haf a prass pand in Doon, and a bublic library, vere ve coot have goncerts, and teach art." So appearances are not everything.

Strange metaphors, and even mistakes are sometimes made by gifted men unused to speaking. A few months ago a noted artist lectured on a trip through the Rockies, and illustrated his lectures with stereopticon views. In pointing to the foot hills of Mount Stephen, he remarked, "This is a very funny specimen of a mountain with a most peculiar hump seven thousand feet high, and there are very few of these lying around loose anywhere. The debris you observe in the valley, of huge broken limbs and Douglas Pine, is caused by the wind more than the snow, which blows a hurricane down the gulches and pulls pine trees, rocks and snow up by the roots or anything else it can lay its hands on. This information, ladies and gentlemen, was given to me by one of the trappers, so I cannot vouch for its truth, as I have never been in the Rocky Mountains when the avalanches have been carrying on their 'peculiar antics.'" "The whole range of mountains is filled with lakes; the lakes are filled with islands, and the islands are full of fish."

"PEN" PROVERBS.

Witty pens feed many mouths.
Flattering pens work ruin.
Angry pens are not reliable.
Brilliant pens crown men with honor.
Bitter pens kindle strife.
Some men make more money out of pig pens than others from quill pens.
Diligent pens never thirst.
Bad pens cause unrighteousness.
A good pen maketh a cheerful editor.—*J. A. R.*

MY HOPE LAY THERE.

A thought that had no language and no tongue,
A song so sad that it could ne'er be sung,
  A wish that had no utterance or end
From out my soul in agony were wrung.

Upon my heart I traced a picture fair,
Blessed it with every grace and virtue rare,
  Crowned it with love, and underneath it wrote
In characters of blood, "My hope lies there."

And as each golden noon to even turned,
A true love's incense I before it burned,
  And sat long hours in contemplation lost
Before that shrine, and many a lesson learned.

And every sunlit day was doubly blessed,
And every clear, white night was full of rest;
  The unborn years were glorious with hope
Of happiness as yet but half exprest.

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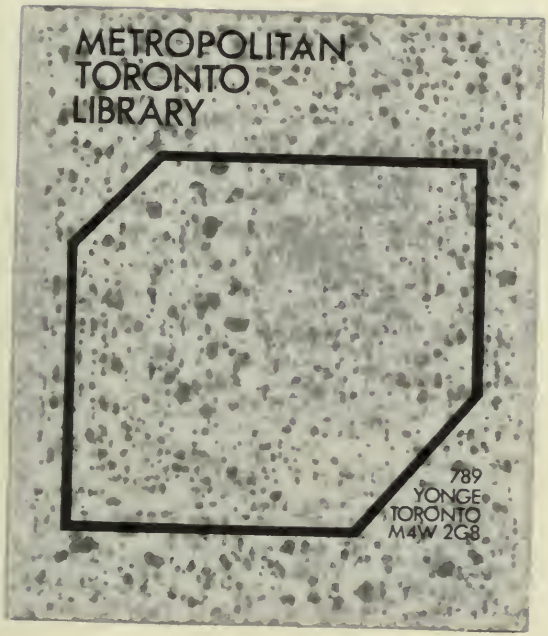
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